Sept. 13, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

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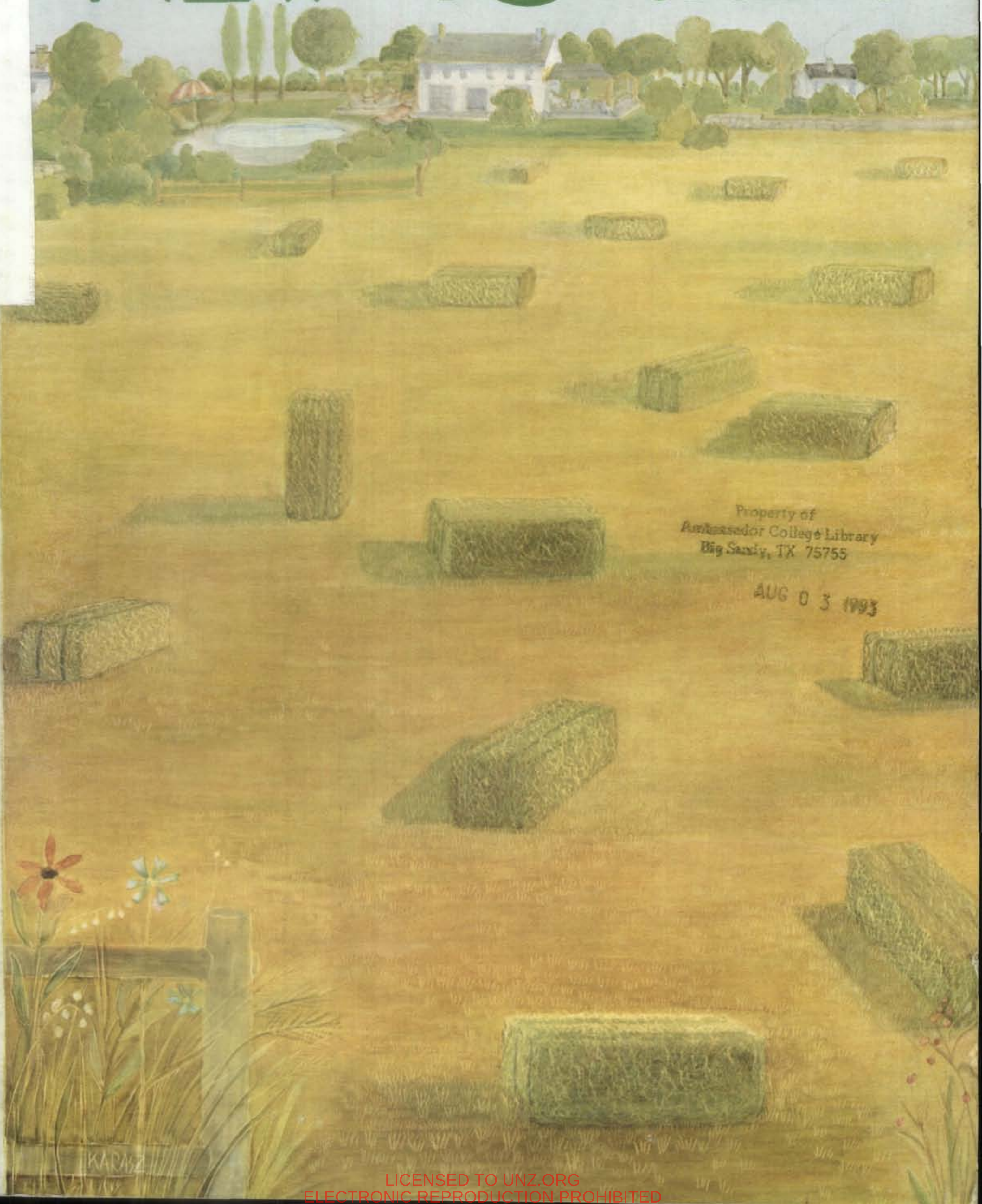

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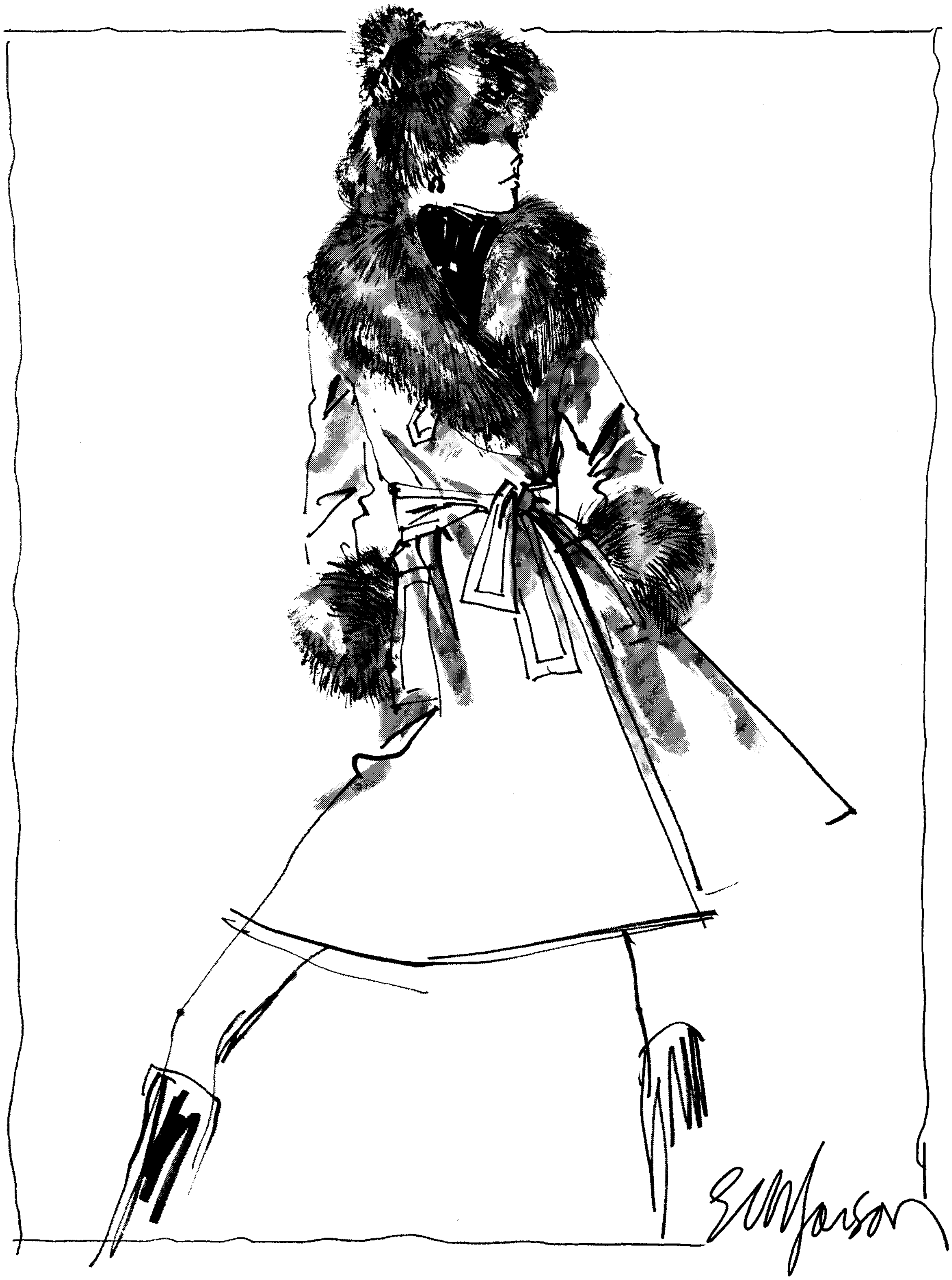

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and **Next**—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. R. G. Brown and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 2:30.)

A Black Quartet—One-acters by Ed Bullins, LeRoi Jones, Ben Caldwell, and Ronald Milner. Three out of four of the plays are militant, fierce, and rife with symbols; the fourth, and most interesting and touching, is Mr. Miller's "The Warning—A Theme for Linda," which is about people. With L. Errol Jaye, Minnie Gentry, and Vikki Summers. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

The End of All Things Natural—Alexander Orfaly, Michael Levin, and Muni Seroff in a play by G. Zoffer. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 10. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 11, at 7. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Forty Carats—Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, Franklin Cover, and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and cleverly directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Grand Kabuki—A company of seventy male actors, dancers, and musicians from Tokyo in a two-week engagement of four plays. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 7:30 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 986-5356) and will run through Sunday, Sept. 21. The first program (CHUSHINGURA and KAGAMIJISHI) will play through Tuesday, Sept. 16, and the second (KUMAGAIJINYA and MOMIJIGARI) will open the following night at 7:30. Simultaneous-translation sets may be rented at each performance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Hadrian VII—A play by Peter Luke, based largely on Frederick Rolfe's novel of the same name. Barry Morse has just replaced Alec McCowen as the paranoid hero. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer—Heinar Kipphardt's fascinating mock-documentary account, sometimes true and sometimes false, of the famous hearing at which Professor Oppenheimer was denied security clearance. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen playing a sort of young Jewish Lear, or maybe Othello—anyhow, not Romeo. Mr. Allen wrote this confused comedy and has had the sense to fill it with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Reckoning—This one-act melodrama by Douglas Turner Ward boils down to a savage, verbal sparring match between the bigoted governor of a Southern state and a blackmailing Negro pimp. The play almost drowns in words, but Lester Rawlins gives a splendid performance as the governor. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Silhouettes—A play by Ted Harris. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lor-

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COVER: *Ilonka Karasz*

DRAWINGS: *Stan Hunt, Alan Dunn, Warren Miller, Robert Weber, Al Ross, William Steig, Lee Lorenz, F. B. Modell, Donald Reilly, Charles Saxon, Ed Arno, Charles E. Martin, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Dana Fradon, Mischa Richter*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

raine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—THE BOYS IN THE BAND: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE:** A huge cast, headed by Yaphet Kotto (who has replaced James Earl Jones), is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

DAMES AT SEA—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

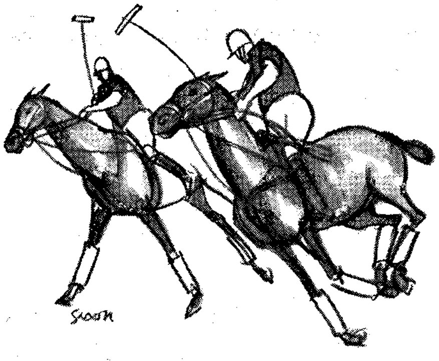
THE HOOFERS—The exhilarating art of the tap dance, as displayed by about ten of its proponents. With, among others, Raymond Kaalund, Sandman Sims, Rhythm Red, and Chuck Green. Go and see for yourself. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2080. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PROMENADE—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is very good. Lawrence Kornfield directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—A simpleminded misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** A new art colour for our Irish poets: snotgreen. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** Ann Miller plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** David Atkinson plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Atkinson at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach, Jill O'Hara, and many others in a musical with book by Neil Simon and music and lyrics by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—The twenty-fifth-anniversary edition of "Holiday on Ice," with Ronnie Robertson and Marei Langenbein. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 14.)

BRITISH TOURNAMENT AND TATTOO—A company of three hundred, including the Red Devils Parachutists, the Royal Signal Motorcycles, the R.A.F. Police Dogs, and the Parachute Gymnasts, plus the massed bands, drums, pipes, and dancers of the Royal Scots Greys, the Parachute Regiment, and the Gordon Highlanders. Also piccolos. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 17, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 28. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

OUTDOORS

REPERTORY DANCE THEATRE—The last four in a series of free performances by the resident modern-dance company of the University of Utah. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 10-13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea and ice cream and so forth. Singer Townes Van Zandt is on the bill until Wednesday, Sept. 17, when John Sebastian, formerly of the ill-fated Lovin' Spoonful, arrives. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. On Tuesdays, the regulars take the night off, and assorted visitors come bearing instruments.

LA BOHÈME, 2019 Broadway, at 69th St. (TR 4-9801)—A misnamed box whose mainspring is its music (the rest is *comme ci, comme ça*). Elvin Jones can drum the night away. He does so—with Joe Farrell on reeds and Wilbur Little on bass—in alternation with the Izenzon quintet. On Tuesday, Sept. 16, Booker Ervin's quartet will relieve the Izenzon group. Dancing. Dining. Closed Mondays.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Not the standing-room-only club it once was, but still a good place to hear a sturdy kind of jazz. On Tuesday, Sept. 16, Clark Terry, who blows one of the most sensitive horns in town, will come in to lead a quartet that will include Mousey Alexander on drums. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Dixieland, depleted by the attrition of the years, still manages to flourish here. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—usually played by Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Marshall Brown, Zutty Singleton, and Joe Muranyi—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A pair of polar bears (stuffed), an ancient fire engine, and ricky-tick banjo music accompany the drinks, which are mostly fermented. One can buy a boater and put it on one's head, if one enjoys putting on boaters. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters (again), garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. On Tuesday, Sept. 16, things will be handed over to Freddie Hubbard's quartet. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—The best all-around entertainment spot in the Village. Upstairs, but not before about ten-thirty, the Dave Akins trio and singer Marian Taylor make some fast, high-powered music. On Tuesday, Sept. 16, Billy Taylor's trio will replace them. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Carmen McRae, whose voice is hard and sleek and whose performance is flawless, alternates with an outfit called Young-Holt Unlimited. On Tuesday, Sept. 16, they will give way to the Ramsey Lewis trio and comic Irwin C. Watson. On Sundays and on Tuesdays through Thursdays, shows are at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. On Fridays, the music begins at ten, and on Saturdays at nine-thirty. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz has a tendency to thrive. Roland

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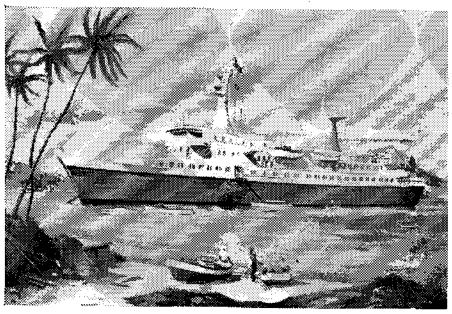

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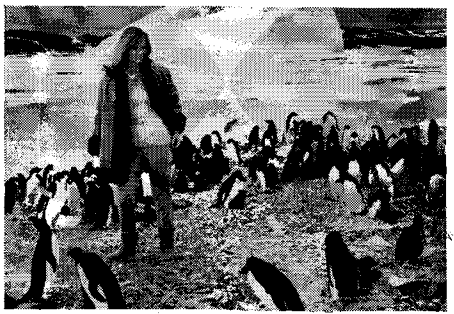

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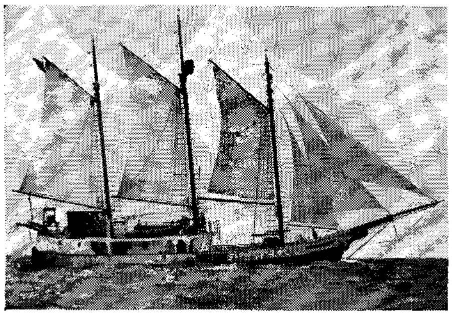

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kirk wanders, luxuriates, and excels on all sorts of reed instruments, including a few he invented. Three good men back him up. On Tuesday, Sept. 16, the Sonny Rollins quartet will move in. Mondays are reserved for the big and often original sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte*. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele look satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four, and dining of a delicate sort.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates were trying to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. Raven plays for dancing until Tuesday, Sept. 16, when Catfish takes over. Dancing starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Closed Mondays. No alcohol.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Oh! Cairo! Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some carefully groomed entertainers called Holgate, Perkins, and Shaw play and sing between record sets. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a couple of bars, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is preëminent here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Brass Buttons do. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "Honky Tonk Women," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are big. The walls are Paisley.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 17. This season, the old desert stronghold will be staffed by a new set of Arabian knights, among them Skitch Henderson, once again at his pastime of leading a dance band. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The household words here, such as "peace" and "comfort," are still spoken in the restaurant, where the household guards are the cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren. No music Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **The Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Welcomes, occasionally rather royal, from the trombone of Urbie Green, who has four agile buckaroos behind him. The music runs from six to two Mondays through Saturdays and from one to eight on Sundays; the dining is by no means the main event. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): No great shakes, such as rocking, rolling, and strangle-holding, are permitted by the management, which prefers such old-fashioned virtues as the two-step. The nourishment is elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Seven-thirty until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty, and Thursdays it is two. Closed Mondays. . . . **Tavern-on-the-Green,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): A museum with but a single work of art—a three-dimensional landscape of the Grandma Moses school. A terrace, a restaurant, and very busy dance musicians are provided every night.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—A revised summer edition of "Free Fall," whose modus operandi was thought up by Ronny Graham, is often in his jocular, jugular, Dracula vein. Aside from Sundays, the operation is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty. On Tuesday, Sept. 16, "Free Fall" moves back to its birthplace, **Upstairs at the Downstairs.** Its successor in **Downstairs,** arriving the same night, will be Joan Rivers, a lecturer opposed to practically everything, from matrimony on up to, but definitely not including, matriarchy. Closed Sundays.

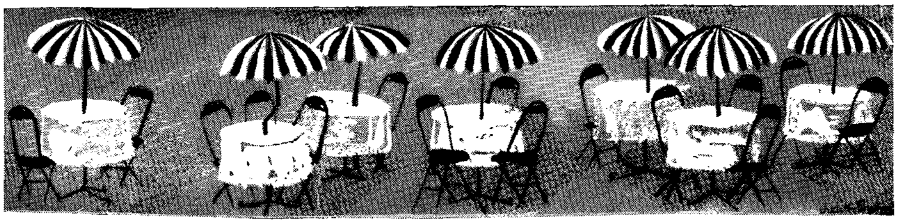
El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Saturday, Sept. 13, is the time set for the reopening of this Near East fraternity house, where Greek meets Greek, Armenian meets Greek, and like that. Back-fence chatter, and music by the yard. George Mgrdichian is chief oudist; Itamar is the folklorist; Yakov Uriel serves as Gabriel's trumpet; a solemn female turns the *danse du ventre* into a form of ceremony; Angelo Saridis, graduated from "Zorba," is on guitar. The dining is a meeting of East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

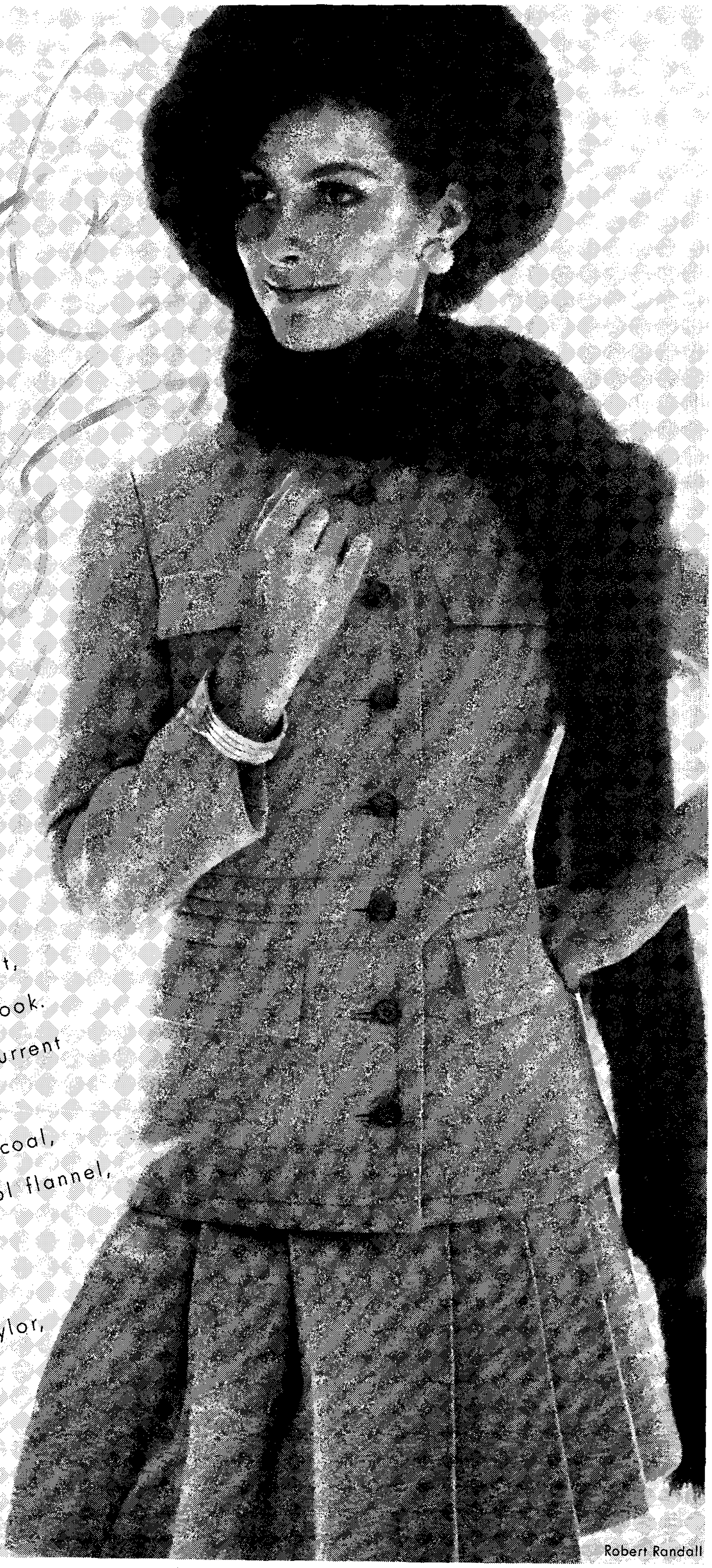
BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Olympic Games voice of Mel Tormé can run the gamut in ten seconds flat, and do it with becoming grace. The Tormé dinner and supper sets in the Royal Box are preceded by Marty Brill, a humorist of the utility-outfielder sort. The orchestra of Lee Evans is guaranteed satisfaction. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—A rage to live, a rage to love, keep bobbing up in the arias—Spanish, Mexican, Cuban—let loose by Olga Guillot, the glorious electrical storm that breaks during dinner and supper; the ministrations of the





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ballet troupe of Emilia Rivas, vigorous though they are, are but the calm that precedes the storm. Twice a night, every night. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre-in-the-round, fervent demonstrations of the offbeat Spanish handclap and flight-of-the-bumblebee Spanish song (Domingo Alvarado) go on until all hours (ten to four, anyway) and every night. Antonio Arenas is the highly necessary guitarist.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Just for the records (of which he makes so many), Jerry Vale is sing-songing his way through dinner and supper. Jack DeLeon, the wit of the occasion, delivers a few remarks that the customers may wish to take home and cherish. On Thursday, Sept. 18, both hands will be replaced by Pat Cooper, a public-address system whose best jokes are regional (Little Italy, at a guess). No silent nights, ever. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge, where the floating population of Nevada feels quite at home, the foursome known as the Pacesetters begins, at ten, its odes to the gods of chance.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The fighting-mad horn of Wild Bill Davison leads his Jazz Giants into action in support of tradition; the trio of Junior Mance considers the present with equal *élan*. Six-thirty until two, every night but Sunday. No dancing, it is sad to report.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The centerpiece for the dinner and supper table in the Persian Room is Eartha Kitt, a vibrant singer who puts her heart always in her work and never on her sleeve. The bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte offer up a generous helping of glee. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ**, the listeners' hour is headed up by Herbie Mann, on flute, and his band. Marty Napoleon's trio chips in with music for further listening and music for prancing. Dinner *sí*, supper *no*. Proceedings commence at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to ten-thirty (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the right spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—High in the catbird seat. Garrulous dance music begins to flow as early as seven and stops well after the theatre. During dinner and supper, Margaret Whiting comes on to sing, and comes on a bit strong.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Grand manner, grand manor—that's the Maisonette. Quintero's Latinos and a new band (Hal Turner's) are on a non-stop flight except when, during dinner and again during supper, Carmen Cavallaro recites a few arias at his own piano. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Next door, in the serenity of La Boite, two Viennese cronies (Ernest Schoen on violin, Jules Kuti on piano) engage in reminiscences. No dancing, naturally. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The new Empire Room (*né* Sert Room) reopens on Thursday, Sept. 18, and Tony Bennett, the perfect exemplar of down-to-earth beatitude, will sing his sunny songs, at dinner the first night, at dinner and supper from then on. Dance music the rest of the time. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Land of the free-and-easy, home of the Gold Coasters. For these worldlings, there is piano by an old friend, Wayne Sanders. Eight, or not long after, until quite well along. The late-evening sessions of double piano resume on Monday, Sept. 15, when Louis Goldie Hawkins, the innkeeper, returns to town. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Eat, drink, and be merry, for not until morning does Bobby Short cease and desist from his labor of songs of love (requited, benighted, delighted). Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are, as always, his devoted sidemen. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. Chuck Wayne's threesome greets it at the gateway to the old corral. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indian customshouse. Among the customs honored in the observance are the uttering of calypso and the downing of rum. The troubadour begins at dinner time and stays on into the morning; he is off duty Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Members of the immediate family gather every night but Sunday and Monday to dine a bit, dance a bit, sup a bit, and listen to the head of the household, Rita Dimitri, who sings soprano and soubrette at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Anyone who wishes to see a vacuum abhorred should study the Hungarian gypsies bend to their perpetual work. Song and dance (this last by the diners) are added now and then. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Of I Pagliacci, by I Pagliacci, and for I Pagliacci—waiters and (not infrequently) guests alike. Closed Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): The piano in the bar is the property of Lynn Richards, a girl whose lyrics indicate that she knows her way around New York. Nine to two is her stint, and she has Sundays to herself.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of after-dark violinists, who makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax has taken over the piano in the bar and added several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Nothing but the best. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Piano from eight-thirty until one-thirty, right now by Tony Gorody, from the era when Havana was a suburb of New York. He stays home Saturday and Sunday, and on Friday, Sept. 19, he turns the instrument over to George Feyer, the standard incumbent. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, whose arrangements for solo piano derive from original sources, returns to his post on Tuesday, Sept. 16. Cocktails until midnight is his schedule, which does not include Sundays. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ**, in the plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5730): In the lower depths of Rockefeller Center, but still in *plein air*, nourishment and music are purveyed every night but Sunday, and even as early as noon. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A wayside tavern halfway along the road to Rome. A troupe of peripatetic musicians calls it home. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Reopens Monday, Sept. 15. As before, Joe Miles will have the run of the piano in the far corner, from nine to twelve-thirty. He will be absent Sundays and Mondays. . . . **UMBERTO**, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): The *cave* of a vineyard that must be somewhere in Umbria. The voice and guitar that occur from seven until midnight, except Saturdays and Sundays, are of the same parentage. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY**, 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Hungarian rhapsody pours from a band that seems born and bred in Budapest; Tokay and the comes-

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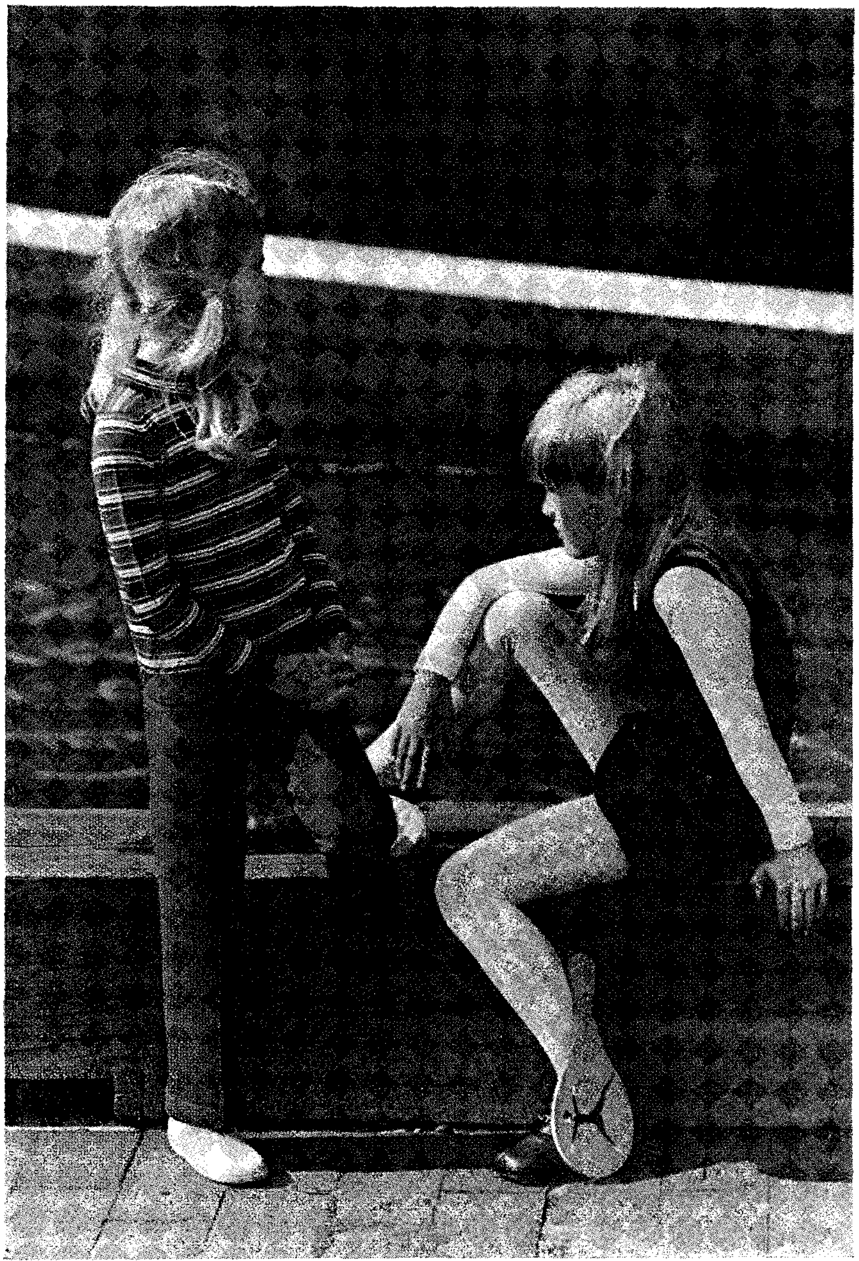

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tibles that go with it heap the tables. Every night, seven-thirty until three.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Dennis Byng—Plexiglas constructions using color; through Sept. 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tibor Freund and Astronel Gruber—Paintings that seem to move by the former and clear and colored plastic sculptures that *do* move by the latter; starting Tuesday, Sept. 16. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gorky, de Kooning, and Newman—Paintings by these influential Americans; through Friday, Sept. 19. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

E. McKnight Kauffer (1890-1954)—Fifty-five posters dating from 1915 to 1943 by an American who did much of his work in London; through Friday, Sept. 12. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

Wifredo Lam—Etchings, lithographs, and drawings by a Cuban Surrealist who has long worked in Paris; through Oct. 4. (Cisneros, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Salerno—Craftsmanlike sculptures in marble and limestone; through Oct. 11. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

Esteban Vicente—Collages by the well-known Abstract Expressionist; through Oct. 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: A few of the gallery artists represented in this show of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics are Don David, Ernest Briggs, Martin Hurtig, and Lynne Drexler; through Sept. 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Twenty-one gallery artists, among them Jared French, Maurice Grosser, and Margo Hoff; through Sept. 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Sixteen paintings done during the past two decades, from the Guggenheim Museum collection of Latin-American art, by Botero, Tamaya, Cuevas, Soto, Morales, Noé, and other artists well known in New York; through Friday, Sept. 12. (Closed mornings.) . . . **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St.: Five young figurative painters; through Sept. 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: An exhibition of paintings and sculptures, organized by the Studio Museum in Harlem, by artists who have been associated with Harlem; through Oct. 8. (Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 10-13, from 8 to 5; Sunday, Sept. 14, noon to 6; Monday through Thursday, Sept. 15-18, from 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, from 8 A.M. to 1 A.M.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Works, many of them executed this summer, by such gallery artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Roy Moyer, and Waldo Peirce; through Oct. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WADDELL**, 15 E. 57th St.: Members of the gallery, including, among the Americans, Will Barnet and Howard Kanovitz, and, among the Europeans, Alain Jacquet and Nicola Schöffer; through Sept. 30. (Closed Saturdays.)

Sculpture—Small metal and stone examples; through Oct. 2. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sunday, Sept. 14.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—A hundred and twenty painted Greek vases spanning three centuries, from the archaic period to the classical, from the Walter Bareiss collection; through Oct. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—About a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures by the "first generation" of Abstract Expressionist and Action painters, who became prominent in the nineteen-forties and the early nineteen-fifties, selected from the Museum's collection, augmented by recent acquisitions and promised gifts; through Oct. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A summer exhibition of sculptures and works on paper, around a hundred and sixty pieces in all, from the Museum's collection; through Sunday, Sept. 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and eleven works by "naïve" painters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries from the celebrated Garbisch collection; starting Tuesday, Sept. 16. . . . ¶ About two hundred oils, sculptures, and watercolors reviewing American art since the beginning of the twentieth century, chosen from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred years of prints from portfolios, beginning with Blake's "The Book of Job;" through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Overseeing the Hall of Ocean Life and Biology of Fishes is a ninety-four-foot, ten-and-a-half-ton model of a breaching blue whale, suspended from the ceiling in a remarkable way. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Models of sets designed for the opera, ballet, and theatre by Ming Cho Lee; through Nov. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—First editions, manuscripts, letters, prints, and drawings relating to the theatre; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Costume prints of the court of Louis XIV; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Books printed in Venice between 1469 and 1501; through Nov. 22. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and carvings assembled under the title "Collectors Choice;" through Nov. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Three hundred and fifty items of pre-Columbian art, from Mexico south through Peru, from 1200 B.C. to the fifteenth century A.D.; starting Friday, Sept. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

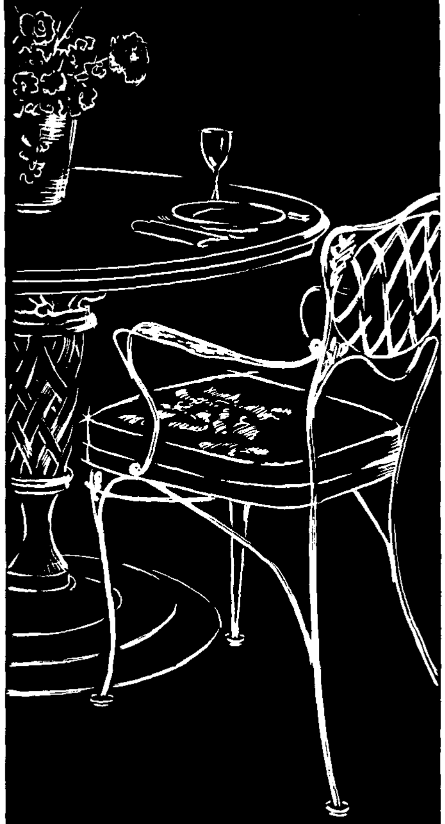
New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings related, in different ways, to the history of the Negro in America; also photographs, books, newspaper clippings, and other items. Through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Paintings by Chang Dai-chien, a contemporary Chinese artist whose works are derived from traditional Chinese modes; through Oct. 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Note—Coincident with the performances of the Grand Kabuki here, two loan shows of Japanese woodcuts of actors and famous Kabuki scenes are currently on view; through Tuesday, Sept. 16. (Asia House, 112 E. 64th St., and Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design, Third Ave. at 7th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

OPERA

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 16—Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 7:45: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Brooks, Kay Creed, Louis Quilico, Michele Molese, and Franco Iglesias. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 11, at 8:15: "Faust," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Muriel Greenspon, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Norman Treigle. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 12, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Brooks, Kay Creed, Louis Quilico, Michele Molese, and Franco Iglesias. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 13, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Veronica Tyler, Carol Neblett, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Dominic Cossa, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Patricia Kern, Maralin Niska, Spiro Malas, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 14, at 1:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Francesca Roberto, Kay Creed, Nicholas DiVirgilio, John Robert Dunlap, and David Clements. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 14, at 7:15: "Faust," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Muriel Greenspon, Michele Molese, and Norman



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Treigle. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Veronica Tyler, Carol Neblett, Michele Molese, Dominic Cossa, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 18, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Francesca Roberto, Kay Creed, Nicholas DiVirgilio, John Robert Dunlap, and David Clements. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 19, at 8:15: "Prince Igor" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Joy Davidson, David Clatworthy, Edward Villella, and William Chapman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 20, at 2:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Barbara Rondelli, Kay Creed, Enrico DiGiuseppe, John Darrenkamp, and John Lankston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 20, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Anne Elgar, Patricia Kern, Barbara Blanchard, Robert Hale, and Roy Samuelsen. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Three concerts inaugurating the new Alice Tully Hall, in Lincoln Center (362-1911). Thursday, Sept. 11, at 8: Hermann Prey, baritone; James Oliver Buswell IV and Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Pierre Fournier and Leslie Parnas, cello; and Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8:45: The Guarneri Quartet and the Messrs. Trampler and Parnas. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 14, at 8:45: The Messrs. Buswell and Fournier; John Browning, piano; Leonard Arner, oboe; Robert Marcellus, clarinet; John Barrows, horn; and Loren Glickman, bassoon.

Lilian Sukis—Soprano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Sept. 14, at 2:30.)

Thomas Simons—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Ten Years After, Mother Earth, and the Flock—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, at 8 and 11:30.

Incredible String Band—Fillmore East. Sunday, Sept. 14, at 8.

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young; Lonnie Mack; and the Move—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Montreal, Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 5:05 (twi-night doubleheader), and Thursday, Sept. 11, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Sept. 19, at 5:05 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Sept. 20, at 2:15. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 12, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 13-14, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 15-16, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 17-18, at 8.

Boxing—David Melendez vs. Rodrigo Valdes, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Sept. 17. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—Saturday, Sept. 20: Army vs. New Mexico, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Grambling vs. Morgan State (benefit game), at Yankee Stadium, at 2.

Horse Show—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 11-14.)

Hunt Racing—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 13.)

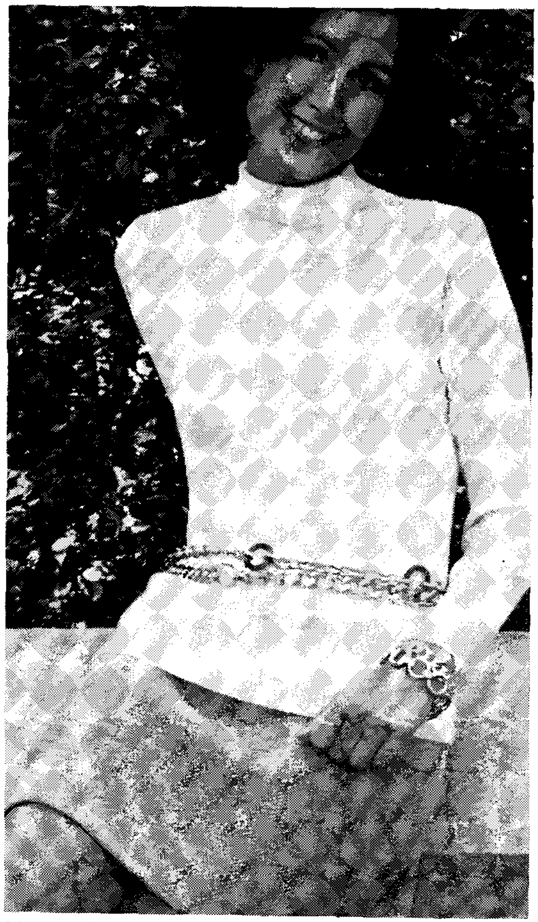
Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 18. The Beldame, Saturday, Sept. 13; the Jerome Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 17; and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 20. (*Frequent trains leave Penn* Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.). . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 13. The United Nations Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 10.

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race

The pantsuit includes the skirt shown at the right. The coat can be worn alone if you wish. Wool tweed. Heather green. 8 to 16, 80.00*

*Slightly higher on the West Coast



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Circuit, Bridgehampton: Sunday, Sept. 14, at 3:30.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Friday, Oct. 17. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—The twenty-fourth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to convene on Tuesday, Sept. 16. In the meantime, there may be meetings of the Security Council and of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films at Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (362-1911)—Tuesday, Sept. 16, at 6:30 and 9:30: "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" (United States, 1969).... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 6:30: "The Joke" (Czechoslovakia, 1969).... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 9:30, and Saturday, Sept. 20, at 3:30: "Une Femme Douce" (France, 1969).... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 18, at 6:30: "The Lady from Constantinople" (Hungary, 1969).... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 18, at 9:30, and Saturday, Sept. 20, at 1: "The Ritual" (Sweden, 1969).... ¶ Friday, Sept. 19, at 6:30: "Boy" (Japan, 1969).... ¶ Friday, Sept. 19, at 9:30, and Saturday, Sept. 20, at 6:30: "Adalen '31" (Sweden, 1969). ... ¶ Friday, Sept. 19, at midnight: "The Epic That Never Was" (Great Britain, 1967).... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 20, at 9:30: "Lions Love" (United States, 1969).

JEAN RENOIR FESTIVAL—The final programs in a two-week retrospective of films directed by M. Renoir, at the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—**SERIES E:** Sept. 10 at 6, "La Chienne" (1931) and "The Little Match Girl" (1928); Sept. 13 at 11 A.M., "Toni" (1935); Sept. 16 at 6, "La Règle de Jeu" (1939); Sept. 18 at 8:30, "The Golden Coach" (1953); and Sept. 20 at 6, "The Elusive Corporal" (1962).... **SERIES G** (all showings at 2:30): Sept. 15, "La Nuit du Carrefour" (1932); Sept. 16, "Chotard & Compagnie" (1933); Sept. 17, "Madame Bovary" (1934); Sept. 18, "The Golden Coach" (1953); and Sept. 19, "Elena et les Hommes" (1956).... **NOTE:** Series subscribers only; for information about tickets, call TR 4-2424.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 1:45: Decorative paintings, belonging to various collectors... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 11, at 1:45: Chinese art, including jade and ivory carvings, snuff bottles, porcelains, and sculptures; the property of Edwin L. Neville and others.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Nine programs in a series of science-fiction films: Sept. 11 at 2 and 5:30, "4-D Man" (1959); Sept. 11 at 8, "Them" (1954); Sept. 12 at 2 and 5:30, "When Worlds Collide" (1951); Sept. 13 at 3 and 5:30, "The Damned" (1961); Sept. 14 at 2 and 5:30, "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956); Sept. 15 at 2, "Metropolis" (1926); Sept. 15 at 5:30, "Woman in the Moon" (1929); Sept. 16 at 2, "Village of the Damned" (1960); Sept. 18 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Alphaville" (1965).... ¶ Sept. 10 at 2 and 5:30: "Lady of the Pavements" (1929), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lupe Velez and William Boyd.... ¶ Sept. 13 at 11:30: A program of twenty-seven early French films.... ¶ Sept. 16 at 5:30: "Sky Socialist" (1969), directed by Ken Jacobs.... ¶ Sept. 17 at 2 and 5:30: "The Lamb" (1915), with Douglas Fairbanks. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

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14	15	16	17	18		

Alice's Restaurant—Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, extended by Arthur Penn into a sweet-natured film about Arlo's friendship with Alice and his brush with the police over the garbage he ditches for her one Thanksgiving Day when the dumps are closed. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

À Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 16.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, based on James Thurber's "The Catbird Seat." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 18.)

La Chinoise (1967)—Godard's political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 10.)

David Copperfield (1935)—The Dickens story, with W. C. Fields as Micawber, Roland Young as Uriah Heep, and Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 11.)

Easy Rider—Two motorcycle riders, played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper, travel east across America in a frontier myth run backward. They start from the West Coast primitivism that is the easy part, and they end up in the sophistication of the civilized South, which punishes them and their boozing middle-aged pickup (a radical Southern lawyer brilliantly played by Jack Nicholson). Dennis Hopper's first piece of direction, terse and rhythmic. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 18.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—About a grand dinner party, which the guests mysteriously can't quit. Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 10.)

Faces (1968)—Apathy and desperation in an American marriage, as visualized by John Cassavetes in semidocumentary style. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Sept. 16.)

W. C. Fields Shorts (1933)—The old sport himself in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 16.)

Funny Girl—Audiences in movie musicals always cheer; at this one, the audience in the theatre cheers, too. It's been a long time since the movies have had a big new star like Barbra Streisand. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Richard Benjamin is very funny indeed in a film by Larry Peerce taken from Philip Roth's horrified novella about the Jewish skill in playing on guilt-strings. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

The Gypsy Moths—John Frankenheimer's tightly made picture about three men who choose to put their lives at risk—three sky-divers playing to small-town audiences. In its way, the movie is an investigation of the sort of nature that might belong to a film stunt man or a mercenary. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten. Directed by Hy Averback. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Sept. 16.)

The Immortal Story—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's story about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Sept. 17.)

Justine—To see this George Cukor film of Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet" is a bit like watching trailers of the real thing. The script is head-on and all for story, and no technical equivalents are found for Durrell's experiment with time and focus. Anouk Aimée, Anna Karina, Dirk Bogarde, and Severn Darden. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 12.)

The Lion in Winter—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 10-14, and Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Love Happy (1950)—The Marx Brothers. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Sept. 16.)

Macbeth (1950)—Orson Welles in a lot of whiskers. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Sept. 11.)

Marry Me! Marry Me!—A slight but truly done film by Claude Berri, about a Jewish boy who gets shoved gently into rather the wrong marriage. The film is kindly and acute about compromise. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 16.)

Midnight Cowboy—A condescending version of the James Leo Herlihy novel, with Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman under the heavy thumb of director John Schlesinger. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Mr. Arkadin (1955)—Directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles and Michael Redgrave. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Sept. 11.)

My Sister, My Love (1967)—Bibi Andersson, Per Oscarsson, and Jarl Kulle in a sad, vivid story of forbidden love. Directed by Vilgot Sjöman. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 13.)

Oliver!—What might have been just another big musical is transformed by love and skill. Carol Reed, his set designer (John Box) and cinematographer (Oswald Morris), and a fine cast of singing actors give a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30; on Thursday, Sept. 18, at 8. Matinées weekdays, except Thursday, Sept. 18, at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Popi—Alan Arkin, who is worth close attention whatever he does, here plays a Puerto Rican father with three jobs and two sons, whom he tries his best to rescue from the slums of East Harlem by passing them off as orphaned Cuban refugees. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 16.)

Pretty Poison (1968)—A psychological thriller, with Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld. Directed by Noel Black. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Sept. 17.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the King. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Sept. 12-15.)

The Pumpkin Eater (1964)—An examination of married life, its cause and cure. With Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 15.)

Putney Swope—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. Swope's way of revolutionizing the social system is to throw the existing mess only a little further out of kilter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Rachel, Rachel (1968)—A film about the first affair of a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher, played by Joanne Woodward. Directed by Paul Newman. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Sept. 16.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli's version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Simon of the Desert—Luis Buñuel is in an unusually jovial mood in this playful little fable (only forty-five minutes long) about the foolishness of saintliness, with Claudio Brook as the saint and Silvia Pinal as the Devil. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Sept. 17.)

Staircase—A piece of talented slumming by Rex Harrison and Richard Burton in a play about homosexuality by Charles Dyer. Directed by Stanley Donen. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; through Sept. 16.)

Take the Money and Run—Done like a solemn TV spectacular tracing the career of a great man, Woody Allen's film is about himself as a failed criminal. Very funny, proceeding by fits and starts, like a silent-comedy car. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Throne of Blood (1961)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 11-17.)

12 Angry Men (1957)—A group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 17.)

Weekend (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's satire on modern depravity. With Mireille Darc. In French. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

The Wild Bunch—The West in 1913, on the border between Texas and Mexico. Sam Peckinpah has directed a cast including Robert Ryan and William Holden. The film is very good, with Brecht's bitter realism about lone gunslingers who are unwittingly the victims of capitalistic politics. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 18.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 11-17.)

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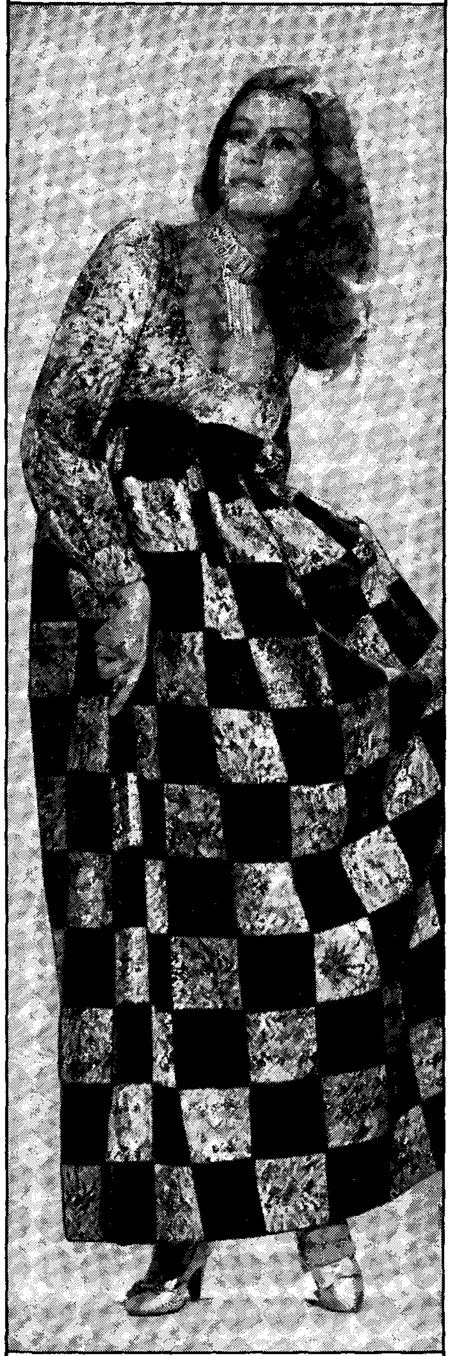

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 16: **W.C. FIELDS SHORTS**; and "The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy" (1967), a film made up of excerpts from their old movies.
From Sept. 17: To be announced.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
WEEKEND (in French); and "Titicut Follies" (1967), a documentary film made at a state prison for the criminally insane.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Sept. 16: **POPI**; and "The Thomas Crown Affair" (1968), Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.
From Sept. 17: "The Female" (1960), Brigitte Bardot; and "The Oldest Profession" (1968; in French), a film composed of six episodes.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"True Grit," John Wayne.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Illustrated Man," Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom; and "The Sergeant" (1968), Rod Steiger, John Phillip Law.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Sept. 16: **STAIRCASE.**
From Sept. 17: "All Neat in Black Stockings," Susan George, Victor Henry.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Thank You All Very Much," Sandy Dennis.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Learning Tree," Kyle Johnson.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Me, Natalie," Patty Duke, James Farentino.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"More," Mimsy Farmer.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
JUSTINE.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Spirits of the Dead," Brigitte Bardot, Alain Delon.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Sweden—Heaven and Hell," a documentary film.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
PUTNEY SWOPE.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
EASY RIDER.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Medium Cool," Robert Forster.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
MARRY ME! MARRY ME! (in French).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 16: "The Great Bank Robbery," Zero Mostel, Kim Novak.
From Sept. 17 (tentative): "The Learning Tree," Kyle Johnson.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 16: "True Grit," John Wayne.
From Sept. 17: "All Neat in Black Stockings," Susan George, Victor Henry.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Sept. 16: "The Great Bank Robbery," Zero Mostel, Kim Novak.
From Sept. 17: "Two Gentlemen Sharing," Robin Phillips, Judy Geeson.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 16: "Guns of the Magnificent Seven," George Kennedy; and "Death Rides a Horse," Lee Van Cleef.
From Sept. 17: "Number One," Charlton Heston, Jessica Walter.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Sept. 17: **SIMON OF THE DESERT** (in Spanish); and **THE IMMORTAL STORY.**
From Sept. 18: **THE WILD BUNCH**; and "Ride the High Country" (1962), Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 16: **RACHEL, RACHEL**; and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" (1968), Alan Arkin.
From Sept. 17: **PRETTY POISON**; and "That Cold Day in the Park," Sandy Dennis.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"True Grit," John Wayne.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 14: "Detour" (in Bulgarian).
From Sept. 15: "The Peach Thief" (in Bulgarian).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Libertine" (in Italian), Catherine Spaak, Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Sept. 11: **MACBETH**; and **MR. ARKADIN.**
Sept. 12-15: **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII**; and "Rembrandt" (1936), Charles Laughton.
From Sept. 16: **LOVE HAPPY**; and "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940), Sabu, Conrad Veidt.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Sept. 16: "The Great Bank Robbery," Zero Mostel, Kim Novak.
From Sept. 17: "The Learning Tree," Kyle Johnson.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette; and "Support Your Local Sheriff," James Garner.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE GYPSY MOTHS.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Who's That Knocking at My Door?," Zina Bethune.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
POPI.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Sept. 16: **FACES**; and **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**
From Sept. 17: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 10: **LA CHINOISE** (in French); and **THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL** (in Spanish).
Sept. 11-17: **YOJIMBO** and **THRONE OF BLOOD** (both in Japanese).
From Sept. 18: "Charlie Chan in Egypt" (1935) and "Charlie Chan on Broadway" (1937), both with Warner Oland.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 16: **POPI**; and "Berserk" (1968), Joan Crawford, Ty Hardin.
From Sept. 17: "The Bridge at Remagen," George Segal, Ben Gazzara; and "Yours, Mine and Ours" (1968), Lucille Ball, Henry Fonda.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 10: "St. Matthew Passion" (1952), Bach's oratorio, played by the Vienna Philharmonic and sung (in English) by the Vienna Choir Boys; Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; and other soloists, plus "Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (1951; in German).
Sept. 11: **DAVID COPPERFIELD**; and "Great Expectations" (1947), Valerie Hobson, John Mills.
Sept. 12: **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French); and "Three Fables of Love" (1963; in Italian and French).
Sept. 13: **MY SISTER, MY LOVE** (in Swedish); and "A Stranger Knocks" (1965; in Danish).
Sept. 14: "The Eagle" (1925; silent), Rudolph Valentino, Vilma Banky; and "The Jazz Singer" (1927), Al Jolson.
Sept. 15: **THE PUMPKIN EATER**; and "Toys in the Attic" (1963), Dean Martin, Geraldine Page.
Sept. 16: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** and **MAYERLING** (both in French).
Sept. 17: **12 ANGRY MEN**; and "One Potato, Two Potato" (1964), Barbara Barrie.
Sept. 18: **THE ENTERTAINER**; and **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES.**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"The Libertine" (in Italian), Catherine Spaak, Jean-Louis Trintignant.

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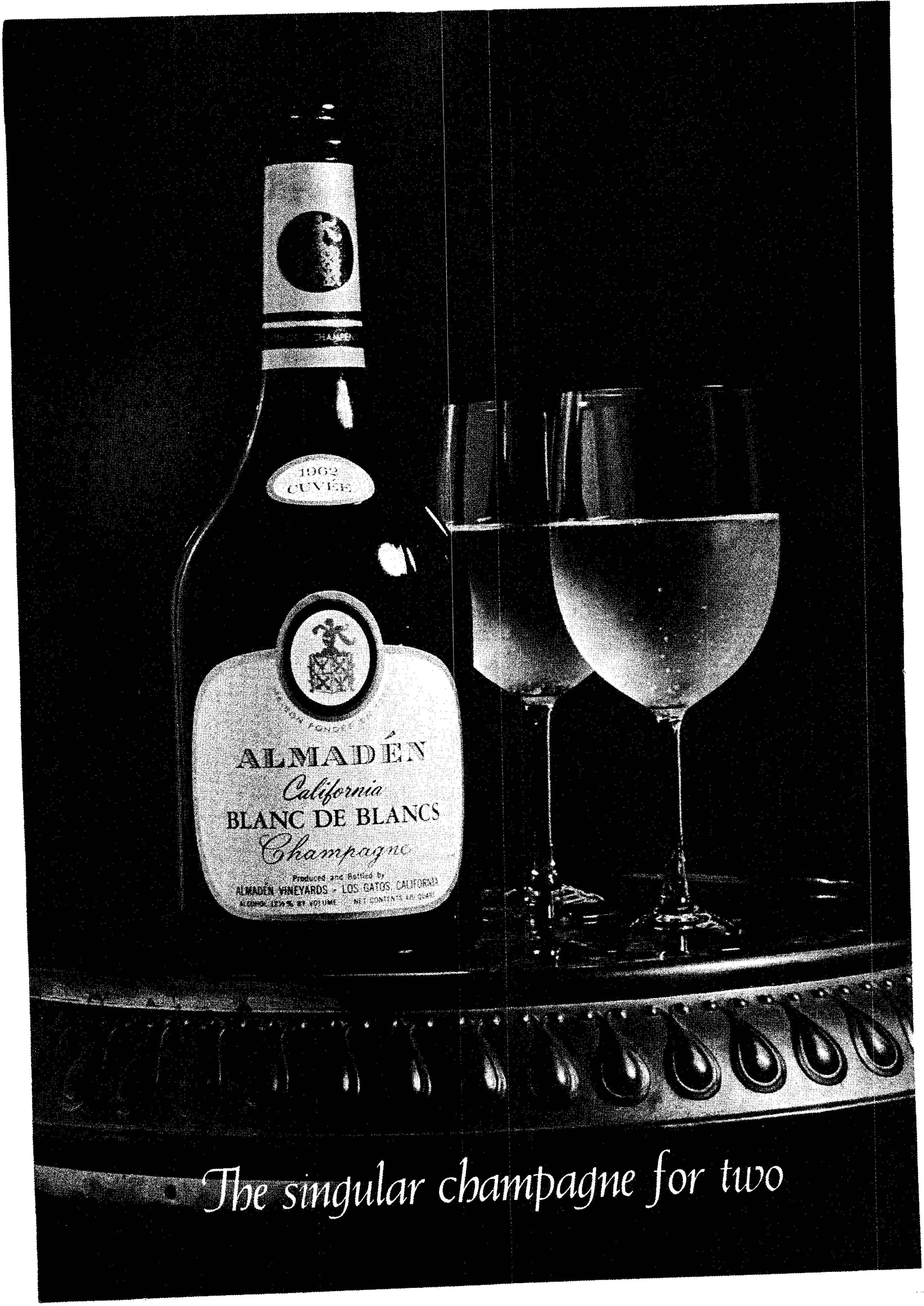
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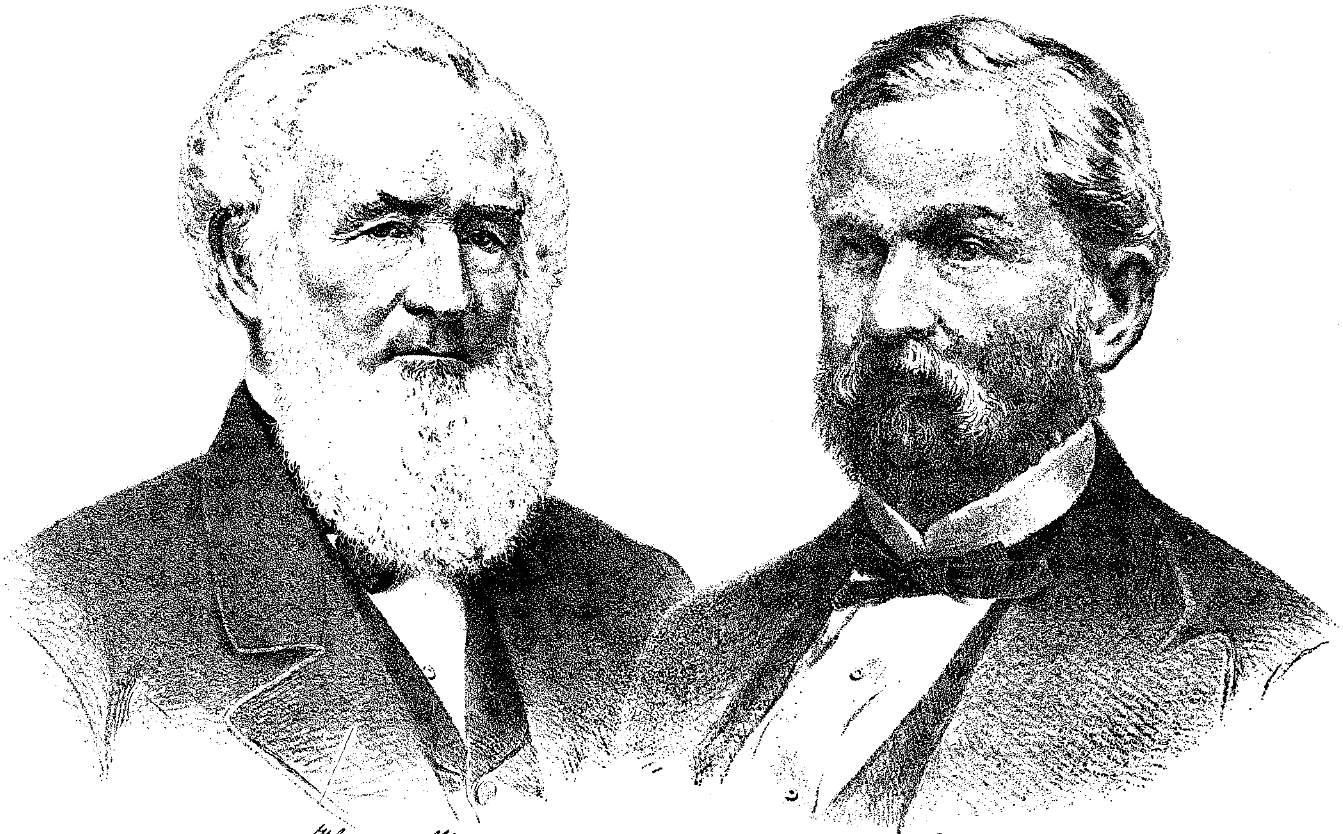

Henry Wells

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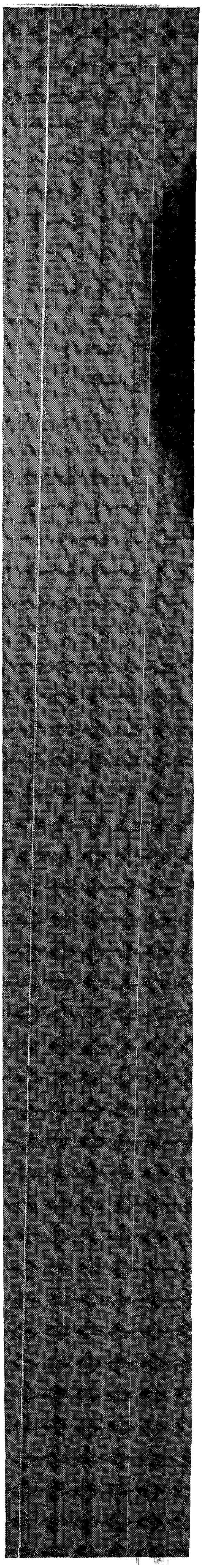
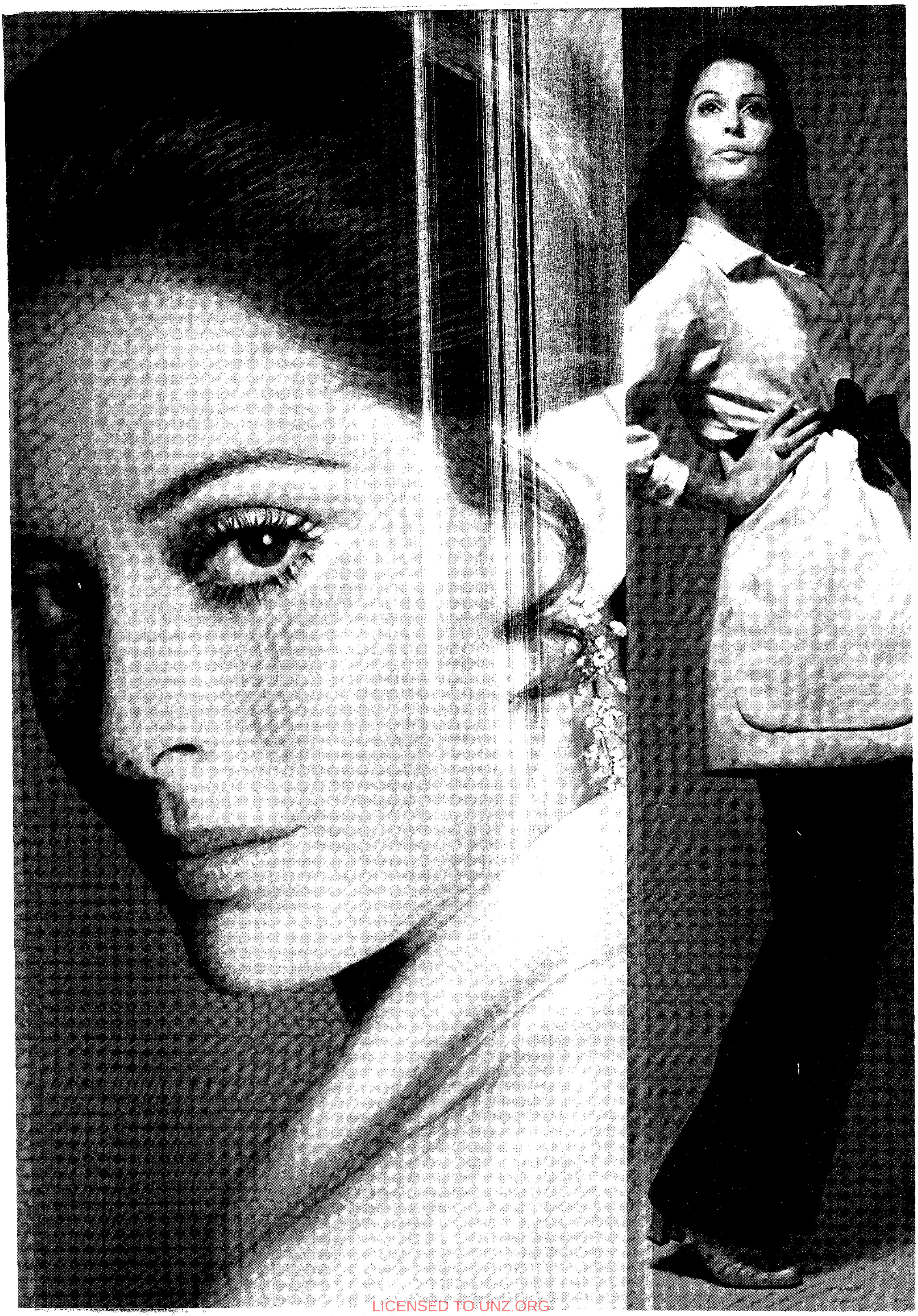
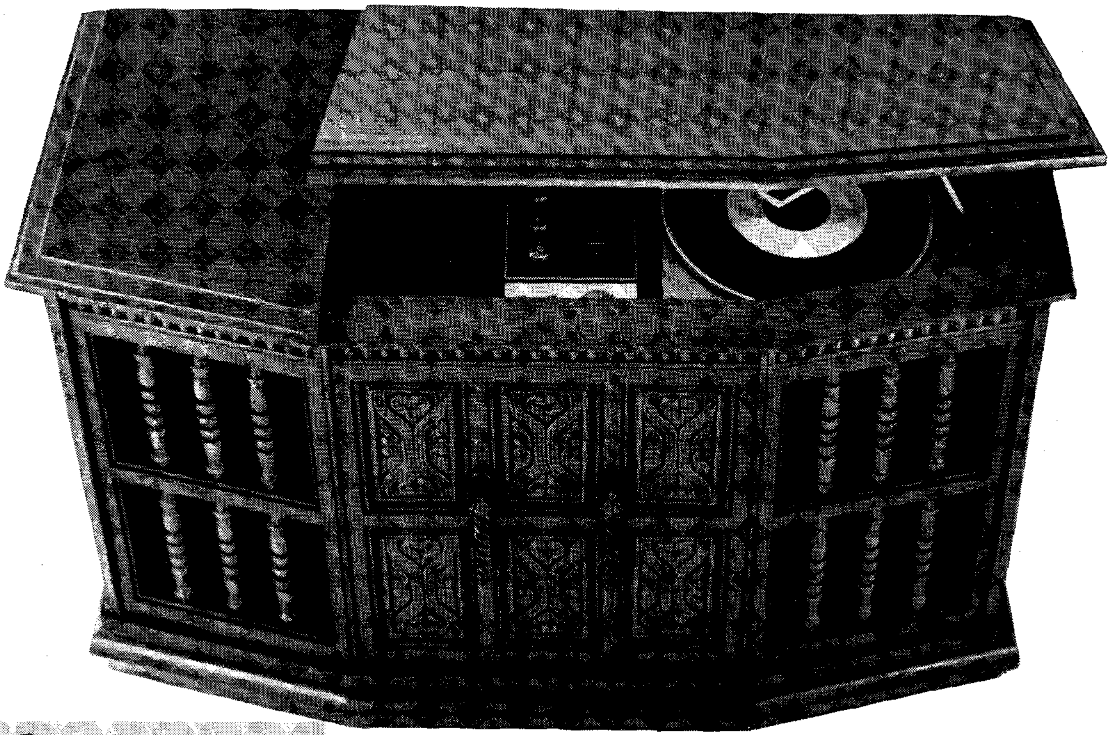


©1969 Estée Lauder, Inc. *Photograph: Skrebneski* *Satin tunic and evening pants by Geoffrey Beene*



This new RCA stereo has everything you're after. And one thing you never dreamed of.



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Our Computer Crafted Tuner means great performance because it brings in hard-to-get FM/AM and FM Stereo stations and even separates stations crammed together on the dial. All this and beautiful sound for a price as low as $300*.

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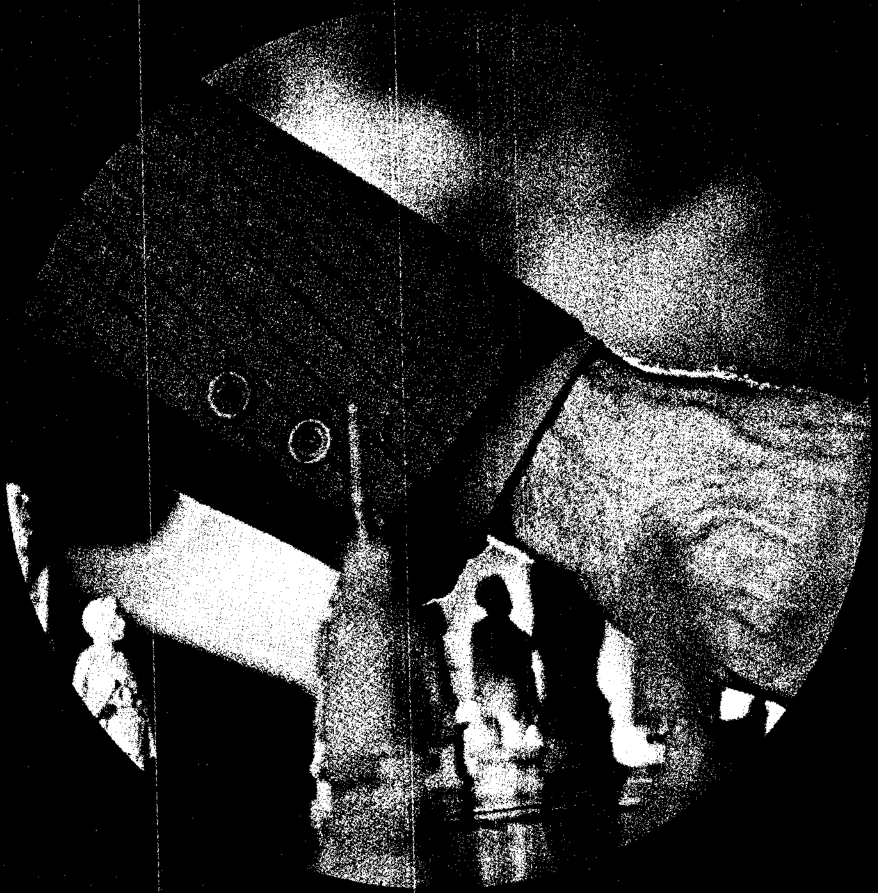

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This is a Deansgate suit. The understated kind that doesn't shout, but whispers good taste. The tailoring: Deansgate's flawless natural shoulder construction. The fabric: a very sturdy wool worsted. In varied stripings, patterns and colorings. About $115 (with vest) at stores that cater to men who are fastidious about their clothes. Interested in an informative booklet on men's fashions? Write: 950 Poeyfarre Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70150.

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Splendid fashions from around the world
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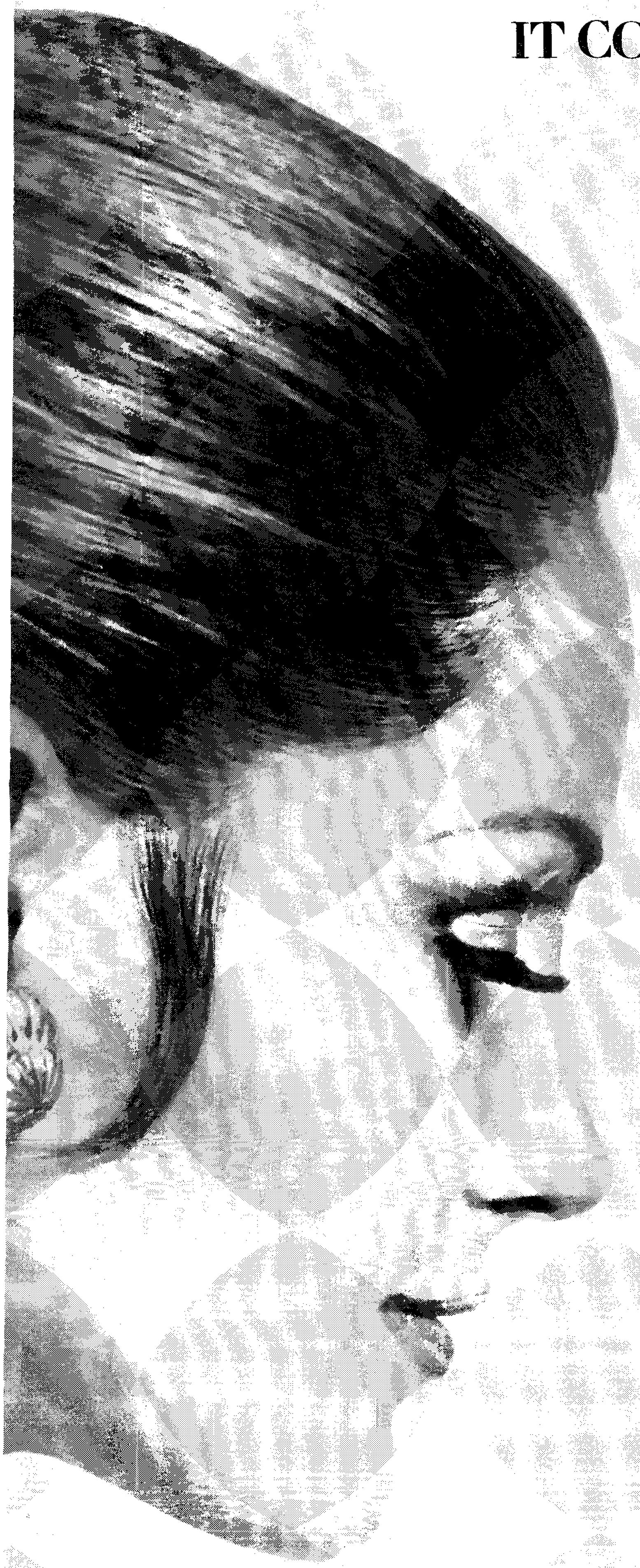

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It doesn't come with good intentions, or with money spent on some This and some That. It takes total hair care to give you such totally beautiful hair. And that's what Pantene has to offer you.

TOTAL HAIR CARE. Four precious products, each re-enforcing the other. Each made with our own unique Swiss conditioners* that add body and bounce and a beautifully healthy look-alive-look.

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Get the details at your nicest store or favorite beauty salon. And let something beautiful happen to you.

Jewels by David Webb

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*Made in U.S.A. according to a unique Swiss formula.

21 Today, 30 Tomorrow

The ageing process isn't necessarily reserved for women in their 40's and over. If you want to stave off the indicias of time, read this Elizabeth Arden skin survival plan today. It's essential.

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To this day no one has come up with a simpler, more successful way to keep age at arm's length than the famous Elizabeth Arden, who instigated more beauty ideas than anyone in the world. It's a day-in, day-out essential skin care plan that you must follow to the letter (no nights off no matter how late). It takes tops five minutes and its reward is a glowing young complexion that belies your birth certificate.

Each morning begin with proper cleansing. That's vital!

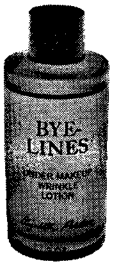
ARDENA
CLEANSING CREAM
ELIZABETH ARDEN

Dampen a pad of cotton with water. Squeeze out. Scoop out Ardena Cleansing Cream and cream-wash your face. Remove with Ardena Skin Lotion with smooth, upward strokes beginning at the neck.

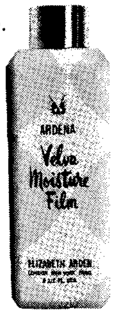
Ardena Cleansing Cream is a thorough cleanser which actually penetrates every pore. (Its thin consistency allows it to go deep beneath skin surface.)

Ardena Skin Lotion
ELIZABETH ARDEN

Ardena Skin Lotion is the toning step. Its rare blend of herbal waters and delicate oils acts as a tonic to the skin. Like an ice cold Schweppes on a hot night.



If you're in your 30's, before using a moisturizer and your foundation, apply Elizabeth Arden's new Bye-Lines, a truly unique, light wrinkle lotion that helps tighten, firm and frighten those tiny ageing wrinkles that start showing up in this age bracket. Bye-Lines was made to wear under makeup.



Now smooth on Velva Moisture Film to give your skin a healthy fresh gloss plus the extra moisture it craves. Total time: 4½ minutes with coffee.

At night, follow cleansing directions from morning plan. Then apply Beauty Sleep.

Beauty Sleep is a most contemporary cream. It contains very light oils which penetrate deeply, leaving the skin's surface smooth and lightly scented. Begin at the base of the neck. Pat Beauty Sleep gently onto the skin. This helps stimulate and firm and lubricate.

For women over 30, Elizabeth Arden recommends, before turning out the light, you apply Eye Beauty Cream, a rich cream that helps combat wrinkles, laugh lines, deep circles. Time: 5 minutes.

Unstintingly performed, these easy steps can help you keep your looks. Just try it for a month. This plan is for normal skin. If yours is dry or exceptionally oily, ask any one of Elizabeth Arden's beautifully trained facial experts at your favorite store for a skin plan specifically designed for you, or write us and we'll send a plan to you before you can say, "Divine!"

Elizabeth Arden

Bols Liqueurs
the treats the Dutch mastered

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You're going almost halfway around the world. More than 10,000 miles and 24 hours away from New York. Sounds exhausting, doesn't it?

It is. On anything but BOAC.

Flying to Australia with us puts you on our own VC 10, the most advanced commercial jet in the air. Its rear-mounted engines let the cabin remain as quiet as a lagoon.

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And to make sure you have even more room, above you is our exclusive overhead locker. All the stuff that used to share your seat and crowd your legs—cameras, parcels, coats—put up there, out of the way.

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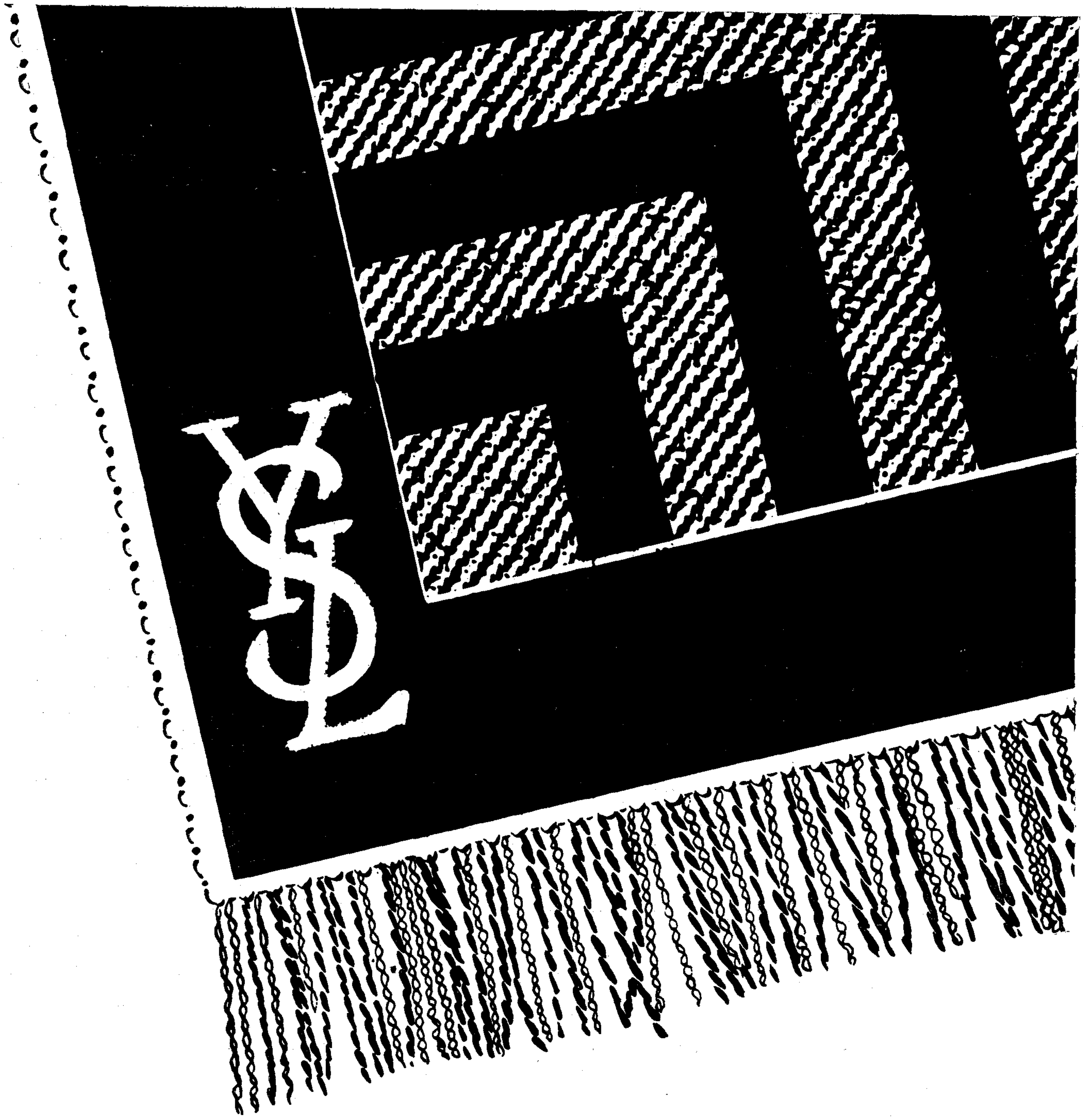
For reservations, contact your Travel Agent or British Overseas Airways Corporation, which has offices in principal cities. *Effective October 26.

Somebody up there cares.



Yves Saint Laurent Here is the first signature collection, designed for Fieldcrest, introduced by Altman's. Exciting news! Young, spirited bedroom and bath fashions created by the foremost designer for the young, sophisticated woman. Geometric and abstract sheets and cases, bedspread ensembles, towels, bath rugs, see-through shower curtains, and a blanket that covers every imaginative color theme, warm, cool or neutral. All translated by Fieldcrest and signed or monogrammed (blanket excepted) by the incomparable Yves. Come see it all now first at Altman's in the U.S.A., in the Yves Saint Laurent shop, fourth floor, Fifth Avenue, and branches.

B Altman & Co

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"IN San Clemente, Calif., the Western White House said that President Nixon would have no comment on Mr. Ho's death," the *Times* noted last week. At first, we wondered what harm it would do for our President to acknowledge that the North Vietnamese President was dead. It would seem a natural, human response. We had been looking at *Life* that morning—a story about the Western White House, at San Clemente—and had been fascinated by the color photographs and the captions: the new pool with the two film directors' chairs labelled "Tricia" and "The President." ("Beyond the pool will be a small golf course. . . . Each tee will be marked with a small Presidential seal on a picture of a golf ball. . . . President Nixon on the steps of his hacienda . . . He helicopters to fairways in the area. . . .") "Nobody can really calculate the cost," *Life's* story concluded. "Certainly it is in the millions—from both public and private pockets. But it is nothing if it lightens the President's burden. . . ." A President's burden, we thought—whether Nixon's or Ho's—includes the fact that every public move he makes is a reflection of the aspirations, the moods, and the wishes of the people: a President speaks with the voice of the people. He dreams, and it is our dream. Is San Clemente really our dream?

Ho Chi Minh is dead. He is believed to have once lived in Harlem. Perhaps he viewed the United States from that vantage point. He was a potwasher, an ascetic, a scholar, a revolutionary. His followers fought for twenty-five years—still fight—in pursuit of the dream he saw. In Vietnam, we could have used such a man as Ho on our side. We have cause to examine our side. Who is on our side? Where does it lead? What kind of dream is it?

No wonder there was no comment from San Clemente.

SOME months ago, Mr. Kingsley Amis was informing readers of the letters column in the London *Times* that the Soviet poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko had behaved dishonorably toward Olga Ivinskaya; now Miss Lillian Hellman tells us, in our *Times*, that Anatoly Kuznetsov, the Soviet novelist who recently sought political asylum in London, behaved dishonorably toward Yevtushenko. Mr. William Styron, meanwhile, has wondered in an interview if Kuznetsov's defection wasn't a "selling out." *We* wonder if writers enjoying the freedoms of the United States and the United Kingdom shouldn't refrain from passing judgment on their brethren in Communist states, who must try to function and survive under bizarre and tortuous restrictions unimaginable to a Western writer. A simple sigh of thanks for our blessings might be more in order. The plight of the artist under Communism, never pleasant, is worsening; the only thing going for him is the enthusiasm that difficulty engenders, and the knowledge that he is—whether or not he falls short of the heroic standards upheld by Miss Hellman and Mr. Amis—a custodian, for millions, of a certain human flame, of certain human capacities for expression, exaltation, formal control, and creative joy.

We are moved to these remarks by a letter that has been passed on to us. Its recipient is a young American writer, its sender a Czech girl now living in exile who happened to like a book the man had written. "There in Prague, we used to exhibit our paintings on Charles Bridge," she wrote him. "Our paintings were probably bad, because we were just seventeen or twenty, but we loved them, because through them we were perceiving the world. And there we discussed life and death, eternity and matter, and the confluence of things, and everything. We were so terribly happy there in the midst of the paintings and the light, on that stone bridge saturated with centuries of history. It was as if we were watching the sea; everything was as if grown together with the earth—it had the same kind of symmetry. I do not know whether you can imagine all this, but it was immensely beautiful. So beautiful that one did not sense other people or life, and felt removed from one's own body and sensed only the words, surrounded by the paintings. Or those crazy chases when the cops tried to prevent us from selling the paintings. (Because Czechoslovakia is a Communist country and only the state is entitled to sell and exploit.) It used to be a happy chase through the crooked streets of the Little Quarter. We shouted out of sheer happiness at seeing the clumsily moving cops. And the immense feeling of happiness when we ran, tired, into a

pub, clutching our paintings to our breasts. That was our world. It was not necessary to read so much in those times, because one could learn about the world through one's friends."

Street Movies

ONE of the most popular of the summer activities in our town has been the Movies in the Streets program, conducted on the pavements and playgrounds of the five boroughs. This program, which is now rounding out its third year, is one of the innovations of the city's Urban Action Task Force, and such a successful one that it has been expanded. Now every week night during the season (weather permitting) feature films of relatively recent vintage are shown in three of the Task Force's forty-four community jurisdictions. We visited the Movies in the Streets marshalling point one evening and found it to be in a corner of a Public Works Department garage on Water Street, directly under the Brooklyn side of the Brooklyn Bridge. There, as we arrived, three sets of three groups—drivers employed by the city, crew chiefs from the Urban Corps, and crews from the New York City Youth Corps—aboard three heavy trucks were awaiting assignment by a slender, ponytailed, miniskirted young woman, who introduced herself to us as Nancy Eisenberg, the director of the program. "Last summer, I was a worker in the Urban Corps and was assigned here as assistant to the director," Miss Eisenberg, who is a Barnard College student during the off season, told us. "And this year I moved up."

We asked the director what the procedure was in arranging for the films to be shown.

"Our sponsors, usually local community groups, are referred to us by the area task forces," she said. "I take it from there, and set a date and place, and then the sponsor selects a movie from the twenty that were made available to us at the beginning of the summer by the Motion Picture Association of America. The Urban Action Task Force administers the program, but we've been fortunate so far in having our labor costs defrayed by the Urban Corps and the Youth Corps. The projectionists are volunteers from Local 306 of the Moving Picture Machine Operators Union, and they usually meet us on location—and just in case there's a slipup they've trained my crew chiefs to take over."

We asked how this summer's heavy rains had affected the outdoor showings.

"Terribly," she said. "We've been rained out twenty times."

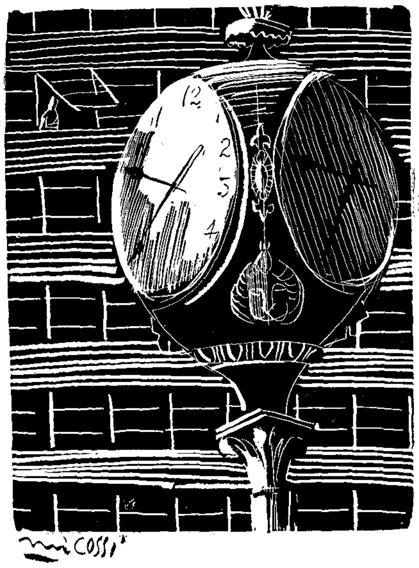
By now, the sun had set, and with an anxious glance at some thunderclouds, Miss Eisenberg set off to check the projection equipment, which had been designed to operate on each of the three trucks. In passing, she introduced us to the crew chiefs: William Steele, who would be showing "Dr. No" in Harlem; Henry Allred, who would show "The Endless Summer" in Jackson Heights; and Lionel Norman, who would show "Von Ryan's Express" on the lower East Side, and whom we chose to accompany. Although the three men come from different sections of the city, they are basketball teammates at Bishop College, in Dallas—a coincidence explained to us by Mr. Steele, who said, "I was in this program last year, and when vacant slots opened up this summer, I just sort of volunteered the other fellows."

Mr. Allred, taking a look out the doorway of the garage, said, "It could be a pretty bad night out there."

"I know," the director said. "But I called the lady out in Jackson Heights, and she said kids were already gathering. If it's at all possible"—she turned to us—"we have to make it out to the locations. A lot of the sponsors have been working on these shows for weeks, and if we don't appear it makes them look bad."

"Some nights, we aren't able to climb out of the trucks because of the rain, but we show up anyway," one of the crew chiefs said.

With us in the back of Lionel Norman's truck as it headed for the lower East Side—specifically, for Henry Street near Clinton Street—were two sixteen-year-old high-school students from Brooklyn: Stephen Taylor, of Aviation High School, and Herman Jones, of the High School of Performing Arts. "A lot of people think all we do is goof off on Youth Corps jobs," young Taylor said as the truck pulled out of the garage. "But, you know, we go to summer school all day and then we do this at night. I get tired." He curled up on the projectionist's bench at the front of the van, and by the time the truck reached the Manhattan Bridge he was asleep.



Fortunately, the rain held off that evening, but the Movies in the Streets truck nevertheless created only a momentary ripple of excitement when it parked on Henry Street, opposite Junior High School No. 56—a circumstance that caused some surprise until Mr. Norman went to investigate. He returned to report that around the corner, on Montgomery Street, was a full-fledged carnival, complete with rides and an eight-piece Spanish-American band, which had been organized by an anti-poverty group. "So we have competition," he said. "I'll bet we still draw a crowd."

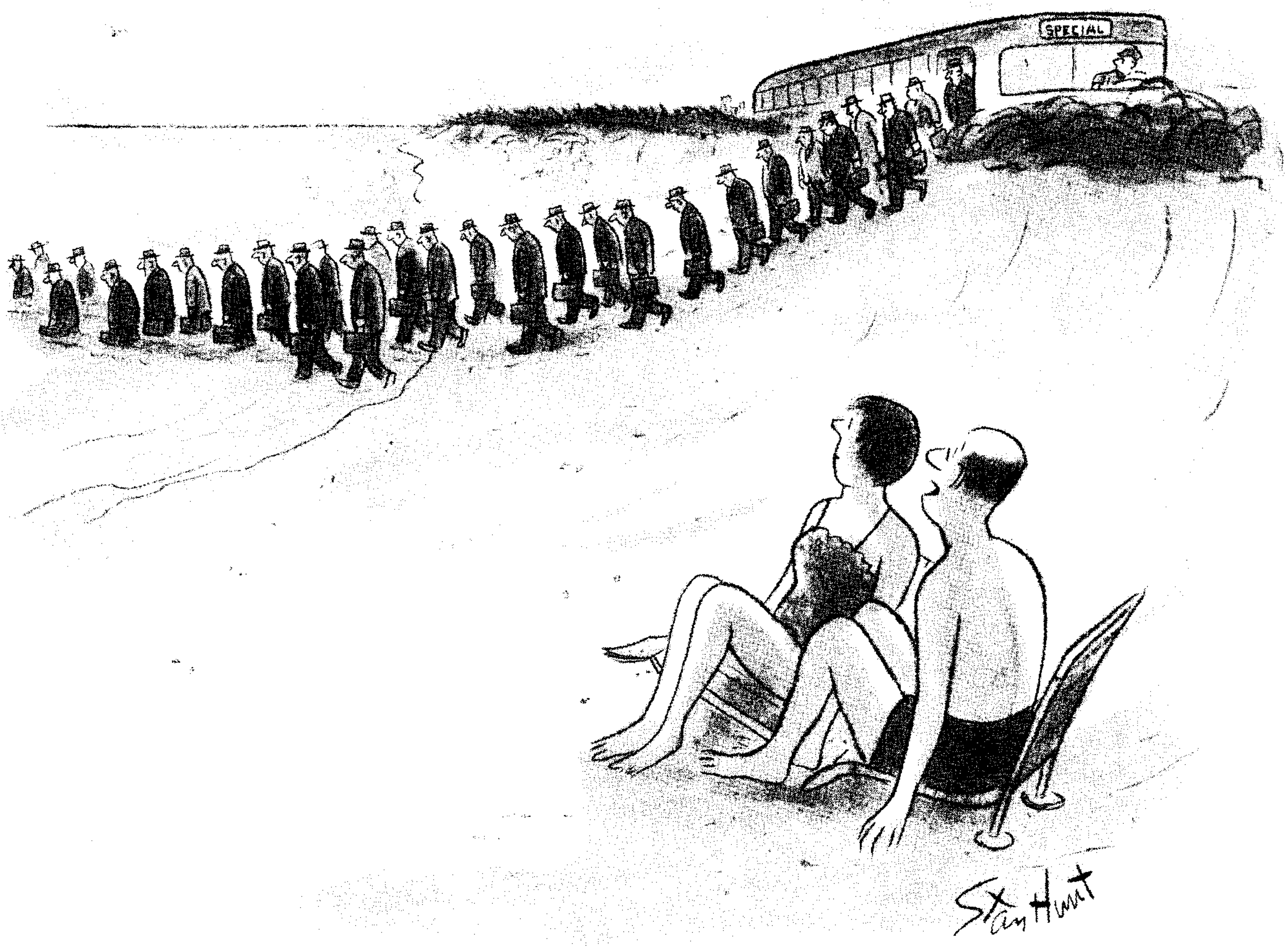
And gradually, as the two high-school students clambered about the truck preparing equipment, and set up the screen behind barricades that had been erected by police, his prediction was borne out. First a few children and then their mothers came to watch, and after a few more minutes—a sure sign of achievement—a peddler of "snowballs," concoctions of shaved ice and flavored syrups, detached his stand from the carnival, wheeled it around the corner, and set it up beside the truck. At that moment, Mr. Norman finished affixing two large megaphones to the roof of the vehicle and plugged the equipment into a power source at the nearest streetlight.

"Hey!" said one of the boys who had come over from the carnival. "Are those plugs in every light?"

"No," Mr. Norman replied. "The maintenance company installs them for us just before we come, and takes them out after we leave." He hopped lightly back into the truck, and a second later his voice came booming through the megaphones: "Are we ready?"

"Yes!" several of the boys shouted back.

"Hold it, now!" said Mr. Norman, and his voice, ringing down the block, rattled windows on the upper floors of Henry Street's five- and six-story tenements. "Not so fast. There are still a lot more people to come. Hey, around the corner, anybody want to see 'Von Ryan's Express'?" More men, women, and children came around the



"I'd heard that that company wasn't doing so well."

• •

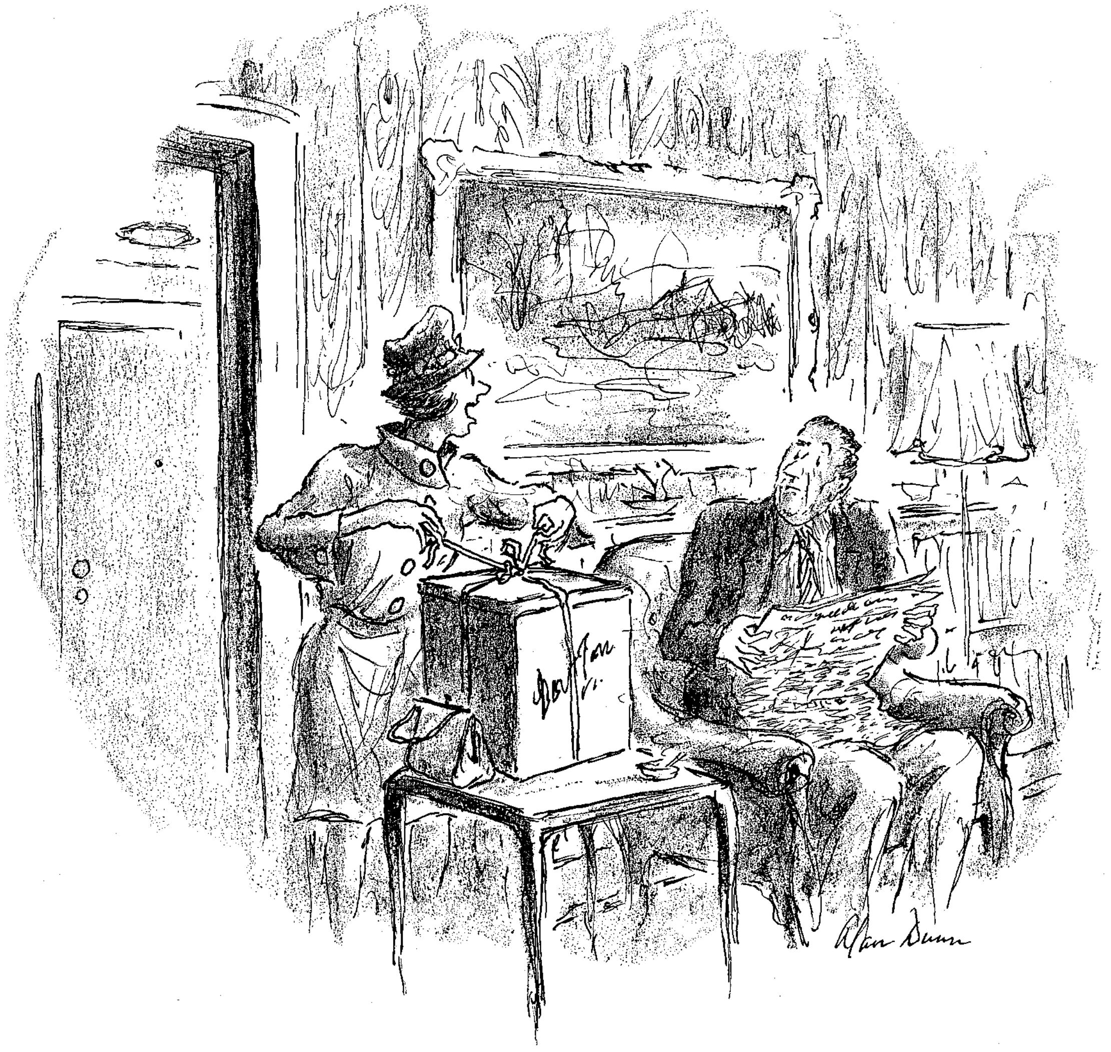
corner from the carnival. Some took seats on stoops and fire escapes, and others—most noticeably a group of women who came together—brought up cardboard cartons and milk-bottle cases and set them up in a row a few feet from the screen. The crowd continued to gather, and when it had begun to fill the street a young man named Bruce Spiegel, who is associated with the evening's sponsor, the Henry Street Settlement, handed Mr. Norman a small reel of film, which, he explained, had been produced by Mike Jacobsohn, one of the members of the Henry Street Movie Club. "I'd appreciate it if you could get this on right away, because I have to get back as soon as I can," Mr. Spiegel said. "We're running a movie ourselves tonight at the Settlement."

"A carnival around the corner, another movie down the street," Mr. Norman said, in a resigned voice. "You didn't make it too easy for us tonight, did you?" Nonetheless, he threaded the short film into the projector, and was soon glad he had. The movie, which was entitled "The Young Braves" and was about a street gang, had been filmed in the area, and within a few minutes the street was choked with several hundred residents, attracted both by the accompanying music and by the possibility of seeing themselves on the screen. When the "Braves" film ended, after ten minutes, a number of the boys who had been in it drifted back to the carnival, where the Spanish-American band had struck up again, but many other members of the crowd hung on, the older men and women sitting on cartons or on the street itself, and some of the small children dividing their attention between the screen and various activities on the periphery of the crowd. Behind the crowd watching the film a group of girls jumped rope, chanting in Spanish and counting in English. As each of the reels ended—there were four—Mr. Norman launched into an enthusiastic monologue about the film. "Hey, are you ready?" he would shout into the microphone as his hands worked at threading in the new reel. "Come on, let me hear it! Are you ready for more? Show time! Show time!"

While the final reel was on the screen, we fell into conversation with Mrs. Diana Renton, a resident of the block and the Task Force secretary for the Lower Manhattan East area. "We try to coördinate things around the neighborhood better," Mrs. Renton said, "but there are a lot of things going on and a lot of coördinators running them, and sometimes the coördinators don't coördinate with each other."

We asked Mrs. Renton if she felt that Movies in the Streets and the carnival and other city efforts were at least partly responsible for averting the turbulence that had been forecast for the city's streets this summer.

"Well," she replied—and she had to talk loud to be heard over the film's sound track, for on the screen Frank Sinatra, riding atop a screeching locomotive, was trading machine-gun fire with a squadron of German fighter planes—"if this is quiet, then I guess



"But I had to buy something, so I could get some change for the exact-fare bus."

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it has been quiet. And I suppose that compared to the last few years it has been quiet. A lot of people will see a block like this and get scared to death, but I've lived here for six years, and I can tell you that no matter how it looks—or sounds—this is a quiet block. The people here are mostly families, and we're all pretty friendly."

The movie ended to scattered hand-clapping, and even before the projector's light went out the Youth Corpsmen were at work dismantling the screen and stowing it into the truck. There were cries of farewell—most of them in Spanish—and after a few minutes only a few residents were left on the street. Many of the viewers were heading back to the carnival, and others, some of them carrying the cartons they had brought along, were re-entering the tenements. The crew quickly cleared the remainder of the street (one volunteer assistant, a little girl in a red dress, carried to the curb a carton almost as big as she was), and then Mr. Norman unplugged the line between the truck and the streetlight. "We'll see you again," he said, turning to hop up into the cab of the truck. Behind him, the street was empty.

Critic

A MAN we know tells us that he stopped careering southward on the Governor Thomas E. Dewey Thruway last week and pulled into a service area for some desperately needed gasoline and lunch. The fuel was served up in short order, but not the food—a rather simple matter of a medium hamburger, French fries, and coffee. As a surly waitress continued to ignore all his pleas for sustenance, our friend, having already memorized the menu, picked a business reply card from a counter-top rack. The back of the card read, "Hot Shoppes enjoyed serving you and would appreciate your comments on our food and service." He extracted a pencil from his jacket, poised it over the card, and assumed a look of intense decision-making. Within thirty seconds, his order was taken, and three minutes later he was enjoying a medium hamburger, French fries, and coffee, all presented with a winning smile.

Gift Show

SINCE almost anything on earth or in the imagination can be a gift—a flower, a pie, a Bentley, a poem—it has occurred to us that there must be something in the current era (most likely that popular culprit, affluence) which fosters a giant business in objects that are designed, manufactured, promoted, and sold as gifts, whether anyone ever gives them or not. Hoping to find some social reality behind the commercial one, we went to the Coliseum the other afternoon for a look at the seventy-seventh semiannual Gift Show, a six-day affair—for the trade only—at which some twenty-three thousand retailers were expected to view the wares of about eight hundred and eighty manufacturers and sales representatives. Part of the show was taking place at the Park Sheraton Hotel, but, because our time was limited, we decided to confine our observations to the Coliseum. No sooner had we entered the building than we realized that we already knew perfectly well what Gifts (as opposed to gifts) are. They are showy, often fulsomely resplendent objects that, for some reason, usually belong indoors. Glass is a very popular material for Gifts, but other materials, especially plastics and fabrics like velvet and plush, are common. Although Gifts come in many sizes and shapes, their appearance is frequently determined by one or both of two tendencies: miniaturization (a tiny Swiss chalet) and dissimulation (a tiny Swiss chalet that is really a music box or a jewel case). For reasons we have not yet fathomed, Gifts are very strong on gender, many of them being clearly intended for women (a pin cushion in the shape of a Louis XV chair) and many others being clearly intended for men (a working facsimile of a duelling pistol). Of those Gifts not obviously intended for one sex or the other, a large percentage seem to have been designed to affect the appearance of someone's house (a two-foot-high porcelain whippet). With few exceptions, Gifts are nonessential.

On the main floor of the Coliseum, we found aisle after aisle of booths, most of which were as fully stocked as most gift-shop windows. Company representatives, identified by name tags reading "Exhibitor," were engaged in conversation with retailers, identified by name tags reading "Buyer." In a booth run by Sun Glo New York, a woman wearing a tag that read "Buyer" was saying to a man in brown, "I'll take half a dozen in red. Oh, but I really like the blue better." She was referring to two garlands of fake leaves and fruit, one bearing small pink apples, cerise pears, and crimson bananas, and the other bearing small powder-blue apples, purple pears, and navy bananas. Without waiting to hear her decision, we moved along to the Styson Products Company, which offered a cookie box in the shape of a house with a detachable roof. Ahead of us stretched glittering rows of crystal candy dishes, ceramic ashtrays, porcelain figurines, brass candlesticks, artificial flowers, clocks, candles (there was an extraordinary number of candles), mirrors, vases, trays, and wall plaques (one read "Tables for Ladies"). We hurried past Chateau Needlecrafts, where two nuns were inspecting sewing kits, and Herz Specialty Products, which offered a model of an eighteenth-century Spanish frigate, and arrived at the Ceralon Manufacturing Corporation, which was displaying something called a Royal Oasis Fountain. This object, which was about six feet high, consisted of polyethylene palm trees rising above a low bowl ringed with polyethylene Brazilian dracaenas and containing in its center a ceramic figure of a boy hugging a large fish, out of whose mouth water bubbled. The Royal Oasis Fountain was priced at $179, retail.

A few aisles farther on—past Ardalt Imports (a "Cupid Leaf Compote"), the Norcrest China Company (a plate inscribed "Happy 15th Anniversary"), and the Miller Wood & Import Corporation (baroque balances of crystal and brass)—we reached Excalibur, Ltd., which was displaying swords and daggers, a replica of General George S. Patton's riding crop, a miniature catapult, and three full-size suits of armor. A tall, gray-haired man in a blue blazer approached us, introduced himself as Oscar F. Kolombatovich, the president of Excalibur, Ltd., and said, "Except for a few original pieces, everything you see here is an authentic replica. I've designed them all myself, based on originals, and I have most of them manufactured for me in Spain. Our most expensive suit of armor retails at twenty-eight hundred dollars, and we've had to widen its calves. A man in Westchester bought one not long ago. He wanted to wear it to the Rotary Club, but when he tried to put it on he found that his American calves just wouldn't fit inside the European armor. It's a shame we had to widen the calves, because the original design was so much more graceful."

We said goodbye to Mr. Kolombatovich, took the escalator to the second floor, and walked past Sexton Early Craft (a small blackboard inscribed "Mama Knows Best"), Freund-Mayer & Co. (plastic doilies), and the Splendid Novelty Company (little birdcages containing little fake birds). Returning to the escalator, we advanced to the third and fourth floors, where displays of Gifts were so lavish that to list only a few will indicate their variety: at Spancraft, Ltd., electric fireplace logs; at Nettle Creek Industries, a full-scale model of a ship's figurehead; at Blue Ribbon Industries, lace fans in gilt frames; at the John Brandi Company, a picture of Christ standing (or, more precisely, hovering) outside the United Nations; at Drummers, Inc., mugs, matches, and paperweights commemorating the flight of Apollo 11; at Deco-Tel Personal Telephones, a pseudo-antique telephone on a pseudo-Wedgwood base; at Ted Arnold, Ltd., a sugar and creamer in the shape of two mushrooms.

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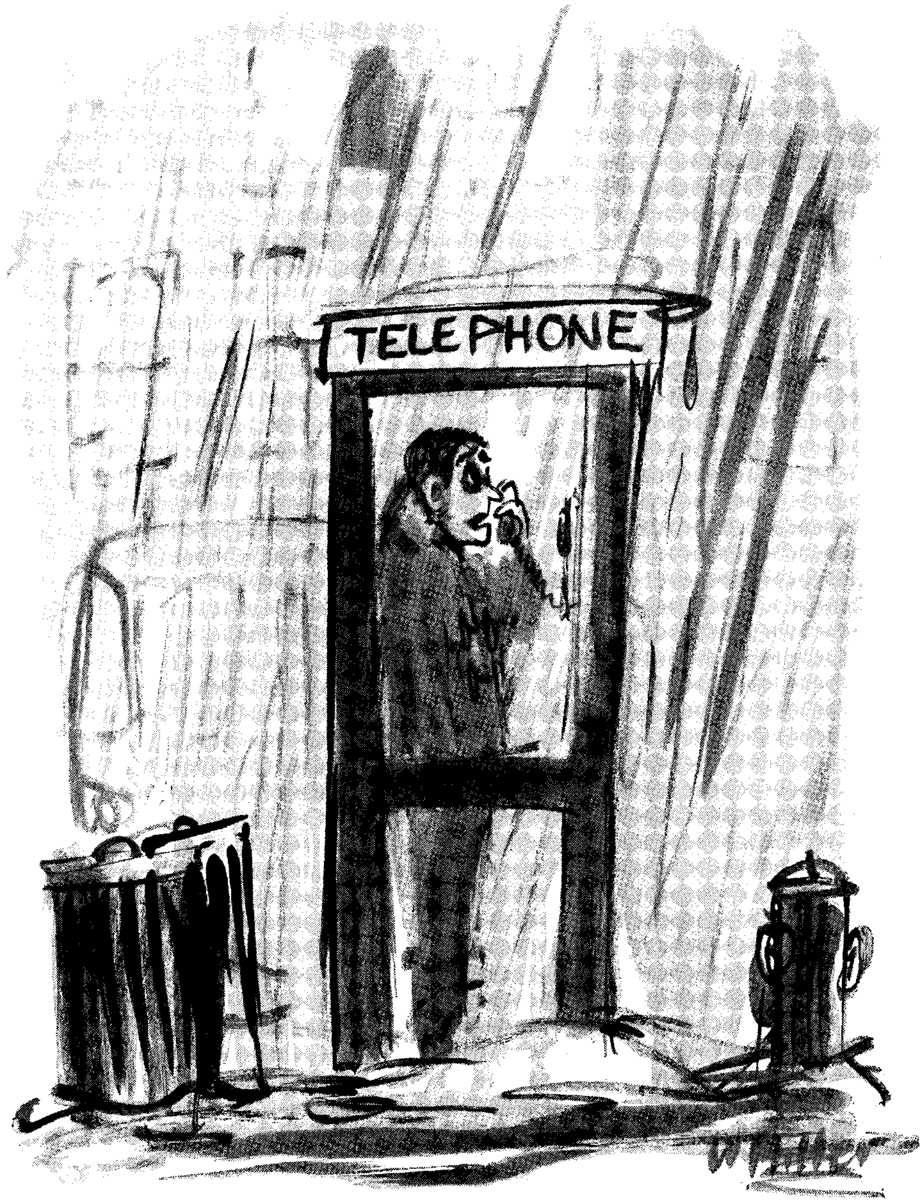
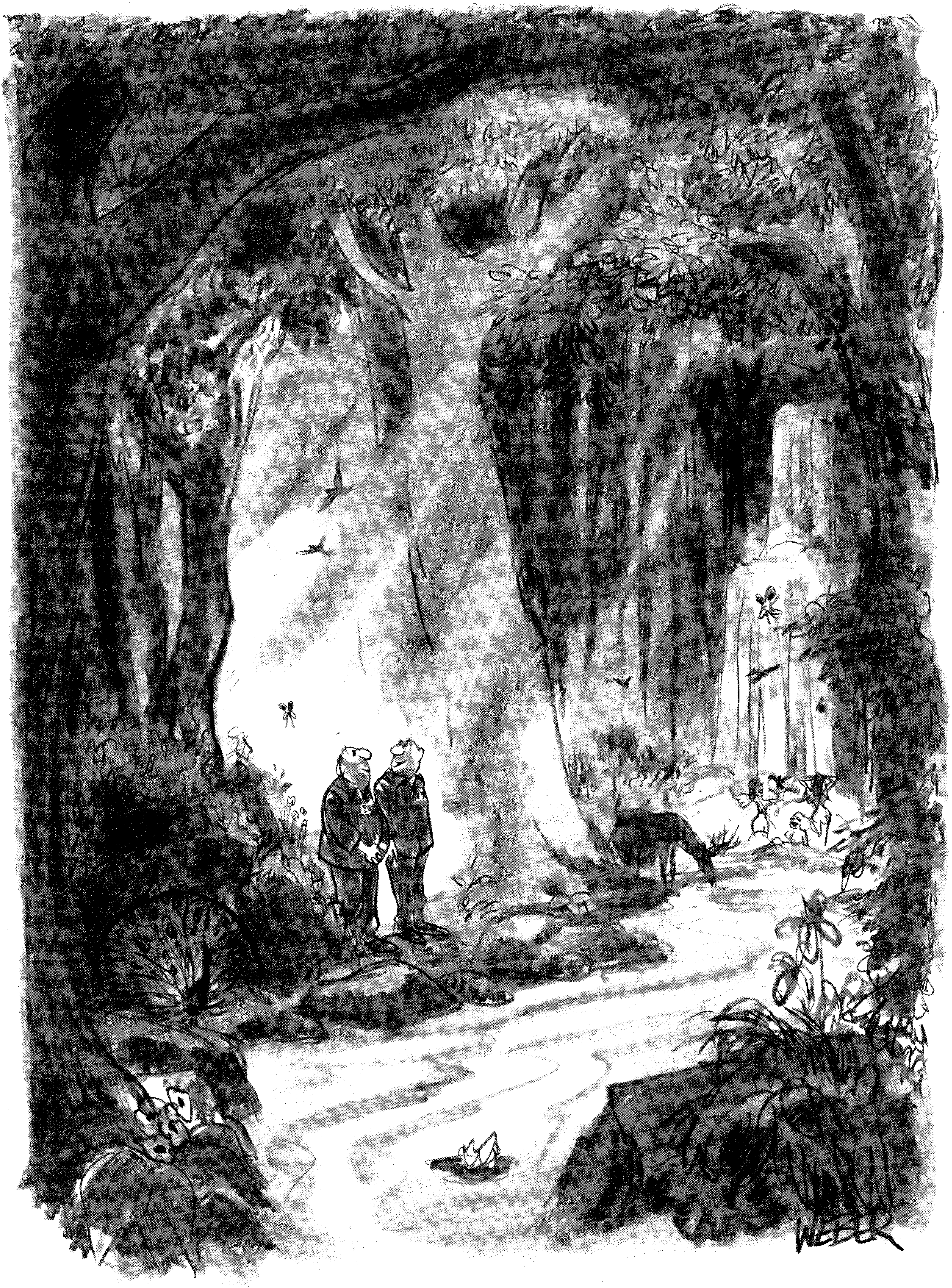
SET outside the Princeton Club, the American amateur record for the long-jump split infinitive: "All right, Harry, I'll try to either myself or through one or another of these Princeton people put the information to him."



"Well, if that's the way it is, Katherine, then all I can say is adieu, auf Wiedersehen, and Godspeed in finding your Mr. Right."



"Holy smoke, Al! We've really escaped!"

BALM IN GILEAD

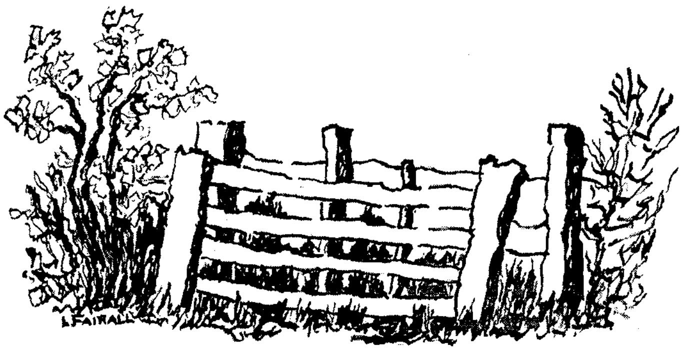
MAMA was High Church, Papa Low. He was patron of two Sussex livings, so the family went alternate Sundays to Waldron, where in a stone Norman church the vicar (the twenty-eighth since the church was consecrated in 1087) read Matins at eleven, and to Cross-in-Hand, named for a halt the Crusaders made before embarking at Newhaven, ten miles away. At Cross-in-Hand, the curate celebrated Sung Eucharist at ten-thirty in a Victorian Gothic nonentity. In winter, they went in the dogcart or the milk float—directly descended, Mama declared, from the chariot in which Boadicea fought the Romans, scythes sticking out of the axles—drawn by Polly, a skittish white mare, who shied at shadows. Polly was "put up" during the service either in the yard of the pub across from the church or in the curate's loose-box. In summer, they would all walk the two miles across the park to Waldron, on a small footpath through the grove of Wellingtonias called the Twelve Apostles because there were thirteen, then across a trefoil-gold meadow, over the bridge that crossed the end of the lake near the boathouse, where baby rabbits could be caught by hand when they panicked (they never lived long in captivity), through open purple-heathered country to the keepers' cottages, where there were horrid corpses—of jays, weasels, the odd hawk or owl—hung on wires as a warning to their kind. Then down a sandy lane to the last half mile, which was asphalt. Or they drove the four miles to Cross-in-Hand in the open Talbot—pale gray, with red leather upholstery and big brass lamps—driven by Papa, since neither groom nor chauffeur was ever called out on a Sunday.

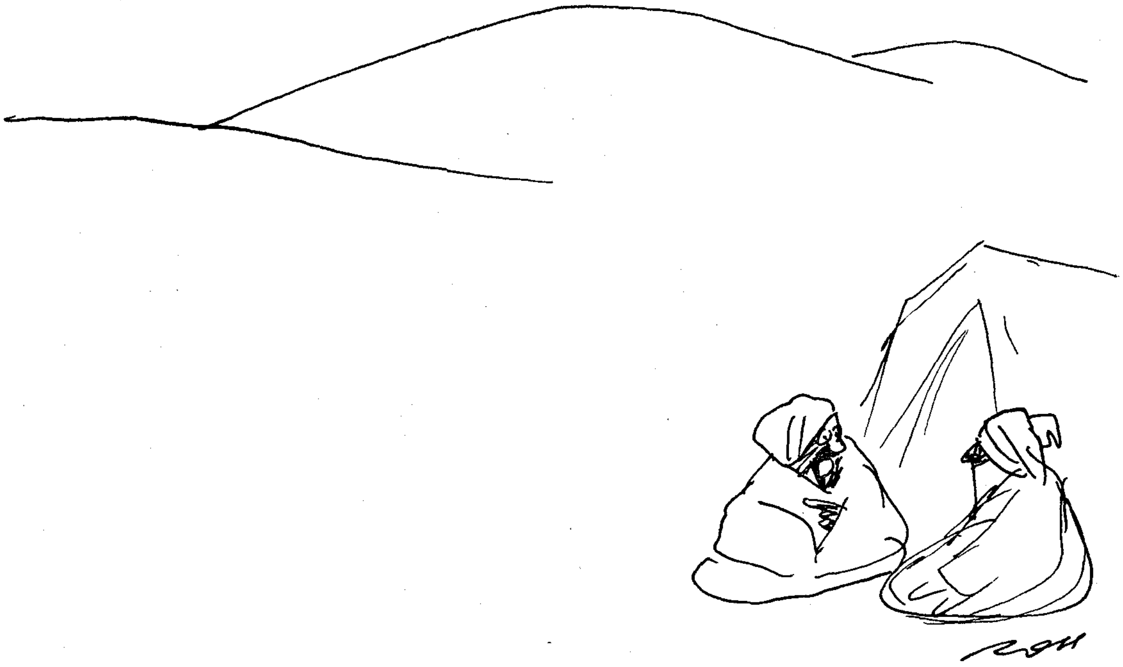
Religion in any form was sheer delight. Papa read the lessons—he liked only the Old Testament and Corinthians 13, saying the rest of the New was poor English. And, of course, only in the Authorized Version; no copy of the Revised was allowed to darken either church or Possingworth, the 1870 Gothic pile where they lived when they were in the country—Papa, Mama, George in the school holidays, Anne, and Clare. Sara, the eldest, just married, lived on the place with Arthur, who managed the estate for Papa. The words of the lessons sent shivers through the little girls: Jezebel thrown down for the dogs to lick up her blood, David lamenting his "brother" Jonathan, Elisha's bears. . . . And they loved the hymns, with their aching longing for the "other country"—Jerusalem the Golden, for dear love of whose very name Bernard of Morlaix wept (as rendered by John Mason Neale)—with their promises that the tearless life is *there*, where the fair ocean has no shore, the bright day no time, and the Beatific Vision glads the saints around. In Scotland, where they had a house at the seaside in Aberdeenshire, they went either to the small "pisky" (Episcopal) church smelling of varnish or to the fine kirk, whose dominie was a local antiquarian. He would annually present them with copies of his privately printed, very long sermons. Mama believed all the branches of Christianity should be venerated and visited, though she did not believe she need, like the Queen, become a Presbyterian in Scotland, and she took Communion only in her own denomination, despising those High Anglicans who, when on the Continent, went to Communion in Roman churches to make sure then, at least, of receiving a validly consecrated Host. But in France, where Papa owned in Savoy a gray Saracen tower locally called the Devil's House—with a long nineteenth-century annex in which Queen Victoria had herself stayed with Lady Whalley, one of her maids of honor, who had built it—they attended Mass in the little village church. Papa was so attentive there that once M. le Curé commented on the "heretic in our midst whose behavior is so edifying he does not wait in the café playing boules until the sermon is over, like some we know who shall be nameless."

Mama had grown up at Ootacamund, India, and delighted in all forms of puja—worship—to whomever they might be directed, recalling with affection the magenta-powder-smeared sacred stones in the Nilgiri Hills, with a few flowers, a joss stick, and maybe a small bowl of milk left for the guardian snake. She burned joss sticks in her boudoir in the London house before a large plaster cast of the Apollo Belvedere, and in her bedroom there, beside her bed, kept an altar with crucifix and candles, but on it also were two jewelled daggers, and an ivory leaf carved with an infant Krishna biting his toes. In town, the pleasures of prayer included venerating a bronze Buddha, who sat in a corner of the roof garden, surrounded by scarlet geraniums or purple asters, and doing puja to a big green Ming vase in the drawing room. Everything was holy because inhabited—whether animal, like the guinea pigs Lenin and Trotsky, or vegetable, like the great camellia trees in the conservatory at Possingworth, or mineral, like the flickering coal fire in the night nursery, whose flames proved Loki or Agni present. In the country, shrine-building—under a bay tree, to Apollo; in a flowering azalea grove, to Flora; under a cotoneaster where dead birds were buried, to Persephone—was the chief summer activity of the "children's hour," from six to seven, when Anne and Clare, in saggy plain serge or cotton frocks designed by Mama, without belts, pockets, or other ornament, came down from the nursery to enjoy their mother's company.

They were also allowed down to lunch on special occasions—when a distinguished or celebrated guest was present, and, in France, when English visitors were staying. They were sent with these visitors to the summer-only Anglican church at the nearby spa, which was so Low as to be almost "chapel." Here Lady Willingdon—then living in India—shocked the girls by powdering her nose in church, and Lord Victor Seymour, a bearded clergyman Anne had mistaken for God at Clare's christening, shocked them no less by kneeling alone and ostentatiously at the "was made man" in the Nicene Creed.

Religion permeated every aspect of Anne's and Clare's lives. When Anne had to give up her bottle—she loved to lie on her back on a blue cushion in front of the day-nursery fire and suck—she was promised she would be given it back in Heaven. Learning that Judas was in Hell, she crept out of her white wooden crib to pray for him, and was furious with her governess, Lutheran Sybilla von Wurm (known, of





"Your troubles are as the sands in the desert! My troubles are as the sands in the desert!"

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course, as Wormy), for deprecating the behavior of Pontius Pilate. "He did all he could," Anne wailed. "He tried and tried to save Jesus." The nursery—indeed, the whole house—was the scene of constant religious controversy. Nanny Eliza Honeybun was Low, and thought Cromwell right and Charles I wrong. Hair brushing, one hundred strokes morning and evening, brought red-headed Anne the joys of martyrdom; while Anne argued, Eliza would pull her hair until Anne thought she was growing a halo. Papa next day inquired after her headache.

Clare, younger, prettier, plumper, looked like Luther. "And how is the Reformer?" Henry James asked one day at lunch. He had been brought over from Rye by Violet Hammersley. They had stopped to ask the price of seedling conifers at a local nurseryman's. "Conifers! Conifers!" the tipsy gardener had twitted them, poking Henry James suggestively in the ribs. "Bet that's not what's on your mind this noon." World War I had begun, and Belgian refugees had been installed in every available cottage, incurring everyone's dislike—including Mama's—because they invaded the gardens, thinking it their right to walk therein. They also caught all the trout in the lake, and hung their laundry not on tidy lines behind their dwellings but spread out on japonica and forsythia bushes, and on the grass. "B-Belgians," sympathized Henry James. "S-such a b-b-bunchy p-people. You never see them s-singly, like g-grapes." Anne and Clare, who had never before heard a stammerer, thought him wonderful.

For the Belgians, and later for some of the convalescent wounded who filled Possingworth, a priest would be fetched in the Daimler from Mayfield, where there was a Catholic convent and girls' school, attended by the daughter of Read, the Scots head gardener, who came from the Western Isles, to which the Reformation had never penetrated. Read was a tremendous ally, willing to allow Anne and Clare into the apple rooms to sample as many russets, golden pippins, Coxe's Oranges, McIntoshes, or Jonathans as they could eat. He would scrape raw carrots for them, and pull down onions from the bundles hanging in the potting shed. Sometimes he would slip them a surreptitious nectarine or peach. He would let them loose under the strawberry nets, or at the gooseberries, and when it rained would talk in the hothouses, while cutting freesias or tuberoses for Mama's boudoir, of early printed books. He gave Anne an old German missal with fine woodcuts—some terrifying, of death (a skeleton) coming to clutch the housewife, the child, the soldier. Read's wife was a sickly invalid, ivory pale, and Anne thought her as inadmissible as most wives—Harold the chauffeur's Annie, for example, who refused to help in the house, or Marmaduke Pickthall's Muriel. Marmaduke, a clergy son turned Muslim, lived on the estate. Muriel had remained his only wife, though Anne and Clare begged Marmaduke to marry them both. "After all, you are allowed four," they claimed. But he explained he had vowed, while a Christian, to "cleave to her only." She shared neither his faith nor his talents—he was a gifted and successful novelist—and seemed a meowing person, not happy in Sussex or later in India, where Marmaduke went to edit the Bombay *Chronicle.*

How much wiser, both Anne and Clare thought, were bachelors like Pink, the butler, who also had refused to marry Anne ("Most unsuitable, Miss"), and who after Papa's death became a lay brother in an Anglican monastery. Or like Sir Roger Casement, who pushed Anne's pram in Hyde Park, and died a martyr. The girls were wakened at six to pray for him while he was being hanged. Mama had done everything to get him shot. "Hanging is not a gentleman's death," she had objected, in vain, to the Prime Minister. Or like Mr. Yeats, who, even if he was married, did not travel with his wife but with the adoring Lady Gregory. These two came all the way up to the nursery and gave the girls autographed books, and told tales of the Tuatha De Danann, as exciting as the Greek gods—indeed, was not Aengus of the Birds an Irish Apollo, as Balder was a Norse one?

Anne and Clare learned to write by copying the names of Greek gods, in Mrs. Robert Bridges' copperplate script: *A* for Aphrodite, *B* for Bacchus, *C* for Calliope, *D* for Demeter, *E* for Erinys . . . On winter evenings, by the boudoir fire—tiled with scenes of Old Testament stories—Mama would read them the legends from Baldwin's "Pantheon," which lived in the bookshelf above her bed, between the "Imitation of Christ" and Balthazar Gratian's "Art of Worldly Wisdom." The girls knitted, a lump of sugar inside every ball of wool to encourage perseverance. The hall, sparsely furnished with a Bechstein grand and an immense font of pink Carrara marble, had stained glass windows representing various couples: Jason and Medea, Hector and Andromache, Ulysses and Penelope, Hero and Leander. These called for more stories, and what stories! How much more agreeable were pagan legends about comprehensible beings than the Old Testament stories about that bad-tempered person on Sinai, telling people to dash babies to death on stones, and killing the kind-hearted who dared disobey. He gave His own son to be killed, or Himself killed Him. Anne, aged six, wrote firmly in her brown velvet-bound, embroidered, blank-leaved book, "I hate God but love Jesus Christ." Aged seven, she would ride over to the Manor Farm to argue with the chief shepherd, Brown, while munching winter kale stalks (fodder for the sheep, but poor man's asparagus to her). Brown, a Wesleyan, thought nothing mattered since Jesus loves us, this we know. But Anne insisted, "If Christ was God, He was responsible for Calvary—yes-no? He could have avoided being killed, since He was God, but since He didn't, He committed either murder or suicide." Brown, gentle, weather-beaten, only replied, "A pity you are not a Wesleyan, Miss. We ordain women preachers, and you are sure argumentative. Once you were saved, you'd be the means of saving many."

Or Anne would ride on to the Pond House, where Marmaduke stood at his high desk, writing. She could always disturb him, for he loved talking of God. "How can He have created death! I wouldn't even kill Arthur," Anne said. (Her brother-in-law was her current enemy.) "He always makes it easy for us," Marmaduke replied. "And if you didn't have to die life would have no meaning, just dragging on indefinitely. You must learn the sura that says, 'Say I take refuge in the Lord of the Daybreak, from the evil of His creation.' " "But I don't," Anne said. "I don't think creation *is* evil—it's the Creator who is. And He can't prevent my hating Him." "Oh yes he can. He can take away your reason," Marmaduke said. "Then I'd say Omar Khayyám's words to Him: 'For all the sin wherewith the Face of Man/Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness give—and take!' " "If your reason were gone, you wouldn't be able to," Marmaduke said, perhaps hopefully. Anne saw the force of this, but thought a God whose followers considered Him capable of such enormity even nastier than she could have imagined.

ON the other hand, life was heavenly. Riding, swimming, arguing—these were the three best things. Galloping on one's fat pony along the mile-long stretch of Hawkhurst Common, the air gorse-nutty, the bracken man-high at the woods' edge; swimming across the mile-wide lake, flat on one's back, doing a slow stroke and staring at the cloud-scudded pale-blue sky; arguing with Brown, with Clare, with Eliza—all this suggested an agreeable deity.

It was death was the snag. The string of decomposing corpses at the keepers'; the hundreds of pheasants piled in the pantry after a big shoot, with rabbits galore, these uncounted; the half-strangulated rabbits caught in snares met with when out riding and pharisaically passed by, since what could one do? The horrid fascination of watching a keeper's boy putting ferrets down a rabbit's hole and the terrified furry creature rushing out of its second exit, to be netted and its neck broken. These were daily reminders that "death's fingers twine already in thy hair," as Anne and Clare wrote in their copybooks, graduating from single names to sentences. One morning, they found ladders propped against the house, and several gardeners cutting the ivy. Dozens of tiny naked or near-naked birds, flung unfledged from their nests in the ivy, were dying on the lawn. Anne tried to persuade the men to stop, but they refused to do so without orders. Using the outside telephone for the first time, Anne got on to Mama in London, who halted the clipping until later, when the baby birds had left their nests. She was less successful in saving the moles. When out riding, she and Clare would spring and collect all mole traps they encountered and throw them into the lake. Alas, Arthur arrived furious one morning in the nursery. "I will send you to your father!" he threatened. "We will send you to our mother," they countered boldly. "She told us to save moles. She hates traps." "But she has a fur coat made of dozens of Possingworth moleskins all the same," Arthur said grimly, and it was true.

Yet death, however horrible, held great fascination for the girls. To the fury of their governess, they would often walk to Waldron, pretending to be collecting specimens of wild flowers, or distinguishing between cirrus and cumulus clouds, or identifying trees, until they arrived at the village, when they would dash into the churchyard, hoping for a funeral. It was the words they were after, and the drama—the slow lowering of the coffin into the ground, and the splendid, lugubrious final words of committal: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope . . ." They loved sad hymns, too: "Now the laborer's task is o'er," and "When the fan of judgment shall winnow from the floor, the chaff into the furnace, that flameth evermore." Songs and stories had to end badly. One favorite, about a girl who jilted her lover, who thereupon went to sea and drowned, ended, "Perhaps I shall see thee and love thee again, when the sea giveth up her dead." Anne and Clare changed "perhaps" to "perchance," as making such

SAILING TWENTY YEARS LATER

Why is it, Father,
whenever I'm sailing out
of hailing distance,
I'm listening to you give—
in that clipped, what my wife
called definite but some
called angry, voice—instructions
which, exactly because of that tone,
calmed me whenever the wind was
or the water beyond me? As when
I don't know how
many centerboard crises
on Great South Bay caused you
to shout like a Dutchman
at me or my brothers
(I imagined crags of the deep ready
to stove us), that hysterical
control whipping us
into saving expensive repairs, the
voice of contempt for wayward motion
to rage at the freakish wind.
I transform your Dutch
curses into English now
you're not here, in a definite voice,
the sail dangling me over
what I imagine lives under
me ready to snap
my leg off.
Head into
the wind! I hear as a gust
turns the horizon into a mast,
boom making a wake,
tacking Buzzards Bay
on the Sailfish
20 years later and nearly 2
after the final heart
beat its erratic, windswept
course on the TV oscilloscope
by your bed dangling with lines
you could not control, the pacer
jolting you back into tiredness.
It is that whispered
Dutch goddamn—as
running before the wind,
a swell from the stern
almost floating me off
that plank they call a boat
(the water warm as a blanket
and lines pulling free)—that
turns me from aching to another
action, taking this boat home.

—Robert Vas Dias

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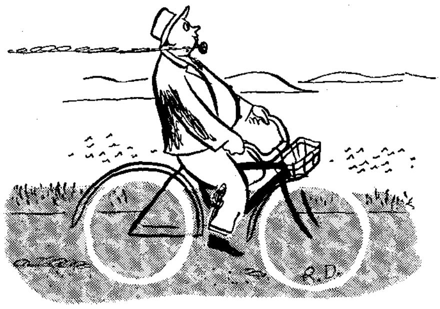
a bourgeois happy ending less likely. Every night, prayers said, they arranged themselves with hands folded crosswise on chest, feet crossed, like Crusaders, so that "If I should die before I wake" were to become reality they would appear dignified, at least. Yet it was not death itself but the possibility of "something after death" that intrigued them. They would discuss the stench, the pain, the bitter end. "Bad smell do smell," Anne would tell Clare as they passed the keepers' charnel house. But how, except "through the dark door," could they reach "the sunlit land that wrecks not, of tempest nor of fight"? They read, and acted, "Pilgrim's Progress" and George Macdonald's "Lilith," and Anne wrote to Æ, the Irish poet and mystic, to ask how one reached Tir na nOg, the faerie country that was the pre-Christian, Celtic paradise. Was it necessary first to die? No, he replied, and wrote long letters describing a technique for getting there by emptying the mind before going to sleep, then gradually opening it to the single thought of that other country—more green, more golden, more flower-filled and rainbow-hued than any here.

The war complicated everything. Dear gardeners disappeared, subsequently to be prayed for. George donned khaki, and, on leave, took them out in the Talbot, Harold driving while George shot right and left, killing or wounding rabbits and hares that scattered and screamed. Then he was gone, and the girls, listening to the guns across the Channel, would look out of the night-nursery window to see Mama walking in the park in the moonlight, a ghostly figure in her white batiste nightgown, followed by the tame black lamb the girls had raised on a bottle after its mother died. Every day, there were casualty lists in the papers. When Lady Gregory came again, she was too sad to visit the nursery; her only son had just been killed in Italy, and her nephew had been murdered in his Irish castle by the Sinn Fein. In revenge for such murders, the Black and Tans, with their brutality and beastliness, smirched England's good name. There was no end to it. Wormy had disappeared the night war was declared, only her trunk remaining to be returned to Germany after the Armistice. Mama was a vociferous pacifist, a member of the Independent Labour Party, and Anne and Clare were turned out of Miss Vacani's dancing class in London because of their mother's heinous opinions. There was rationing, and nursery food, always bad, got even worse, for there was a religious feud between kitchen and nursery. Mabel, the cook, was a Plymouth Sister and had won the scullery maids to her stern creed—no dancing, theatres, movies—while Eliza Honeybun and Miss Rigby, the stiff spinster who succeeded poor Wormy, were Church of England. Rabbit stew, rabbit roast, as a treat rabbit mousse—always rabbit. Anne would detail the sufferings the rabbit had endured before it arrived on their plates until Clare cried and Daisy, the nursemaid, gagged.

In London, there were air raids, and Anne and Clare, wrapped in blankets, would be carried down from the night nursery to Mama's room, where she would sing the "Dies Irae" in English over and over to them, while Papa and any guests staying would assemble in the basement, to be served light refreshments by Pink. Once, the girls were carried out onto the balcony to see a burning zeppelin, like some huge flaming cigar in the sky. Anne cried because there were people up there, but Miss Rigby said, "Serve 'em right," and Mama sighed and said, "It's their karma." In Hyde Park, the girls watched boys with pink faces and fair hair lunging with bayonets at sacks of sawdust. "They'll be doing that to Germans soon," Daisy gloated. She was pregnant, and her young man was dead in Flanders, leaving her dishonored and alone.



RELIGION was more and more unsatisfactory. Canon Humble-Crofts at Waldron prayed God bless our brave men, strengthen our armies, bring us victory. But Mama said the German clergymen were saying the same, and Marmaduke was no help, for his Allah was for the Turks, wasn't He? And the Turks were pro-German, and were massacring Armenians, and the Greeks—good Christians all—were massacring the Turks. Anne argued with everyone, becoming a frightful bore, as she knew the Gospels almost by heart and dished up pacifist quotations until her godfather, a high civil servant, got furious and said he would never again bother talking to a silly little girl except about suitable subjects like animals. "Then

"*Why, Edgar, what a piece of luck! I've been trying to reach you for ages, but you know the crazy phone company.*"

we'll talk about hunting," Anne said. "That's beastly, too."

Since the Lord was so unreliable, Anne and Clare became very political. Religion, politics, and literature were the only subjects worth discussing, Mama said, despising those who talked of servants, babies, clothes, gardens, and sex. London was full of politics. Lord Carson was villain for Mama (he was against Irish freedom), hero for Eliza (she disliked the Papist Irish and the dissenting Welsh equally; both were dark, dirty folk). Asquith was nicknamed Wait-and-See, and Lloyd George (Welsh) was tricky—Eliza's farmer cousin had not called his best boar George, lest it disparage the King, or Lloyd, lest it insult the pig. Mama sewed curtains for the 1917 Club, and Anne and Clare put in the curtain rings; they accompanied Mama to the mass rally at the Albert Hall to celebrate the Russian Revolution. Anne wore bright green, for the Sinn Fein; Clara, red. They both canvassed the neighboring mews for the Labour candidate, running up and down slummy stairs shouting, "Vote, vote, vote for Mrs. Despard! Throw the old Tory down the drain!" Anne invited Ramsay MacDonald to her seventh birthday party, and he came, though Pink refused to pass him the potatoes, saying he would not serve a traitor to His Majesty. When Bertrand Russell, who had loved Mama since he was four and she was six, came for his first meal out of jail—he had been imprisoned as a conscientious objector and had gone on a hunger strike, together with Clifford Allen and Noel Buxton—he described to Anne and Clare the horrors of being forcibly fed by a stomach pump. Anne turned to the man on her right, her father's boss, the Governor of the Bank of England, and politely asked if he, too, had just come out of jail. But no courage, even Bertrand Russell's, could make the war stop, and Mama said nothing would, so long as the munitions makers got their dividends and had to give just their sons, not their money.

So it seemed only literature was left. Words alone could cope. Even when one only wanted, like Job, to curse God and die, it helped to call Him by the great names: God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God. Anne learned chunks of poetry—the whole of Omar Khayyám, the whole of Gray's "Elegy"—and would recite them entire to embarrassed or bored guests or to the captive nursery audience of Clare and Eliza. She would climb the rungs of stile or ladder and preach fire and brimstone, directed *at* God, not purporting to come from Him, only reproving Clare when she wandered away to pick cowslips or kingcups. "Incarnate" was a favorite word; "incarnate by the Holy Ghost" a favorite phrase. Single words had power, too—"P" words: "pilgrim," "porphyry," "prophetic," "peripheral," "plenitude." And short words—like "vain": "To my true king I offered free from stain, courage and faith, *vain* faith and courage *vain.*"

On her eighth birthday, Anne woke to a perfect June day. She ran to the window. If she could see the sea, fourteen miles away, through a gap in the blue downs, she would have a happy year. She did not see the sea, but at the foot of an oak tree, shining red-gold in the slanted light, lay what had to be the golden key at the rainbow's end. She ran downstairs into the garden, past the border full of asphodel and lupines, then across the meadow. The trefoil had all been eaten by the cattle, and the ground was bumpy from drought and dirty with droppings. When she reached the oak, instead of the golden key she found an ochre drainpipe upended against the tree trunk, burnished by the sun. She walked slowly back to clean out the guinea pigs (her morning chore), putting a clean copy of the *Liberator* on their floor. Then she went to her desk and opened her brown book. No lessons today, in honor of her birthday. She read what she had written when Sir Roger was hanged:

Ah, Sir Roger Kasment
Dauntless knight of God
Thou with glorious courage
Tramped o'er death's light sod.

"Sod" was not accurate—Daisy had explained the mechanism of the trapdoor. Still, writing things down helped. Though the gods were powerless or odious—they either didn't or couldn't stop people making war—and anyway human beings murdered each other and had to die, though politics brought good men to jail, and though the golden key had turned out to be only a sunlit drainpipe, so long as the words came everything was bearable. She wrote:

All was calm
The very trees sang a psalm
The pigeon softly cooed
My riam is done.

Here was balm in Gilead.

—ANNE FREMANTLE

THE SHOOTING RANGE

I

ANN KAMPFEL went to Millburg, Illinois, in the summer of 1934, to make a time-motion study of the manufacture of small-bore rifles in the Axel-Lambwell Small Arms Plant. She went as a secret member of the Communist Party. She was twenty years old, a tall, thin, pale-faced girl with large wrists and square, nervous hands.

She believed in the Party but not as much as she believed in what she thought Communist ideals were—the brotherhood of man and the release of men from economic pressures that distorted them and their lives.

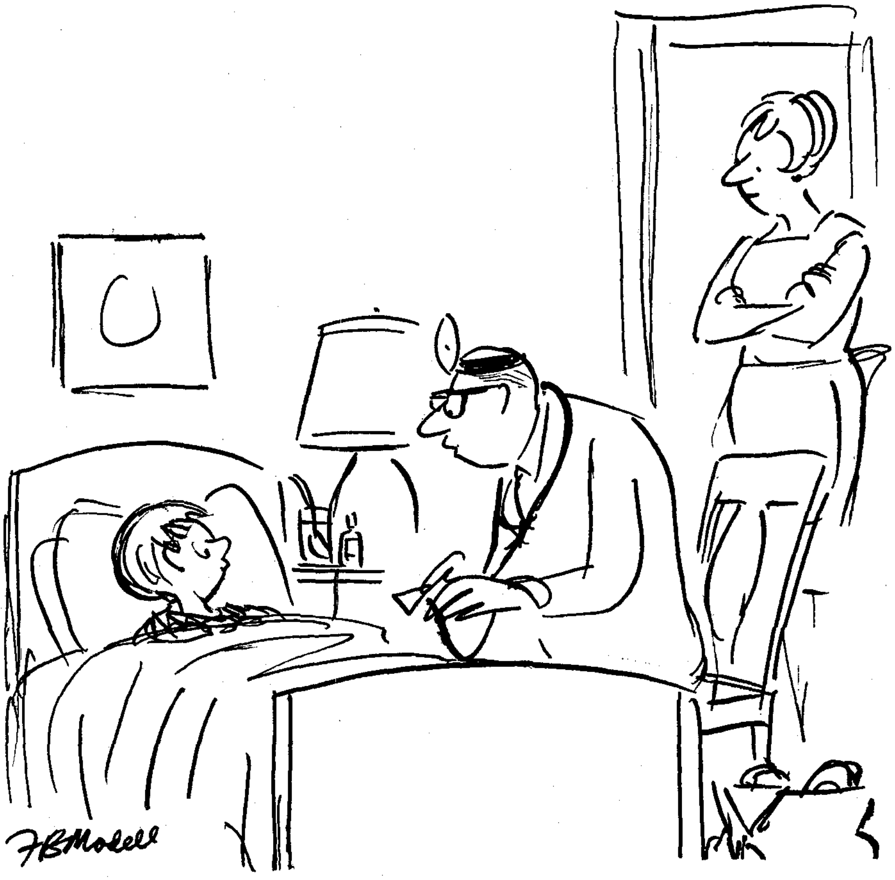
She was not clever. In her first year at college, a boy, shorter than she was, and with blond hair, had seduced her and brought her into the Party. She soon bored him, and he grew a mustache and transferred to another college. Ann continued in the Party and grew paler and thinner and thought often of the happiness she had lost. She had a mathematical facility, and she was accurate and painstaking, and she entered the Engineering Department, where she specialized in statistical studies of mass-production techniques. The time-motion study of the manufacture of small-bore rifles was to be her honors thesis.

It cost her five dollars a week to rent two rooms with a bath in the downtown section of Millburg. She went by streetcar—by trolley—to the plant every morning. The owner of the plant, on the chance her time-motion study would be useful to him, assigned his chief foreman to give her what help, information, or instruction she needed.

The foreman was in his late thirties, a neat, orderly man. He had very light brown hair. His name was Walter Campbell; he had not finished high school; he was married and had three children; he neither smoked nor drank.

He behaved toward Ann with that unremitting respect which suggests the conviction of one's inferiority to someone of a higher order, more worthy, more valuable, more delicate.

Having noticed that Ann rode the trolley, he ventured to suggest she permit him to drive her home in the evenings. He believed it must be disagreeable for a college girl, a "lady," an "efficiency expert," to ride on a crowded trolley with workingmen. Ann had tried to explain she did not mind taking the streetcar, but Walter, within his meekness and deference, proved unexpectedly stubborn.



"I didn't say I ruled out the possibility of your having moon germs entirely. I merely said it was too early to tell whether you should be placed in quarantine."

Ann wondered if anything could be done to arouse a man who was so patently a tool of the bosses.

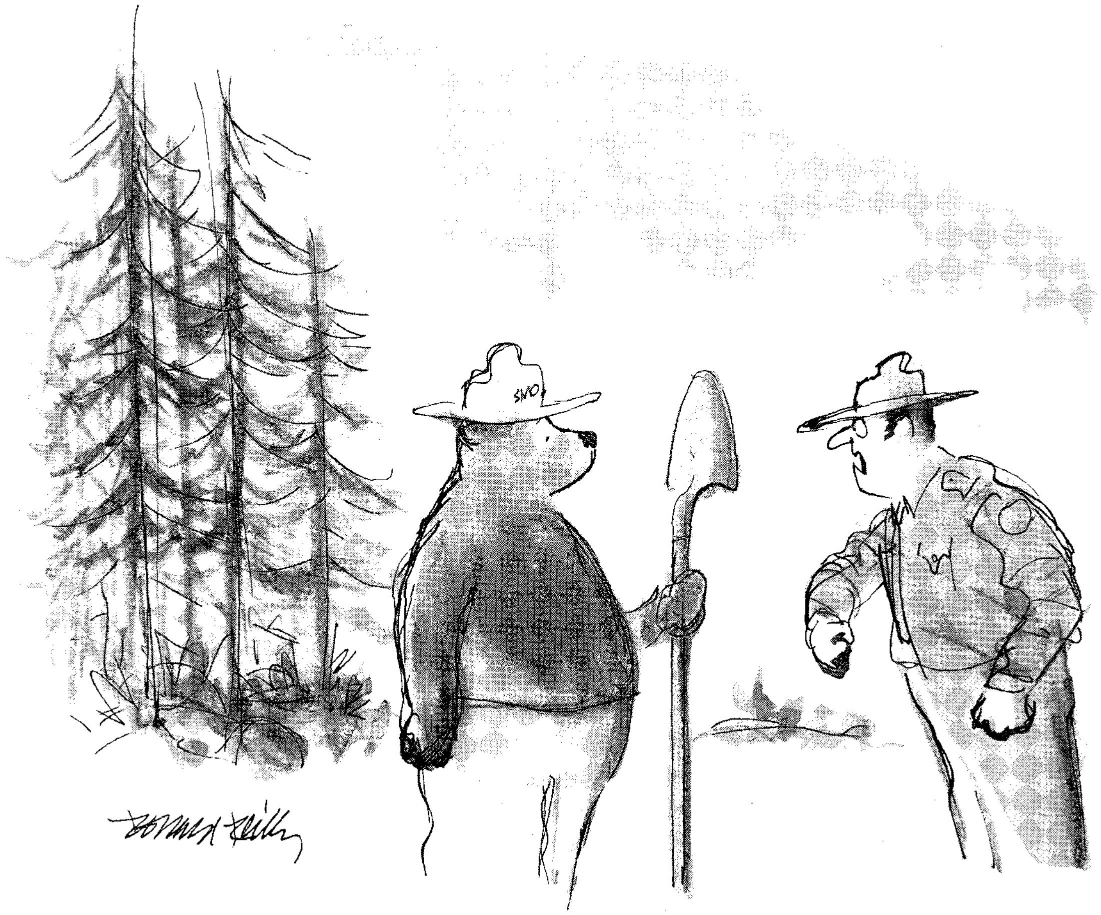
Driving her home one evening, Walter said worriedly, "What are your parents thinking of, letting a girl like you spend a summer living alone?" Ann meant to laugh, but smoke from her cigarette caught in her throat and she choked and coughed. Walter patted her back. He halted the car to do it. He was turned toward her and he was solicitous. Ann noticed his body smell—dry, physically healthy, warm. Ann caught her breath and said, "You shouldn't worry about me. I—I'm not a virgin." Walter said nothing. When they reached the curb in front of the building in which Ann's five-dollar-a-week apartment occupied the second-floor rear, she thanked him for the ride and went inside.

She did not go to the plant the next day but stayed at home working with figures and walking up and down what her landlady called the sitting room of Ann's "suite of rooms," smoking and lecturing herself on childishness. But she was embarrassed at what she had said.

That evening Walter called to ask if she was well. She said yes. She said she'd be at the plant the next day.

When she entered the plant, she saw Walter bending over one of the workmen who was polishing a rifle barrel. He did not see her come in but he turned around as if he had felt her entrance. Ann was certain that he had begun to *have feelings* about her. It was as much to prove she felt no class distinctions as it was in the hope of winning Walter to her Marxist ideals that she permitted herself to decide she would encourage him. She was enlightened, she thought; she could want his bodily intimacy and companionship without wanting *him*. But she would accept *him*. When she left that evening, she said, staring over his head, that she would be at home working up the material she had already gathered. "Please stop by and see me," she said.

HE was shy, and Ann's boldness was a matter of principle and easier to maintain in speech than in her room. His first visit they spent talking. He said his wife and children were in Indiana for the summer, in a rented cottage on a lake. He went over on



"*The old persuasive approach is out. From now on, they put out their campfires or you bite them.*"

weekends. He said it was very pleasant to enjoy "a little harmless feminine companionship" in the evenings. He often grew lonely, he said. On his second visit, there were long silences. On his third, as soon as he entered her sitting room, Ann saw he had made up his mind about her. But he seemed unable to make the first move. Ann said, "I feel a little strange. I think I've been smoking too many cigarettes," and she lay down on the couch. After a while, Walter tiptoed over and began massaging her forehead. Then Ann kissed him.

She was not prepared for Walter's quickness and noisiness as a lover, or for his semi-tearful whisper afterward of "I love you." She thought he was joking, or that he was grateful for the sexual release. She said nothing in reply.

He had an even-featured, dull face—the eyes seemed to be in retreat, to be fleeing, then pausing to look back, then fleeing again. But his body, good-sized, strong, somewhat bony and white on the chest because he still wore a shirt when he went swimming with his family in Indiana, was handsome to her and curiously alive, jerky, overeager, highly sensitive. Her body was a feminine version of his in appearance but slow and cautious in feeling and almost always slightly cold to the touch. It drew comfort from the repeated touch of Walter's body, but Ann had never known what an older girl in the Party had described as "a woman's right" (or sometimes "*the* woman's right"), and she did not expect to find it with Walter, who had perhaps never heard of it. She did not feel like explaining it to him or requesting it.

They met usually in Casperia, the next town to the south on the railway line. There was a wooded state park and a lake behind a W.P.A. dam. Lovemaking with Walter seemed strangely clean and innocent. They rarely undressed completely, but with citronella smeared on their necks and foreheads and arms to discourage mosquitoes lay on a blanket in the woods. Walter said he had never touched any woman before except his wife. He had always been shy with women, he said, "uneasy with this thing"—Ann presumed he meant sex. He said he probably wasn't as good a lover as a college man was. Ann resented it that he hadn't the courage and pride of those workingmen who felt themselves equal and even superior to everyone. She resented it that he felt her superior to him, that he felt she was experienced and worldly. She told him she had had only one lover and one experience besides the lover, that he, Walter, was as good as the college men she had known, that she felt more with him than with them. Even as she said it, she realized it was true. She felt passionately he was as good a lover as anyone could be; she set herself and Walter on fire, and she knew, for the first time, the pleasure she hadn't known before. Now it was her turn to cry; she cried and said, "I love you," and, in a burst of melodrama, kissed both his hands.

A SUMMER on the Illinois plains has its own special quality: the nights are heavy and still with heat, the sky splits frequently with bursts of heat lightning; often after midnight, mist rises from the ground. Ann and Walter sometimes waited for the mist; they liked to sit in the mist, holding hands or embracing more closely. But usually they parted before midnight, Walter to drive back to Millburg, Ann to take the train. Walter hated Ann's taking the train but she insisted, and he understood that talk (gossip) was bad for an unmarried girl but he hoped Ann wasn't doing it for the sake of his wife. "I wouldn't hurt you for her sake," he said. But he still drove to the cottage in Indiana for Sunday visits. Ann said she understood. She never complained. She said she would leave Millburg before his family came back. "I don't ever want to be a problem or a burden to you," she said.

She daydreamed about being married to Walter and living in a small house and packing his lunch for him to take to the plant: but it was only a daydream.

When they sat on the blanket in the woody park in Casperia, Walter talked about God, about the Republican and Democratic Parties, about rifles. He did not talk well. He repeated himself and he left things out. He sometimes said Ann was "beautiful, really beautiful," and that she was "the best thing that ever happened" to him. Ann realized his shyness with her and the fact that she impressed him made his tongue clumsy, because in the plant she sometimes heard him speak and he spoke sensibly and even with muted poetry: "We want the barrel to shine like a blue mirror," he instructed a youthful workman. Ann was warm and comfortable and excited too, happy, a little breathless, and both sad and anxious that the summer was going to end. But the affair would be perfect of its kind, and it would end before she bored Walter.

Meanwhile, each week, the intimacy deepened in its own way. They found out more about each other. Walter insisted she quit the Communist Party, and Ann did. She received in reply a vaguely threatening letter, but she had not been important to the Party; they had not thought highly of her; she did not hear from them again.

She described her professors at college to Walter and he would say, "He sounds like a very conceited man," and Ann would reply, "Yes he is. That's it exactly." Walter discussed the plant with her. "It's basically a craft operation," Ann said sagely. "It would be a mistake to try for too much efficiency." Walter would nod. "Yes. I think so."

They came to know each other's clothes, even their underwear, and their physical states; Ann's headaches and Walter's nervous stomach became common property.

Finally, as the involutions of time and feeling bore them deeper and deeper into the shadows of their own inner selves, Walter said he would like to divorce his wife; he said, "I wish I could get a divorce and live with you forever, Ann."

"Oh no," Ann said. "You don't really." She laughed in an odd, twisted way. "You're not that kind of man. People would talk. You might even lose your job." He would never leave his job, she knew. He hadn't enough confidence. Nor could he support his children and then support another family. He had spoken in a helpless tone anyway. "Let's take what we are given," Ann said, flushed and earnest.

Walter continued to talk about divorce and remarriage, but not with hope or firmness. He hinted in a frightened way at her superiority, his own lack of worth, his half-guessed deficiencies and the deficiencies of the life he could offer her. Ann lost her sense of direction; she no longer remembered why divorce and remarriage were out of the question. She thought despairingly only that she would have to go away soon (if he followed her, if he was that strong, she would live with him inside or outside marriage).

II

IN the last week of August, one morning, Walter drove his two-door Chevrolet sedan up the tree-lined street where Ann lived and parked in front of the house-turned-into-apartments Ann shared with her landlady and two other women, all widows except herself. Walter turned the wheels of his car carefully in toward the curb, put the gearshift into neutral, and pulled on the hand brake. Swallowing with difficulty, he climbed out of the car, glanced quickly and furtively up and down the street as he trotted the few feet into the hall of the building. He climbed two flights of stairs and knocked on Ann's door. "It's me—Walter," he said.

OLDE HOTEL
EICKE

Ann opened the door.

"I couldn't go to work," Walter said pathetically. "I started to but I couldn't. I feel sick because you're going away soon. I think about shooting myself."

"Oh, Walter," Ann said and embraced him.

Walter stroked her back. "Seeing you means a lot to me," he said, almost without inflection. He seemed to be nakedly himself—ordinary, uneducated, successful in his small fashion, a mother's boy, egocentric, lonely, hurt, shy, tender, bemused, in love, lost.

There was nothing else to do: they made love.

Ann was tense, was not satisfied, was emotional. Walter said nothing, not a word; he seemed to be too caught up in his feelings to speak. Ann lit a cigarette while Walter dressed. She thought at first his neck was flushed; when she realized those red marks were the marks of her fingers, she grew frightened. Second by second, she grew more irritable and more moved: she saw an unexpected beauty in Walter's dressing himself, and at the same time she was

THE BEATING

The first blow caught me sideways—my jaw
Shifted. The second beat my skull against my
Brain. I raised my arm against the third.
Downward my wrist fell crooked. But the sliding

Flood of sense across my ribs caught in
My lungs. I fell for a long time,
One knee bending. The fourth blow balanced me.
I doubled at the kick against my belly.

The fifth was light. I hardly felt the
Sting. And down, breaking against my side, my
Thighs, my head. My eyes burst closed, my
Mouth the thick blood curds moved through. There

Were no more lights. I was flying. The
Wind, the place I lay, the silence.
My call came to a groan. Hands touched
My wrist. Disappeared. Something fell over me.

Now this white room tortures my eye.
The bed too soft to hold my breath—
Slung in plaster, caged in wood.
Shapes surround me.

No blow! No blow!
They only ask the thing I turn
Inside the black ball of my mind,
The one white thought.

—ANN STANFORD

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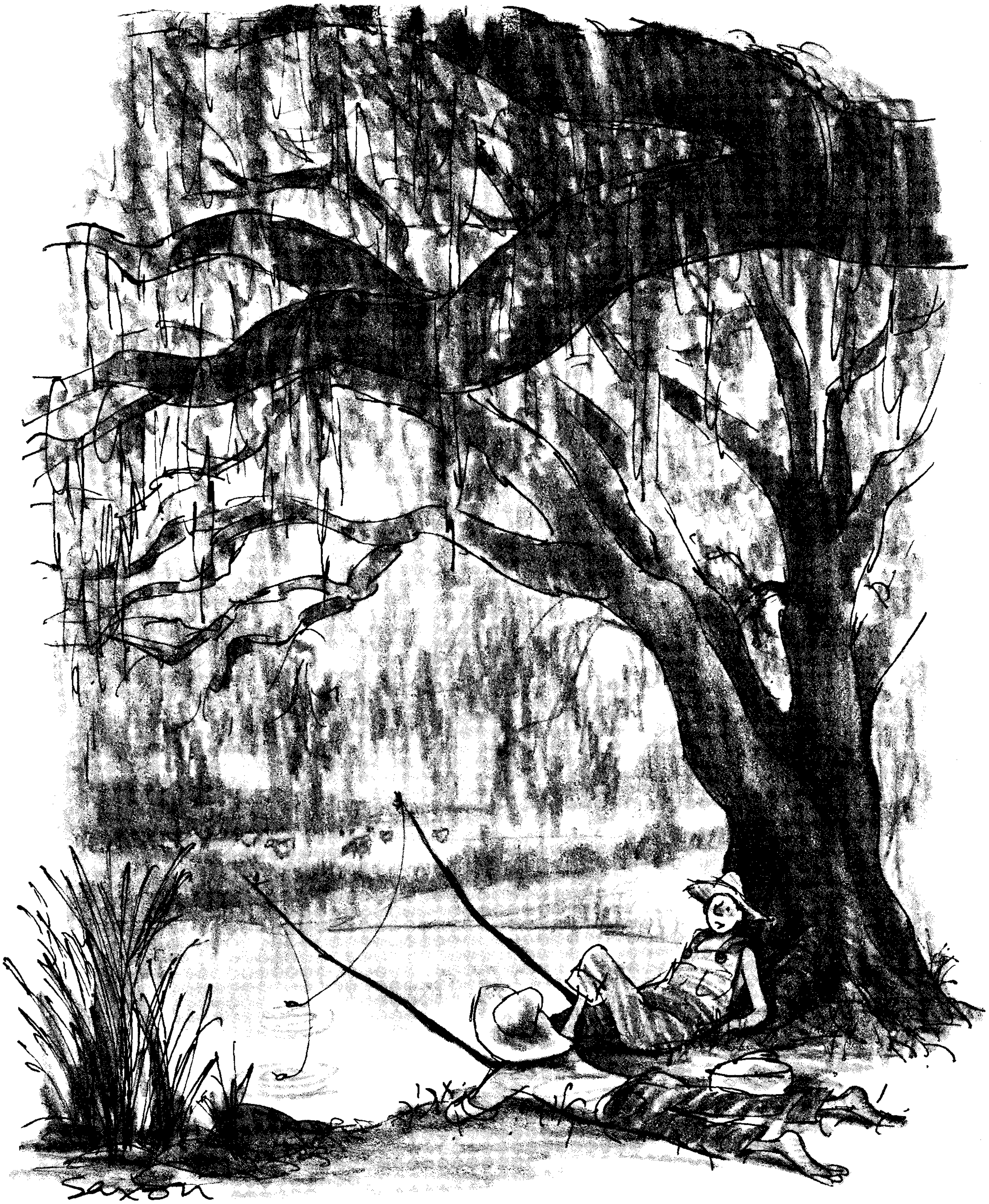


"What would you do if you had a million dollars—tax-free, I mean?"

• •

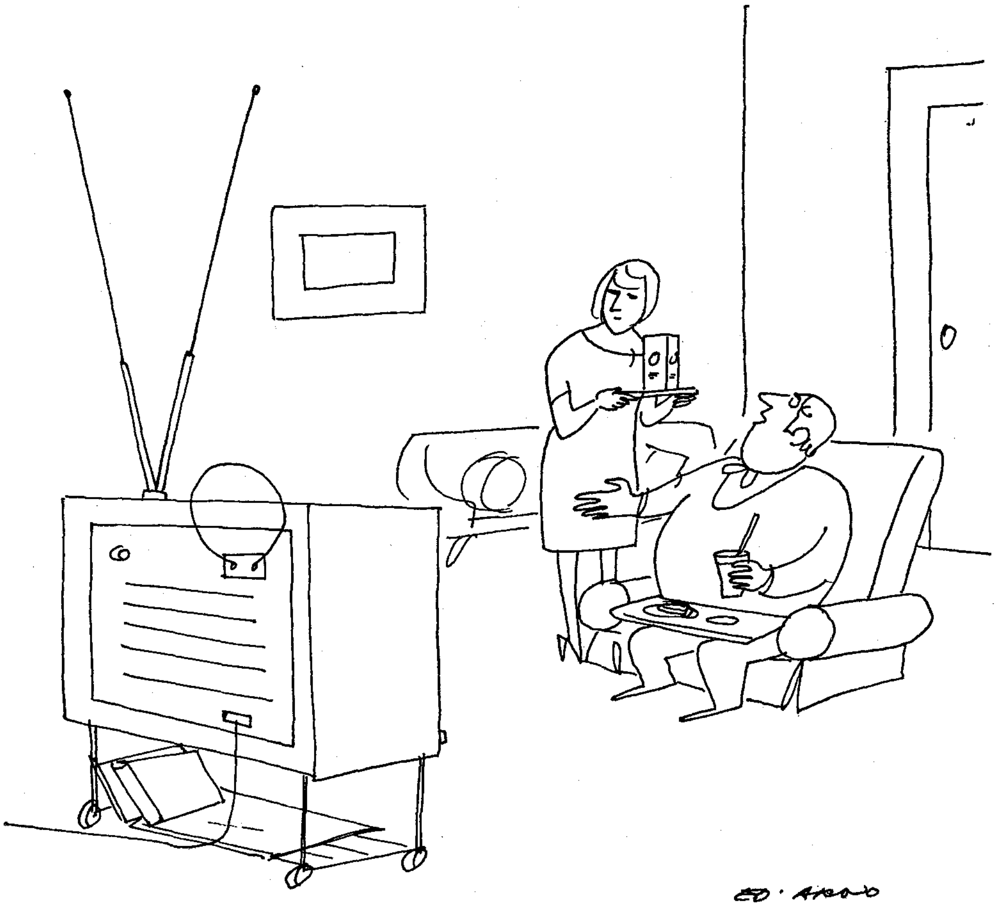
maddened by his silence, his self-preoccupation, his getting dressed to go off to work after all with the dull, dry conscientiousness of a man of no imagination. She loved him for having no imagination. When he was dressed, he turned toward her, and she saw he had tears in his eyes.

She cried, "I don't want to make you unhappy!"

"Ann." He swallowed. He looked stiff, wretched, stupid.

"You'd better hurry. You're already late," she said, impatient, maternal. When he was gone, she stood by her window; she saw him enter the car; she saw the car drive away. He didn't look back.

Ann sat in a chair by the window and held her bathrobe shuttered over her chest. She was drawn more and more to the idea of sacrifice, of leaving at once without saying goodbye. Walter would hate her; he would despise her



"I feel like a damn fool, drinking the very stuff he's advertising."

for a coward. He would return to his wife. It was a great gift she would make him. If she left secretly, without seeing him again, he would not have the humiliation of having to choose between her and his wife when in truth he had no choice. It was not her own possible humiliation that she was fleeing.

She packed hurriedly, inefficiently, disturbed by a sense of disconnection as if there were two Anns and one was throwing a tantrum; and then she went to the railroad station. She bought a ticket to Milwaukee and stumblingly lugged her suitcase to the train platform, which had a wooden roof, like a canopy, with fringes of gingerbread and spooled icicles hanging down; from the railroad tracks rose an acid metal smell, the sun beat so strongly on them. Then there was a wrought-iron fence and a view of cornfields; no one moved anywhere in her field of vision. Not even a fly buzzed anywhere near her. It seemed to her that at the heart of the universe lay a dry small-town silence. I'm not looking forward to graduate school, she thought.

At college, she found the boys she met to be hypocritical and tiresome, young and unacquainted with what was real, as Walter was. She wanted to say, "Why don't you all learn how to be simple and real?"

Her grief disordered her face and her temper. She said to herself, *You're turning into a gargoyle—no, into Olive Oyl*, and laughed aloud. She was in the college library and saw her milky reflection in the polished top of the reading table. The other people at the table looked at her strangely.

When she thought of Walter, she thought now of his shyness as foreknowledge of passion: he had known. She saw his fine-featured (tanned) face and on it she saw his understanding of her: no one else had ever understood her at all.

She reminded herself that she was emancipated. She meant to sleep with someone. She fell into bed twice, but it was very boring.

Then she met a tall, loud, cheerful, heavyset graduate student at a party; he had some of Walter's great gaiety of spirit, Ann thought. They went to his apartment and it seemed to Ann that it could have been worse.

Her lover patted his paunch and said, "Casanova was fat, too." He said, "I've got vast appetites, like Walt Whitman."

This one is just a boy, Ann thought. Then he said Ann should come by his room the following day after classes: "It needs a good cleaning."

He's joking, Ann thought. *I must be losing my mind.* "No, no, no, no, no," she said.

He stared at Ann. "You wouldn't help clean my room?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"I don't do things like that," she said nervously.

He said, 'I'll tell you what you are—you're a love cheat. I thought you wanted to make me happy!"

It rained often that autumn. In her boarding house was a student who addressed women as "Ma'am." He was from a farm. He was younger than Ann; he was about eighteen. He always left the table immediately after dinner to get to his books, and he rose at five in the morning and walked downtown to a department store and loaded and unloaded trucks until eight and then returned to the boarding house for breakfast and had his first class at nine-fifteen. He was as disciplined and broad-shouldered as Walter.

She invited him to her room; she served him ragged fragments of Swiss cheese on saltines and gave him rye without ice to drink. They became lovers. Ann went and lay down on her bed, put her arm over her eyes, and said, "I'm too drunk to know what I'm doing."

It seemed to Ann that the Ann who had met Walter and the Ann who occupied the present moment were not the same: she had changed; she was not, in some essential way (it had to do with innocence), young anymore; the change was like a deformity. But she felt herself to be more intelligent, more awake, more a person—a person in agony but more a person. Half disbelieving and with a gasp of bitterness—the image in her head was of the outer skins of an onion being peeled away—she said to herself, *We're getting a lot closer to the onion now.*

It made her sad that he could sleep with her and not care for her, that this was the little that should be allowed her—she had thought life was more sensibly arranged than this.

"It's all so laughable, life is, don't you think?" she asked the boy.

"I don't philosophize much," he said.

"You're young for your age," she said.

He looked at his hands—they were large and very red—and at his shoelaces, as if checking his appearance to see if he was safe from being laughed at. He said, "I guess I wouldn't know about that." He spoke with implausible politeness.

She sometimes thought she would stop sleeping with him, but then the thought of the fineness of his politeness and of his person would summon up images of rest and refreshment as if he were a movie or a vacation.

It even occurred to Ann that she liked being hurt because she felt so terrible about Walter. She never named Walter to herself anymore; she referred to him to herself as *the other one*.

She had trouble with her teeth. She went to the dentist—he said she was grinding her teeth, perhaps in her sleep. She took long walks alone through fields of crusty snow. She yearned to be moderate in her desires.

She did not care if she lived or died. She thought she might as well go home and see her parents during Easter vacation.

IT was funny when her mother said, "All my children are musical except Ann—she's advanced." It amused Ann in her dark, heavy, German mood to put on one of her dresses, a loose-fitting modernistic print, and to hang a long chain around her neck and go to a dance to watch the middle-class mating ritual. It amused her that many men flirted with her, an "advanced" girl (because—she thought—the way she was dressed raised their hopes, and because they or their fathers did business with her father). And then there were the dullards who were pressed into service as her dates; they spent most of their time trying to persuade her of Roosevelt's villainy. It seemed to her for a while, that lilac-penetrated spring, that it was a terrible thing to be a woman.

She had in her face and carriage at all times something of the look of a torch singer—she looked emotional, melancholy, and proud in her lack of innocence.

At a country-club dance, a man she did not know stared at her from across the dance floor; he was a smallish, young-old man; he wore the only brown double-breasted suit—and a wrinkled one, at that—among the white dinner jackets. He approached her and tumbled out the words "Fe fi fo fum! I smell the blood of an iconoclast!" He introduced himself: "Joseph Lord Fennimore—my mother's maiden name was Lord"—nicknamed, he remarked with hopeful sullenness, Fennie, "an attorney at law and generally considered crazy as a loon because I go to a psychoanalyst that my so-called friends say I look on as God."

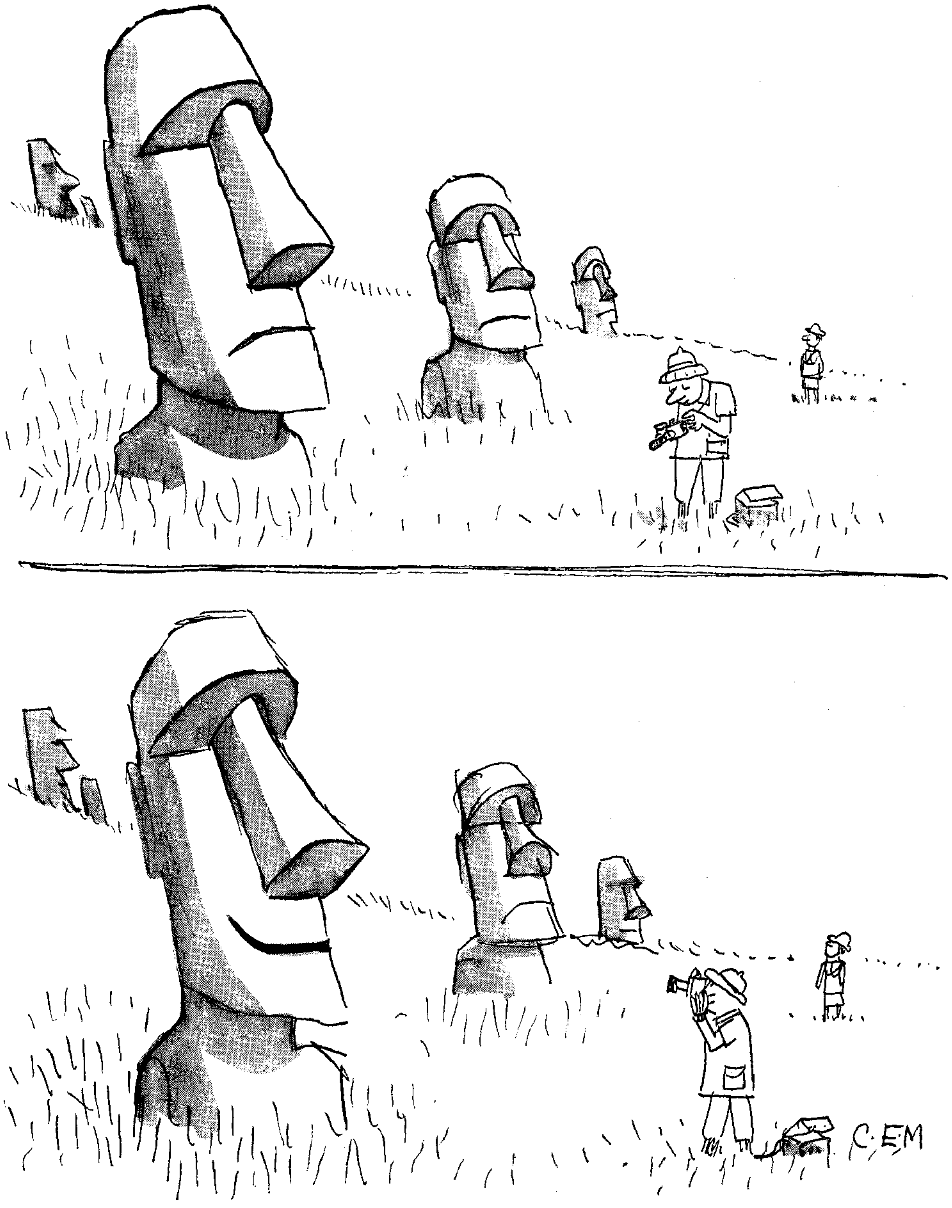
"Well," said Ann, with a sigh, "I guess that's not much worse than thinking Alf Landon is."

"Oh! *Touché*," Fennie cried, and looked at her with gratitude.

They went out on the terrace, each holding a cup of what Fennie called "Depression punch—mostly rum and indigestion. The orange peels are made out of Kleenex."

He said, "I'm not crazy; I'm what they call tied up inside." He was eight years older than Ann; that's why they had never met, he said; he had gone with "the older crowd." He said, "I will tell you an absolutely typical story about me."

When he was twenty, he said, he'd had a daydream about sex, "like most American boys;" his daydream was that he would meet a woman whose desires matched his "and everything would be simple—it's a very typical daydream." He had heard about a girl who was "a genuine nymphomaniac. I met her at a college football weekend. She encouraged me, and God, when I thought there I was, included in her nymphomania, well, I just about went out of my mind. There was this party at the frat house—I took her into the den—I locked the door. . . . Now, I want you to picture this. The den is covered with animal heads—water buffalo, moose, antelope: totems. . . . This story makes my analyst go out of his head, he thinks it's so significant. I wanted this girl to think I was nonchalant—I was looped—I, ah, tossed her step-ins over the horns of the water buffalo. It was just Thorne Smith—you know—but she got on her high horse. She wouldn't have anything to do with me after that. She was a nymphomaniac, but she wanted to be treated with respect. I've never been able to handle that kind of dishonesty. I've never been a true bourgeois. I'm kind of a Radical, but I guess you can tell that from the



way I'm dressed. . . . Do you dream *much?*" Fennie asked.

"No," Ann said. A lopsided moon floated above the rolling slopes of the golf course. "*Au clair de la lune*," she said. She was a little drunk. She started down the stone steps. "I want to walk on the grass," she said.

When Fennie threw his arms about her near a grove of trees, Ann smiled gently.

The comedy did not bother her, the laboriousness of the joke. She wasn't after sex. She thought it would be nice to make Fennie's dream come true.

Fennie said, "Thank you for Paradise."

"Oh," Ann said sophisticatedly, maternally. "You've never done it outdoors?"

ANN thought that for Fennie the other night had not yet finished happening. He wanted sometimes to talk about it with her, but she refused. Fennie said, "You have such a sense of how to live!" He told her that he was known for his gloomy temper. "But that's because I'm a very dissatisfied person *au fond*," he told Ann. His father had been a judge. "I'm not an outcast," Fennie said. "I get asked to the larger parties. . . . I like people too much or too little, and show it. I'm not considered reliable." He went on at length; he disliked Milwaukee; he apologized to Ann: "I'm not romantic. Am I a great disappointment to you?"

"I'm not romantic, either," Ann said. "I loved a man once—I don't want to go through *that* again."

"Yes, me too!" Fennie said. "I've had enough *Sturm und Drang* with my mother."

They were very relaxed lovers.

Fennie said, "I've been thinking: after you go back to college, I could drive up and see you weekends—sometimes."

Ann's eyes went blank. "Fennie, there's someone else." She was slightly cross; it was all so difficult and complicated.

"Someone you love?" Fennie asked, breathing like a startled horse.

"No, no. I told you I don't love anyone."

"Does he love you?"

"No, no, no, no!"

"Ah," said Fennie. With his eyes cast down, he said, "I suppose there's an—an electricity between you."

"I don't know what there is between us," Ann said, concentrating.

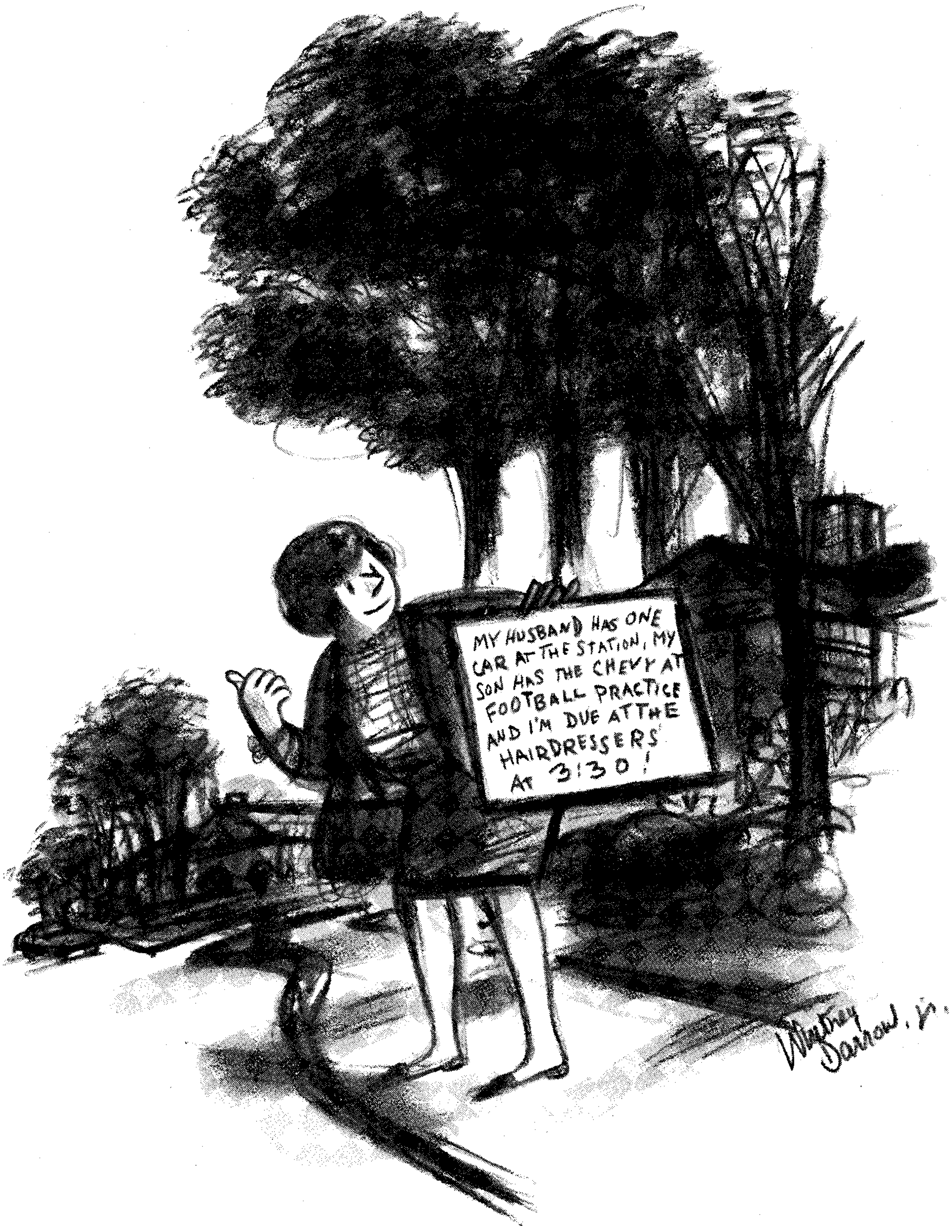
Fennie was humble. "I'm jealous," he said.

Ann said casually, "You come see me if you want. Just don't make scenes."

Fennie visited her at college every other weekend. Ann admired his stubbornness; it seemed to her he was an undersized football player who knew he might be hurt but who kept on going anyway.

He thought her very knowledgeable, and he followed her lead and obeyed her hints about the best way to make love. He was in awe of her moods; he was admiring.

She was taken by a sense of poetry—the approaching summer was, she thought toughly, a time of violence; the yellow sun struck the brown, plowed farmland and left a green bruise:


MY HUSBAND HAS ONE CAR AT THE STATION, MY SON HAS THE CHEVY AT FOOTBALL PRACTICE AND I'M DUE AT THE HAIRDRESSERS AT 3:30!
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

she was afloat on a rhetorical poetry of the senses.

It suited Fennie, who had paid thirty-five dollars for a copy of "Lady Chatterley's Lover," to try to be a simple, uncomplicated man; he complicatedly mimicked the simplicity of such a man. Of a workman, Ann would have said. Of a gamekeeper, Fennie would have said.

Ann took Fennie one warm afternoon to a meadow outside the college town; the meadow was ringed with birches and oaks and had a dead oak in its center, and Ann and Fennie agreed the meadow looked like nature's imitation of photographs of the Place Vendôme. Ann and Fennie walked in the meadow, and the weeds and clover they crushed beneath their feet gave off a sweet, vegetable fragrance. Fennie said he was so happy that he wouldn't mind dying then and there. Then added, with surprise, "I mean it."

Ann had not stopped sleeping with the boy from the boarding house and in a mindless way preferred him to Fennie because she had known him longer; he had precedence. But that day in the meadow, rising from their afternoon's rest, Fennie said bitterly as he brushed off Ann's back and picked bits of grass out of her hair, "There, you look as if nothing's happened." Ann suddenly heard the truth of the terrible complaint in his voice; she had been immune to Fennie. She shivered and broke and ran like a frightened colt toward the road.

She couldn't bear it—making a simple, uncomplicated man who admired her unhappy. . . . Fennie was pleased to see that he had that power over her. He had no other power over her at all—only this, of his unhappiness.

Fennie took Ann to a hotel one night; their room had immense red roses on the carpet. Ann lay on the bed, her shoes off, an electric fan blowing on her shoulder. Fennie, making drinks, his back to her, said jocularly, "Ann, you're the cat's pajamas, I'll tell the world." Then, with his back to her, he said he wanted to ask her a question. "The question is," he said, his back to her, "concerned with marriage."

"Oh!" Ann cried.

Fennie's confidence rose in proportion to Ann's dismay, as if any intimation of weakness in her strengthened him. He said, almost deliriously, "Why shouldn't we get married? Don't worry about my mother or my analyst!" he said, keeping his back to her the entire time. "I can take care of *them*."

Ann began to cry. She thought, *It didn't matter what I did; this was the one I was bound to end up with. This one will marry me.*

III

SHE and Fennie went before a justice of the peace seven days later. Ann had been determined to have a civil ceremony, with no family present; indeed, neither family knew of the marriage yet. "I don't want *their* emotions," Ann said. "This is private, Fennie. It's embarrassing enough as it is."

After the ceremony, she and Fennie sat in the used 1932 Plymouth he had bought to have his own car to come up and see her on weekends. Her hands were shaking and so were his. The early-morning heat and sun and the Sunday stillness enclosed the car in a fragile envelope. The heat, the stillness held an unfocussed and shaming memory; Ann stared palely out the window—perhaps she was listening for an approaching train. Suddenly Fennie leaned forward and put his head in her lap. "You make me so happy," he said, as if apologizing for having married her.

Ann kissed the back of his head with straightforward tenderness: "I'll be a good wife to you, Fennie." She thought, *June 16, 1935, and I'm married.*

Ann walked into her family's house in Milwaukee while Fennie waited in the car. Ann's mother exclaimed, "I said to your brother at Easter—'That girl's ready to get married'!"

Then Ann called Fennie inside. She thought he would be put off by her mother's air of triumph, but later, when they were driving toward his house, he told Ann he liked her mother very much. Ann said, "Maybe you just like mothers—period."

At Fennie's house, a maid let them in; Fennie's mother was sitting in the upstairs parlor. Fennie said from the doorway of the room, "Mother, this is Ann Kampfel Fennimore. I married her this morning. You may have lost the battle but you've won a wonderful daughter."

Fennie's mother, a large, plain woman, said, "Oh, Fennie! Can't we talk this over?"

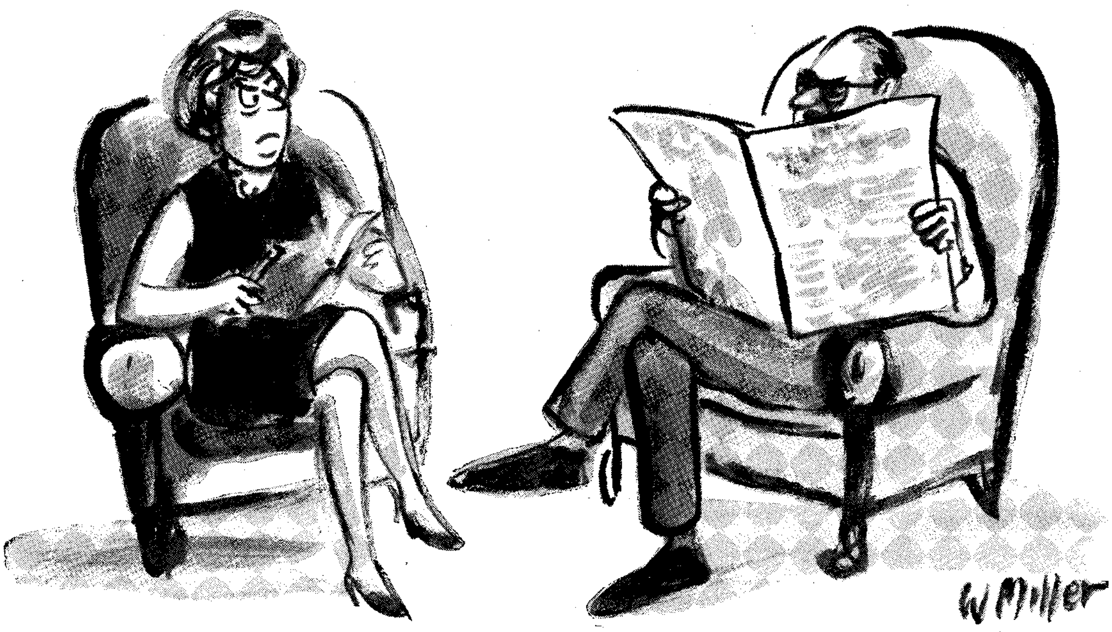
Ann covered her face with her hands.

She meant to protect Fennie from his mother, take care of him, but he did not let her; he was very busy over the next few weeks; he was in a very trance of warfare, fighting with his mother, with his analyst—"I've outgrown analysis, Ann. You've given me maturity"—and baby-talking with Ann, calling her "wifey-ifey" and getting hurt when she forgot her name was Mrs. Fennimore. Fennie would say, "My mother is a hysterical old *bitch!* I have a headache." His mother would telephone late at night—hoping, Fennie claimed, to interrupt his and Ann's lovemaking—to say she heard prowlers and wished she had a loyal watchdog; to say she had forgotten to ask Fennie about her rental property in Waukegan; or simply to say good night. She was polite. She said, "Perhaps I shouldn't phone so late, but I don't sleep much." Ann thought Fennie was neurotic about his mother. Ann and Fennie would quarrel; Fennie would shout, "All I'm asking is that you stroke my forehead!" Ann would shout, "You stroke my forehead! I have a headache, too." Ann's mother compounded the strain by telling Ann, "That dreadful woman has been saying dreadful things about you all over town." Ann, who did not mean to be upset, burst into tears when she told Fennie. (And Ann's brother's wife was difficult; and Fennie's cousins and the young women who gave teas were envious—now that he was married, Fennie was a catch—and inquisitive—how had Ann caught him—and pushy, pushy, pushy.) Fennie said, "That woman will stop at nothing to get her own way." "Which woman?" Ann asked tearfully. "Fennie, which woman?"

Fennie had dragged her into this world; Ann sometimes woke up from strangely anonymous daydreams, in which a man had rendezvous with her in a woods, in the country, to find that Fennie was staring at her. "Ann," he said, "I think the sex you and I have is very interesting. Do you think it's good?"

One evening, when the windows in her apartment were open and electric fans whirred, blurring the wine-colored twilight outside, Ann contemplated suicide or divorce. She struggled with her mood. Finally, she said, "Fennie, I think we should leave Milwaukee."

Fennie, wet, wrapped partially in a towel, appeared in the door of the room. "What did you say?" She repeated it. Fennie caught his breath. The difficulties were immense, he pointed out; there were any number of things to be afraid of, such as being disinherited. He paused. "I've always wanted to leave Milwaukee," he said. "I never had the nerve." He said,



"What did I have for lunch? The same thing I have every day—a hot dog with sauerkraut and a magnum of Château Mouton-Rothschild."

• •

"I'll be grateful to you for this, I think, for the rest of my life."

Fennie found a job through a college classmate. He would work for the government in Washington.

It took Ann and Fennie a week to pack; Fennie had a special system for packing their books in alphabetical order so they could easily be arranged on shelves in Washington. Ann said, "I feel a great burden has been lifted from me. I think I've been afraid the whole time we've been here. Well, I won't be frightened anymore. What we must remember, Fennie, is that the past is dead."

She thought it strange there were so many beginnings in the beginnings of a marriage.

Ann said of Washington, "It feels like a Southern town."

She worked as a statistician and earned eleven hundred and fifty-five dollars a year. Fennie, at the Department of Commerce, as a junior member of its panel of legal advisers, earned three thousand. Fennie had nine hundred and fifty dollars a year from a trust fund. His mother had said she would send him fifty dollars a month, but she sometimes forgot. Ann's share of her family's business was eleven hundred dollars a year. Ann and Fennie knew themselves to be prosperous.

They took a three-room apartment near Dupont Circle. Ann thought the apartment beautiful; she dreamed about it in her sleep and woke to find herself there. Fennie sometimes said to her in the morning, "You're my s-wheatie, my breakfast of champions."

Ann believed that Fennie should share in the work of running the apartment. "Men and women are equals," Ann said; Fennie agreed. "There's a lot of dead lumber to be cleared away in these matters," he said.

In those first early months, they would meet after work and drive home together and shop together. At the grocery, Fennie was excited and unreliable. He would hurry to Ann's side while she studied two cans of green peas and did the complicated weight-price figuring necessary to determine which was the best buy—Ann felt American industry should be policed by intelligent consumers—and he would whisper, "Honey," (he had started to pick up bits of a Southern speech) "the butcher says he has Virginia smoked ham, the real McCoy."

"How much is it?" Ann would ask.

Fennie was inclined to take Ann's frugality as a criticism of his masculinity.

Sometimes Ann and Fennie would be stiff and silent in each other's company after the difficulties of shopping together, depressed at the differences there were between them. Ann would be the one to break the silence: "Why are all the lights in the windows so yellow, Fennie? Is it because of the dust in the atmosphere?" He had once explained to her that dust in the air caused the brilliance of sunsets. It was her way of making peace.

Relieved, Fennie would say something silly like "Because chickens cross the road." Ann thought Fennie's humor was surrealist; the silliest of his remarks could plunge her into hilarity. She would laugh. Fennie would laugh at the sight of her laughing. Giggling, laughing, and sighing, they would continue home, their laughter following them like tame birds.

Fennie did not go on very long helping her shop. He did not help her with the apartment, either. Exhausted in the evenings, after a long day of being a new man in the office, he would collapse and ask Ann to make him a drink. "You like to baby me," Fennie said. "You like to do it because you love me," he said to her.

She did not contradict him.

Ann found it hard to get used to—that people thought of her as fortunate, young, and happy. And interesting. She wanted to be left alone and not have men make suggestive remarks to her or put ideas into her head, and she did her hair in a bun and wore loose-fitting clothes to hide her figure, which was considered in Washington to be very good-looking—long-limbed and slender.

Fennie pressed on her volumes of Havelock Ellis to read, and "Ulysses," and "Women in Love," and popular accounts of Freudian theories; Ann grew angry and said he was silly and she would not read them. She knew more about sex than any book, she said.

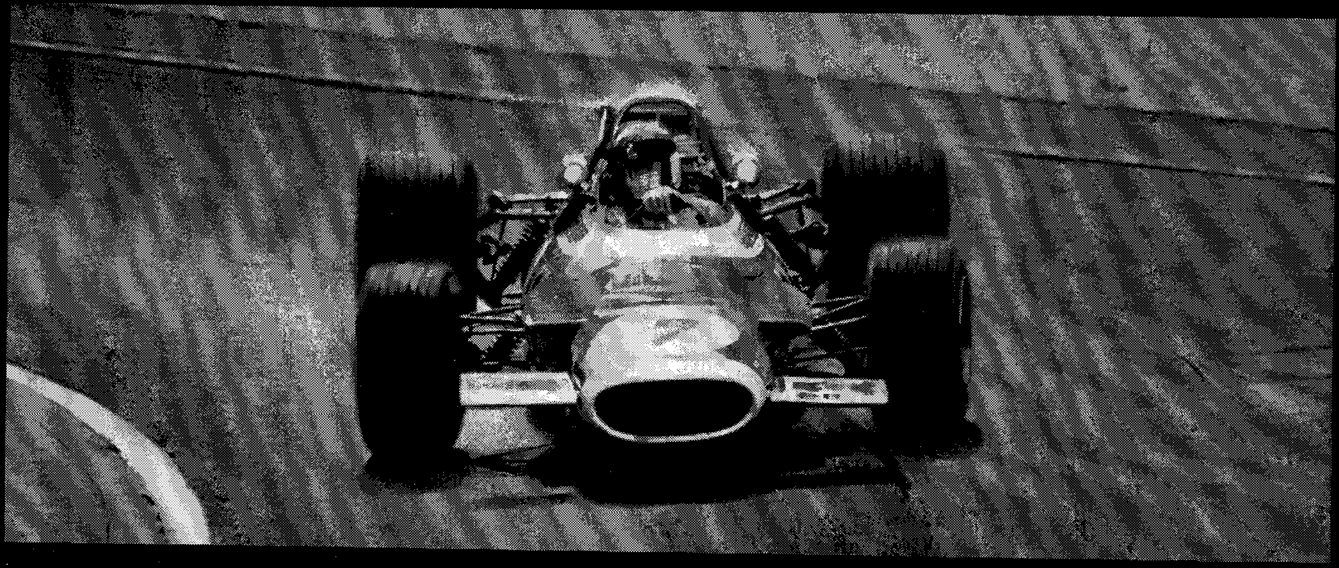
On those occasions when Fennie would say that he knew she did not love him as much as he loved her, Ann would say angrily, "That's stupid, Fennie. Stupid, stupid, stupid."

In some ways—so it seemed to Ann—Fennie was simply an overeducated, overtalkative, middle-class male who overcomplicated things. She was menaced by what she felt in him to be a destructive male element: "Don't think too much," she would say to him. She did love him, but she did not want her feelings examined. She sometimes thought of Walter. She would be pale and worn out and sprawled in a chair. "You're tired," Fennie would say.

"No, I'm not," Ann would cry, and jump up and start cleaning out ashtrays. He did not know everything.

Sometimes it brought her close to terror when he spoke of her moods, as if he had lunged out at her in a dark hallway and said, "Boo!" in a ringing

If you were racing here tomorrow



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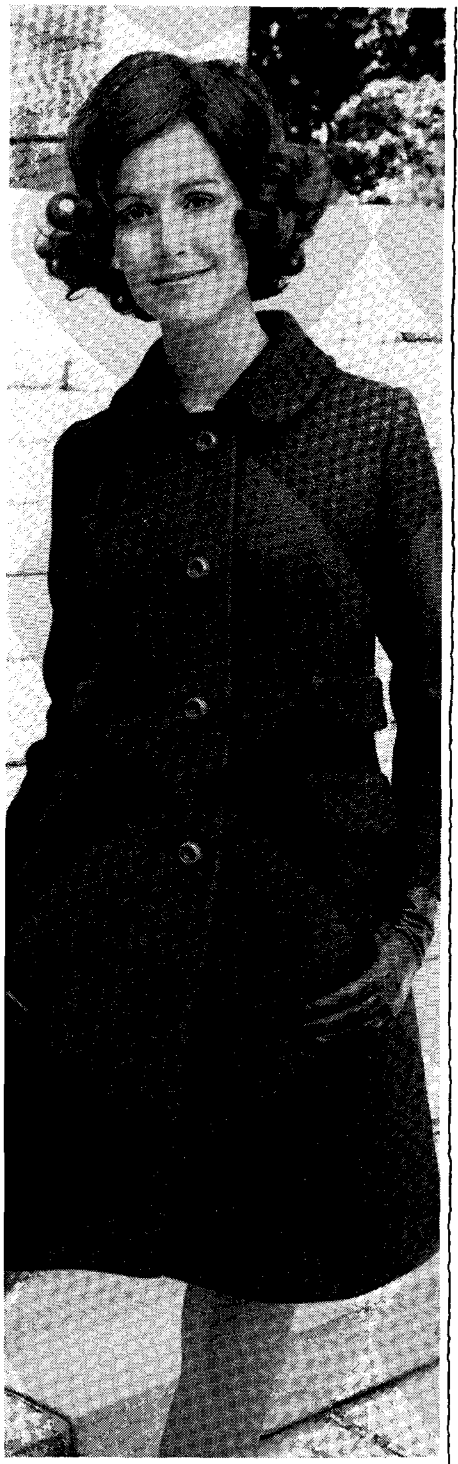

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voice. Her heart would take several minutes to settle down.

Ann's and Fennie's new friends, men and women alike, condemned dishonesty—dishonesty of emotion, of fact, in sex, and in government. They disliked snobbery but could not help thinking that people who were unlike them were unfortunate, foolish, or greedy. The couples spent what money they had on war relief for Spain, Ethiopia, or China, on books, whiskey, superior dentists, and cleaning women; they paid three dollars a week for their cleaning women. They agreed that the world was not fit for people to bring children into and that the men should not be distracted by more responsibilities. Yet, an alarming number of Ann's friends became pregnant as the months went by, especially when the stock market went up. Ann read the stock-market news and did not admit she wanted to be pregnant. Fennie did not want children just now. Ann said, with a little laugh, "You want to be the only baby in the family." Fennie said, "Be reasonable," and Ann bit her lip and tried to be reasonable.

It became a point of honor not to think of Walter anymore, and his honesty and his dignity. She was not disloyal to Fennie.

She thought it almost comic how soon after marriage Fennie stopped respecting her mind. Sometimes he asked her what she was thinking of when they made love; lately he complained. He would say, "Concentrate on me more." He did not have so much interest in making Ann happy. It was as if love were a long board and he could not carry it from his end and wanted to lay it down, although he loved her sadness—*that only he could ease it.* Suddenly he was interested in his own life again, that part of him that was not attached to Ann.

"There's an intelligent man at the office," Fennie said. He said Clerkenwall Franklyn came from a distinguished Quaker family, was brilliant, was a genuine Philadelphia lawyer. "Franklyn," Fennie announced, "says we have to come to terms with the bourgeoisie. We can use them and steal the country back from them at the same time! We can do it just the way they stole it from us—*legally!*"

"Oh," said Ann, her lips disapproving, "how can you think you can compromise with the *bourgeoisie!*"

"We have to!" Fennie said enthusiastically. "Who else can run local enterprises?"

"The brighter workingmen," Ann said, breathing irregularly.

"My dear wifey-ifey, the brighter workingmen *are* bourgeois, only without the broader commercial imagination," Fennie said.

"No, no, no, no, no," Ann said.

"Well, let's talk about it some other time," Fennie said.

When Ann was certain she was pregnant, she went to Fennie and told him that if he thought it was a bad time to have a child she would, of course, as three of her friends had, get an abortion. Fennie reminded her of their dream of working for the good of the country. "First things first," he said. "Am I right?" he asked, omitting to ask if she wanted the child.

Ann took an afternoon off from work and went to Baltimore by train to have her abortion. Very weak, she took a train back to Washington. Fennie was frightened, when he came home, to see her so pale; she was on her feet, her mouth set in an unreal smile; Fennie had the impression that Ann hated him.

She refused for a long time to speak of what had happened; sometimes her hand would creep to her stomach and rest there as if to warm it.

She and Fennie quarrelled. Fennie suddenly complained that Ann had a piercing, Wisconsin accent.

"You never complained before!" Ann said in just that piercing voice.

"I never noticed it before."

Ann said, "I'll tell you what, Fennie. I'll kill myself. Will that make you happy?"

Fennie said, "Oh, shut up." Then he looked amazed. He said emotionally, "You can't let things fester. . . . I *think* you're still upset about the—er—abortion incident. But what's happened to our ideals, Annie-annie? You know we're not after the ordinary things in life. We're after big game."

There was something sexual and slatternly about Ann as she stood there in her despair; Fennie felt himself fascinated by her anew.

Two months later, she miscarried. The doctor said her system had been weakened by the abortion. Ann said, "I didn't tell you I was pregnant, Fennie, because I knew it would be all right." She talked as if she were proud of herself, but she would drop suddenly into soliloquies of self-accusation: "I'm a terrible fool—stupid, stupid . . ." She

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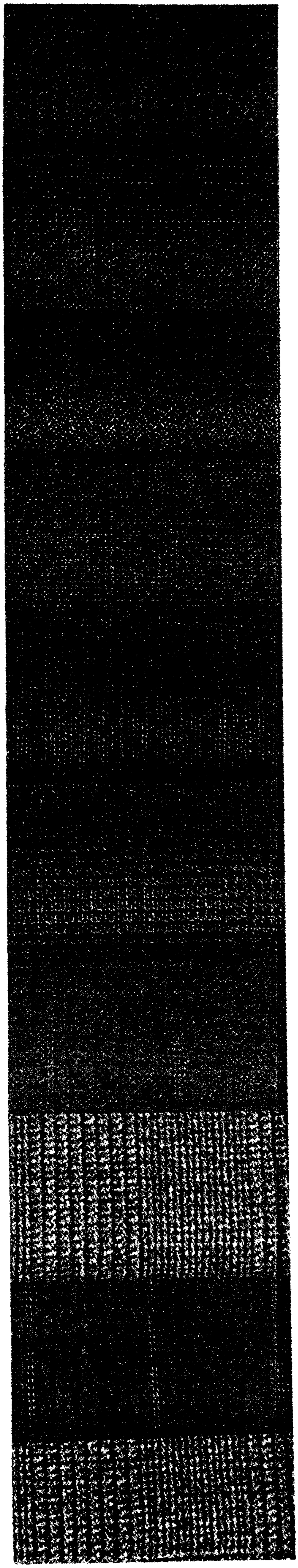

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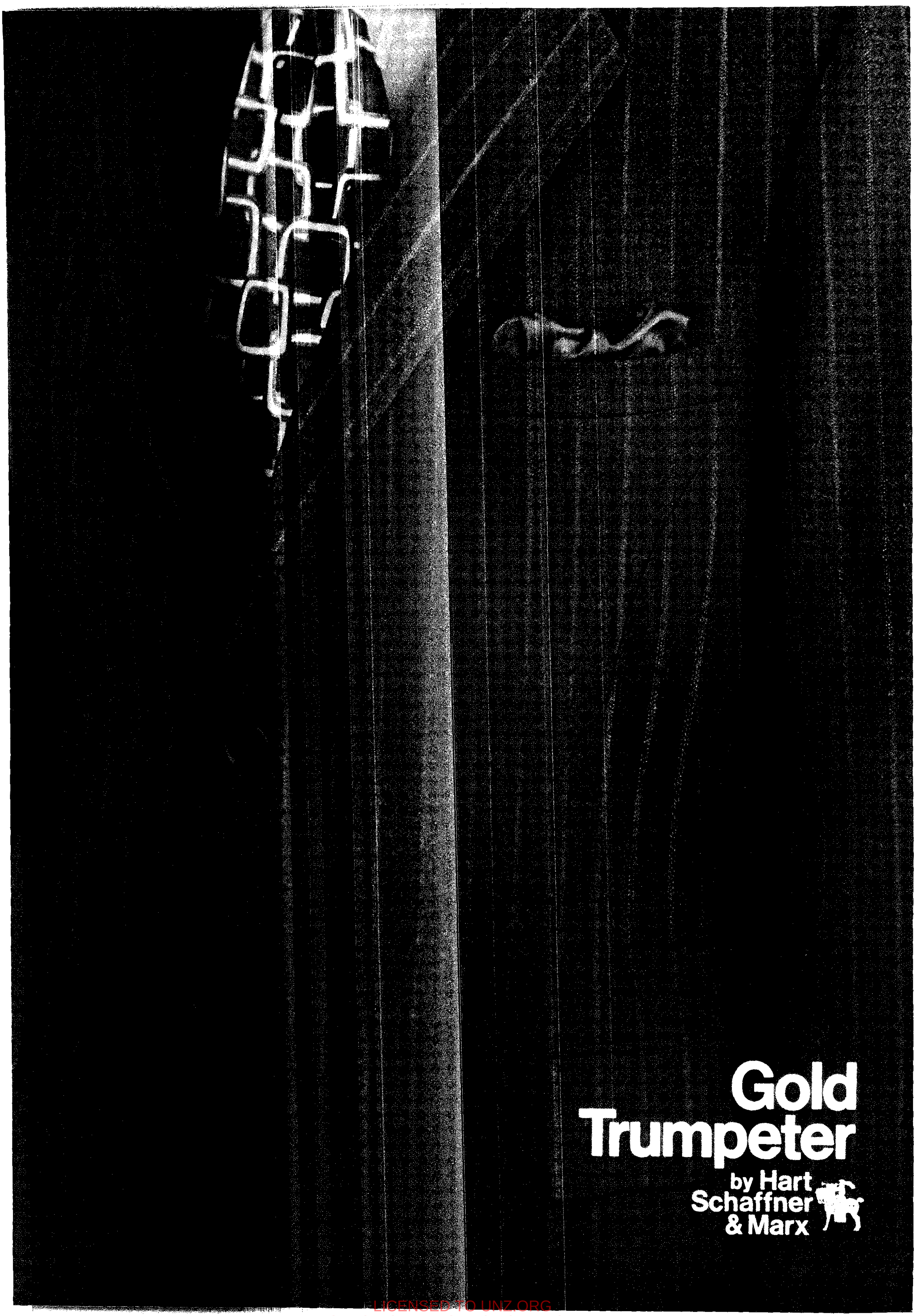
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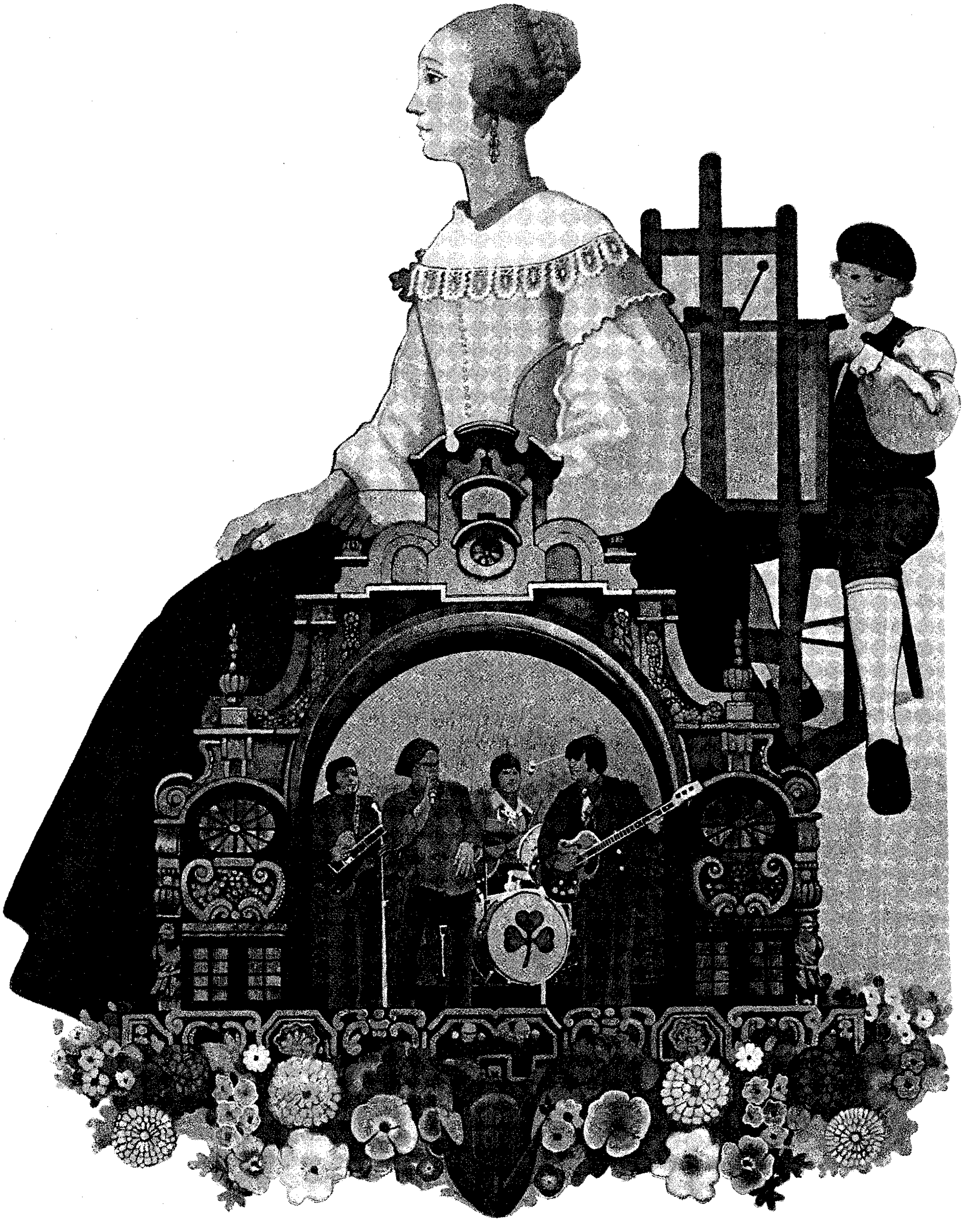

was often apologetic: "I don't know if I'm coming or going. I'd lose my head if it wasn't fastened to my shoulders." When she drank, she would turn on Fennie: She twisted up her face and said, "You're a rat, Fennie. You're a genuine rat."

Fennie, quite pale and patient, said, "I know you're not yourself."

Ann replied, "No, I'm not myself. I'm your mother, Fennie, you rat."

Fennie said, "You haven't been your real self since the babies."

"Don't talk to me that way, you crypto-Fascist!" Ann cried. "Well, the honeymoon is over," she would say by way of apology. "I'm sorry. I said a lot of true things I shouldn't have said."

She would be silent and devoted for days. "Marriage is not easy," she would say to friends. "Fennie and I have made a good adjustment." She thought of Fennie as Men. "You know what men are like," she would say. She had been married four years. To have given a specific description of Fennie would have made her weep: *He is a smallish man who had a bad mother. He drinks too much because he's self-centered. He gets overexcited. He isn't always easy with me. He's tempted to bite his nails but he wants to believe analysis cured him and so when he starts to bite a nail he stops. But every couple of months he gives in and bites a nail or two. He is not very good with people. The skin over his chest is almost blue and there is a reddish-blue mark on his paunch where his belt rubs. His collarbones stick out.* If she had been asked to list his defects, she would have cried, "We have values! We don't look at people that way!"

If asked to describe herself, she would have said, "I'm something of an intellectual. My mind is very erratic, but I'm not ashamed of being a woman." If pressed she might have added, "I'm a good wife to my husband. I don't bother him with my moods. I know when to say goodbye." She would have said that she and Fennie labored to "bring to birth" better "conditions" for the country. Her life and Fennie's were not at all meaningless.

Fennie's mother fell ill. Fennie went out to Milwaukee. When he returned to Washington, he said to Ann that his mother would like to see a grandchild. "Why don't we have a child?" Fennie said as if it had been Ann who had not wanted one.

"Fennie, a child?" Ann ran her finger across an invisible veil in front of her eyes. She smiled haltingly, one hand covering the corner of her

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mouth. "Is it fair to bring a child into the world just now, Fennie?" Her hands dropped into her lap. "I wouldn't mind having a child," she said.

She carried to term and gave birth to a daughter, named Louise, after Fennie's mother.

ANN called the child Baby. She felt inside herself the baby's moods, her rages, appetite, sleepiness, and comfort; these feelings in Ann were like a model of an unusual solar system: blank and primitive, very unreasonable and private, an enormous space and a sun and a moon. Light leaped from the sun to the moon. She played—she did not fully know what she meant by the phrase—the sun-moon game with the baby, each taking turns being the sun, being the moon.

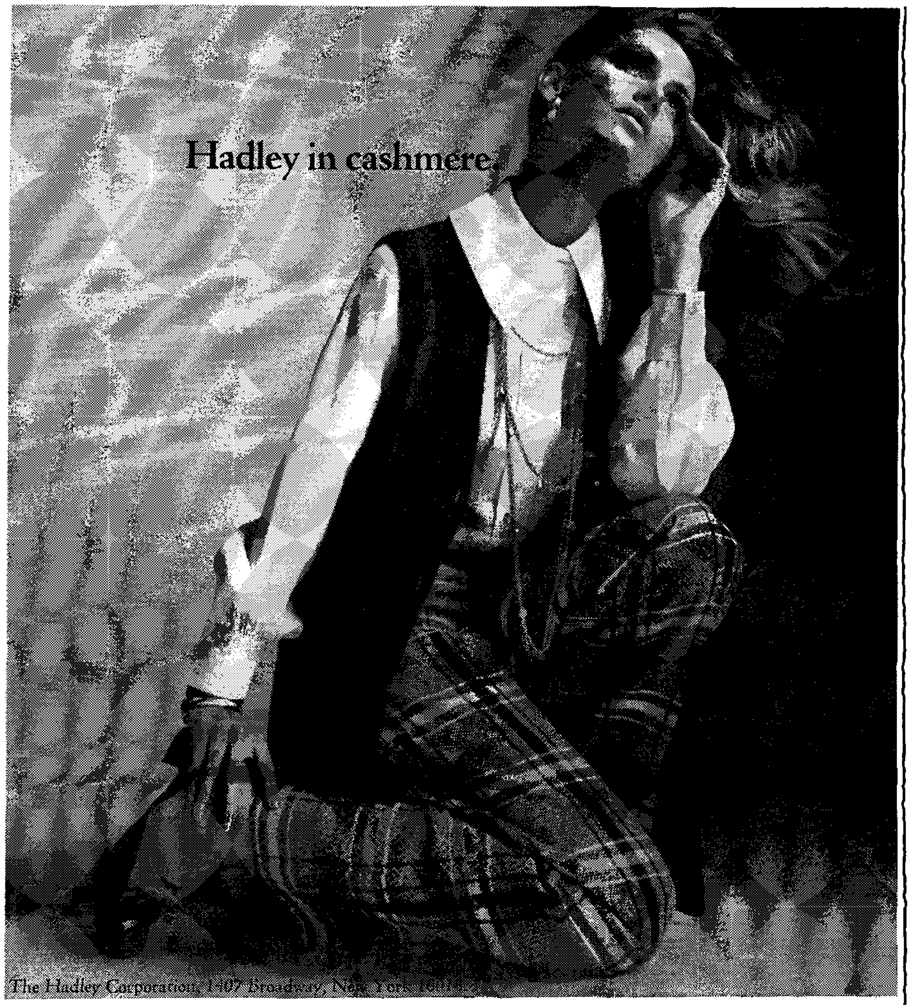
She was with the baby all the time; she never said goodbye to the baby. During the day, a colored maid came in; the maid was affectionate in a false and distant way, was proud, thought people were plotting against her. Ann hardly knew the maid was there.

Fennie was rarely home; he worked late at the office; he did not get in Ann's way. He said war was coming; he had lately begun to admire Harold Ickes and he modelled his speech on that of the Secretary of the Department of the Interior. He said, "War is coming just as sure as God made little green apples."

The baby was colicky, and cried at night; Fennie would wake—he was not as tired as Ann and did not sleep with her desperate unconsciousness—and he would nudge Ann awake; at the thin edge where her mind met the night world was the baby's cry. Ann would leap out of bed—sometimes Fennie would laugh—and bound across the room, re-bounding from chairs, even from the wall, to the baby's crib, her senses dulled, her pride dissolved in a preoccupation with digestion and infantile excrement.

It frightened and pleased her that motherhood was difficult. She looked into the mirror at her harassed face, her undone hair: she was doing all she could.

Fennie and Ann could not talk together as they had. They did not make love for three and a half months. Fennie was pale, his stomach was acting up. His best tenderness had an undertone of sarcasm. In a burst of concern, Ann, half asleep one evening, struggling to stay awake, gave herself to him. Since the baby came, she often thought Fennie was difficult—if not childish; he did not bother his head to



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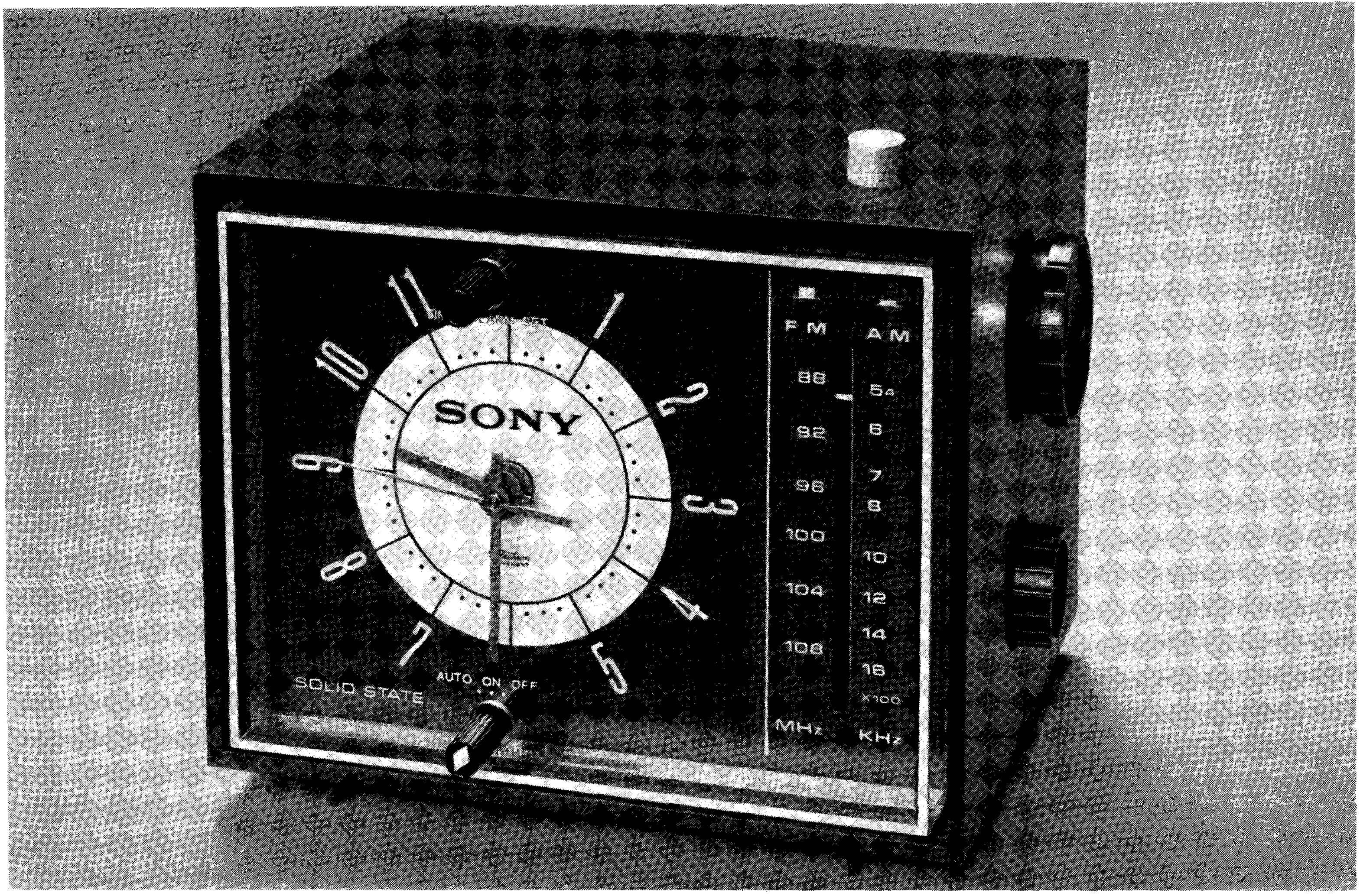
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understand how important it was for her to concentrate on being a good mother.

She wondered if Fennie would ever give up talking about the "male" and the "female" and D. H. Lawrence. He said, "It isn't good to fight the life of the instincts. . . . I don't think you read enough anymore, Ann." He thought she was not being a good sport. Ann no longer listened to Fennie when he spoke. He would say, "I heard about a book called 'A New Look at Female Happiness.' Should I get hold of a copy? Will you read it?"

She replied, "I think I'll get some ivy for the window box."

She seemed mysterious and elusive to Fennie. She became pregnant again and announced the news to Fennie, and added, with her eyes large and in a calm voice, "We have to get a house."

Fennie said, "Ann, it's too soon for you. You know the doctor said it was too soon."

"I'm not going to do anything to this baby!"

Fennie said, "The baby, the baby. Women don't care about their husbands. Only their toys, their dolls . . . that's what Lawrence says a baby is to a woman."

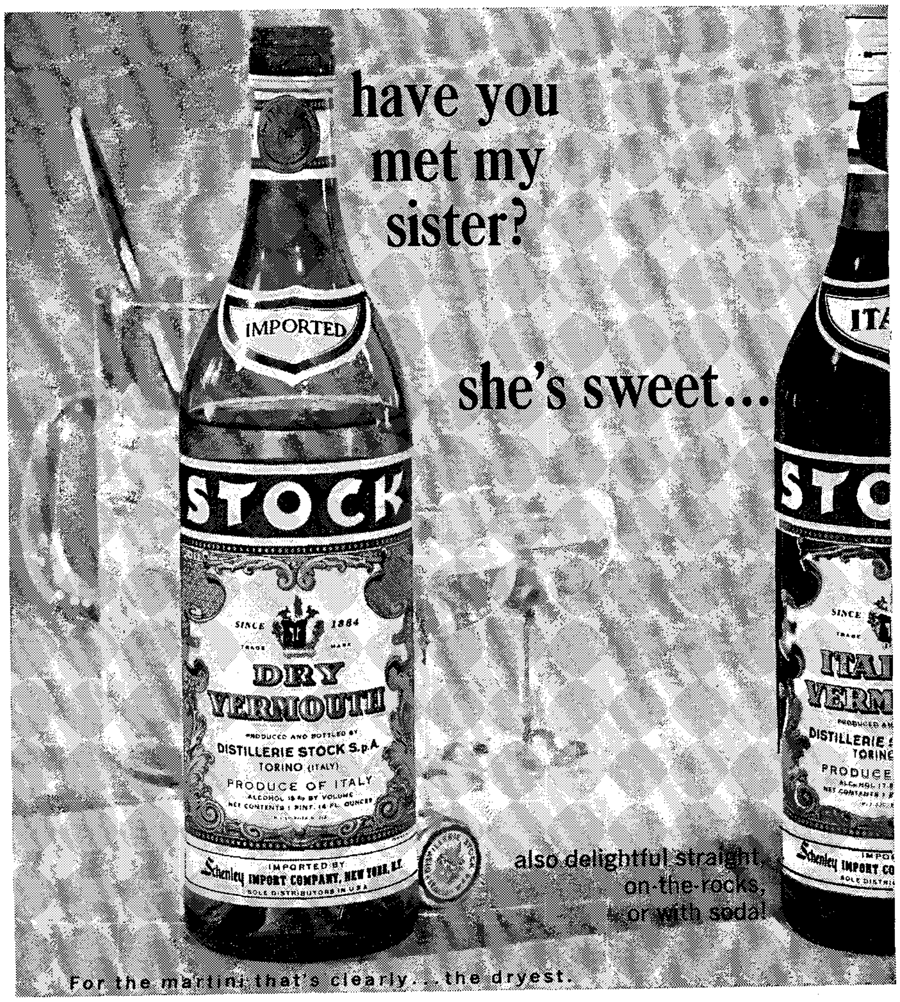
"There's always suffering in a marriage," Ann said in a strangely light tone. "Everyone has it, Fennie," she said. "We have to buy a house."

She chose one across the river in Alexandria. It cost thirteen thousand dollars and was made of peach-colored brick; it had whitestone windowsills. An old woman had lived her last years in it and it was shabby. Ann cleaned it room by room. The house possessed, Ann thought, an undeniable goodness.

Ann tried to be a better companion to Fennie. She read the newspapers: "Hitler is insane," she said; "you can tell by his face": and she sat down when Fennie came home and had a drink with him and tried to get him to talk about the office. He could not get over how much having children had changed Ann. He did not trust her. "Don't bother your little head about the office," he said.

"The Germans bomb civilians, you know," Ann said vaguely, glancing around at her back yard. "People's houses. . . ."

She bought almost no furniture; many of the rooms in her house remained empty, filled with sunlight during the day but empty. "This is not a time to become attached to material possessions," Ann said. Her house and her babies, the one born, the one not yet born, had to be taken care of and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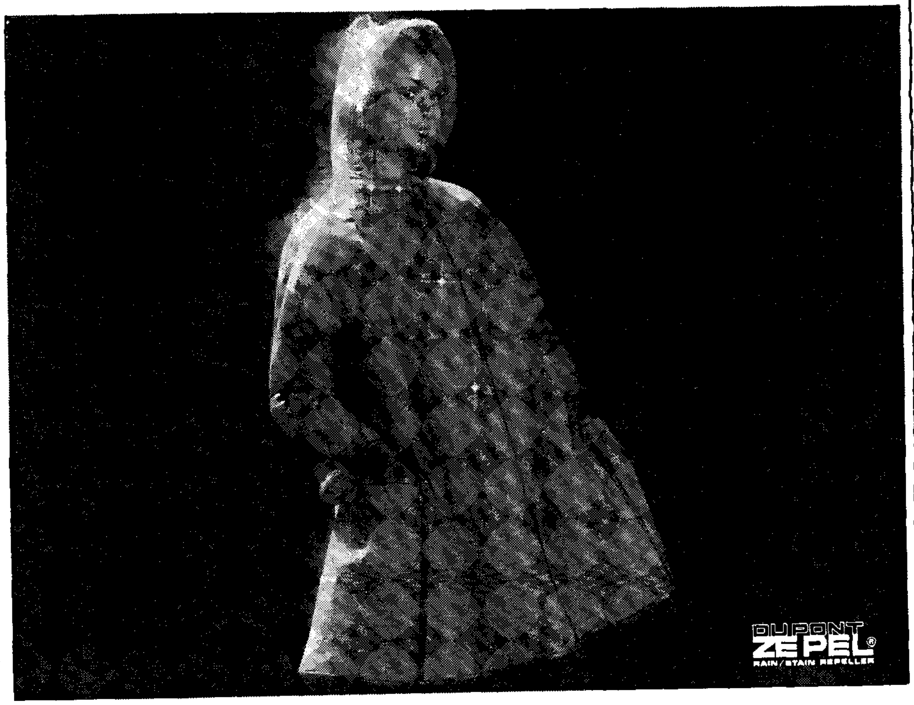

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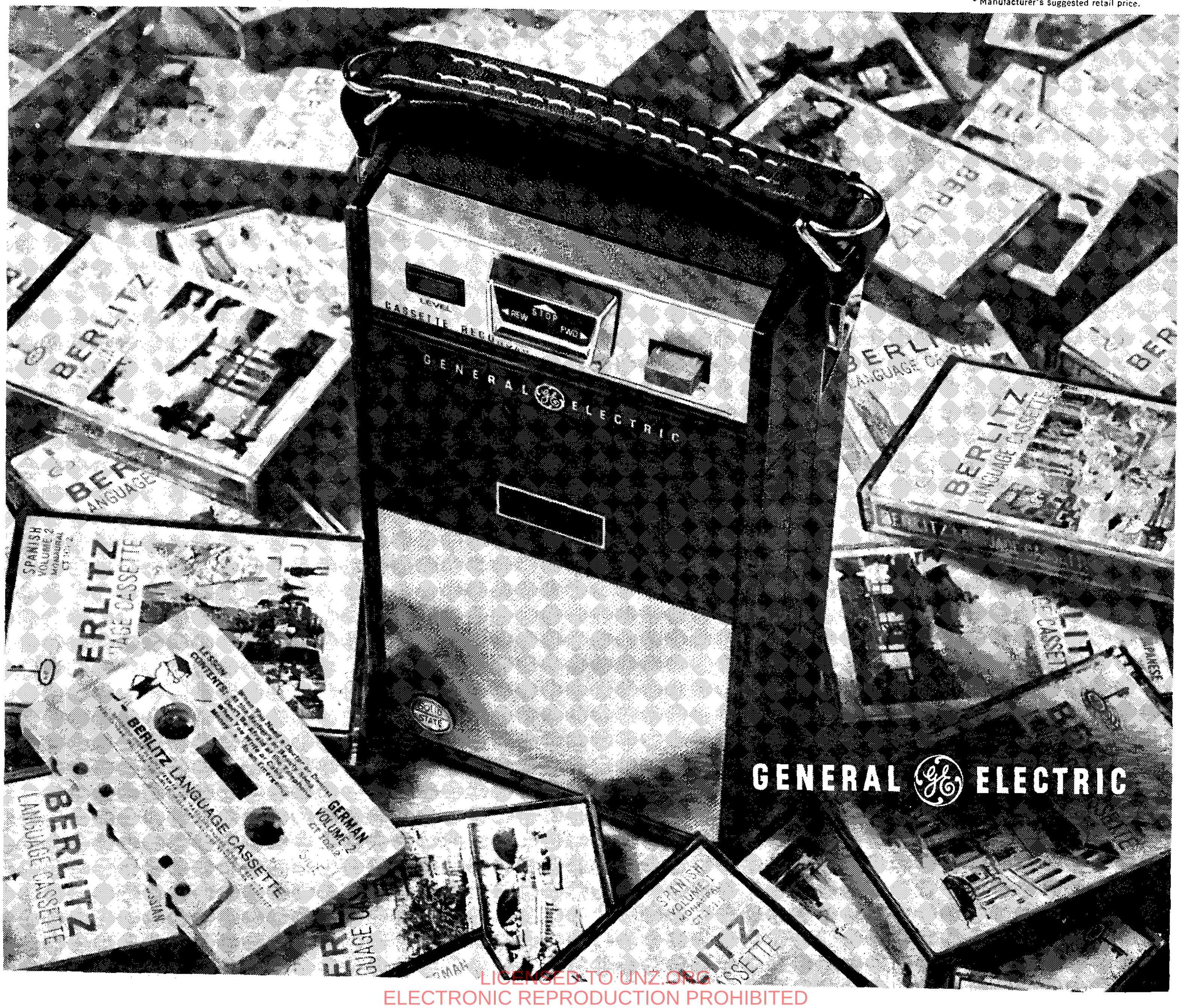

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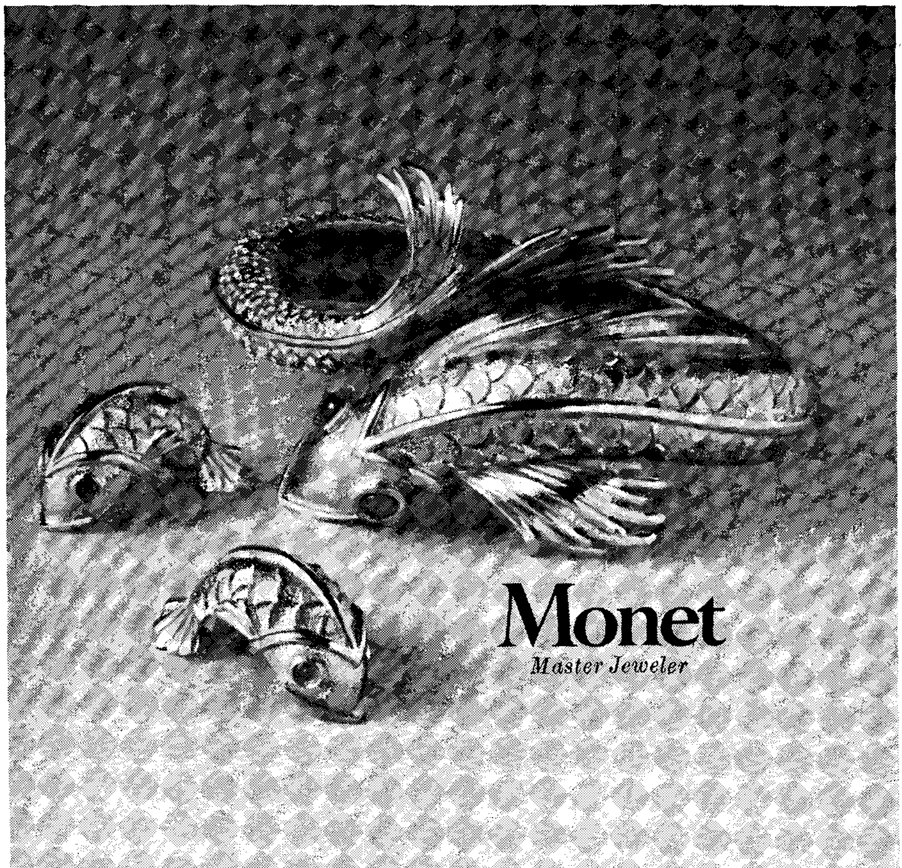

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appreciated, but they could lead her astray. "People lose their moral judgment and turn into Appeasers because of possessions," she said with a kind of grief.

The doctor said she was doing too much housework, going up and down stairs too often.

She said, "I look like a dope fiend. I'm letting everything slide."

France was falling. Ann was in her seventh month. Fennie came home early one afternoon and told her the Germans had entered Paris. "The French didn't stop them at the Marne this time?" Ann asked. She said, "We'll have to fight now, won't we, Fennie? Are they bombing refugees?"

She did not like to complain or be self-indulgent during a time of crisis. It was a difficult and premature birth. The baby, a girl, was healthy but very small. Ann did not recover properly, and the doctor said she would have to have an operation. "You won't be able to have any more children."

Ann refused to permit the operation. "I'm strong as a horse," she said to Fennie. "I'll be all right. Don't be a worrywart."

Fennie told her their elder daughter kept asking for Ann. He had tears in his eyes, and he was angry, too. "Why are you so stubborn? You're the stubbornest person I ever knew." He said, "Children aren't everything."

The doctor said to her, "You are a very high-strung, unreasonable woman."

"Doctor, look at your peasant woman," Ann said. "She—"

The doctor said, "Do you know anything about the death rate among peasant women?"

"Is it high," asked Ann, the statistician, "if the women aren't overworked?"

"All women are overworked," the doctor said dryly. "If they're not, they become hypochondriac. I can't let you go home," the doctor said. "You can hemorrhage at any time."

Ann said to the doctor, "My husband always wanted a son."

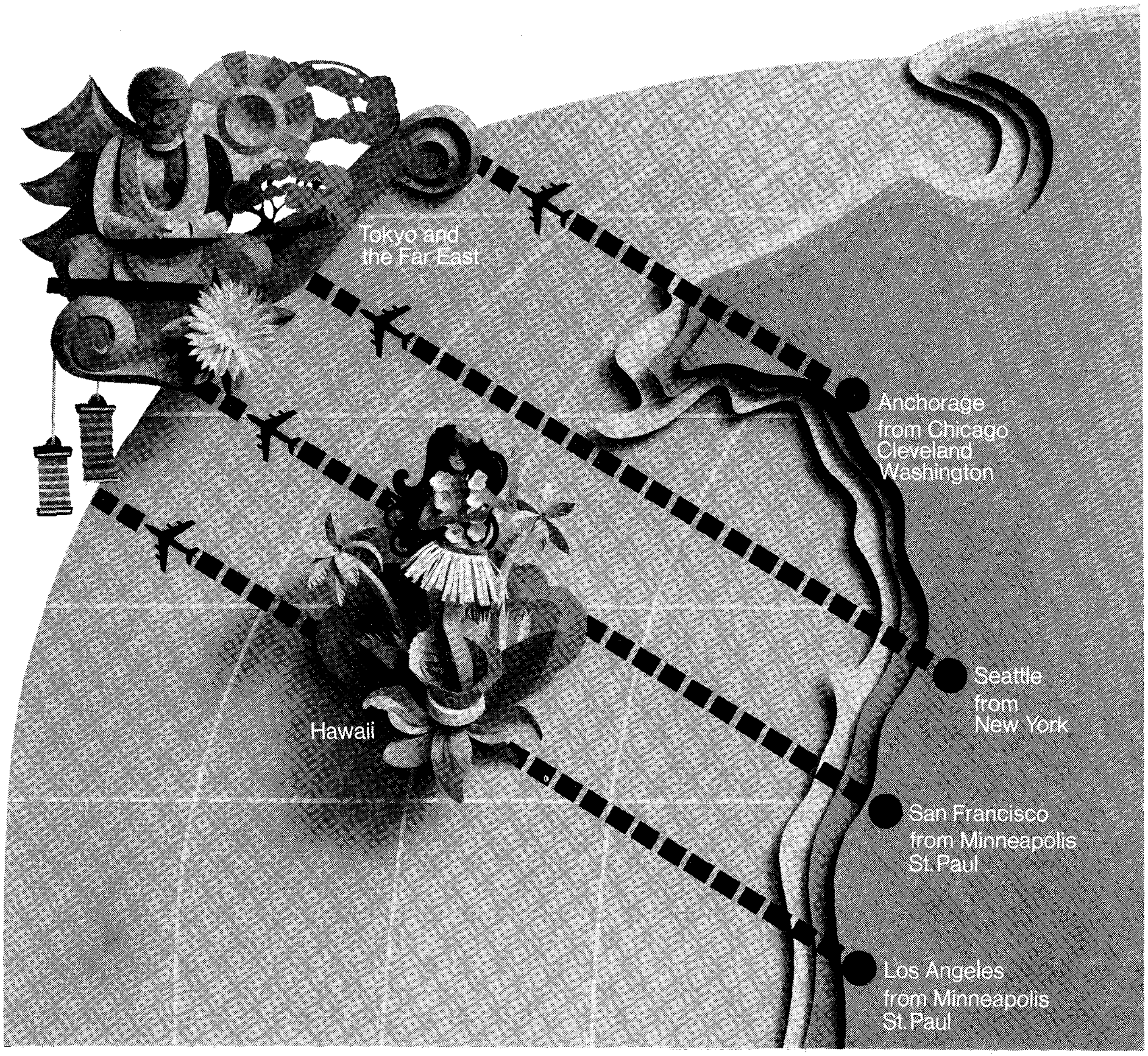
The doctor shrugged.

Ann thought of her house and the two waiting children. She said, "I guess he will just have to do without."

The doctor said, "You just keep your sense of humor, Ann, and everything will be all right."

Five days after the operation, Ann went home.

It seemed to Ann that Fennie was as stirred and uplifted by the excitement of the war as he had once been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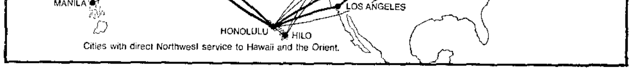
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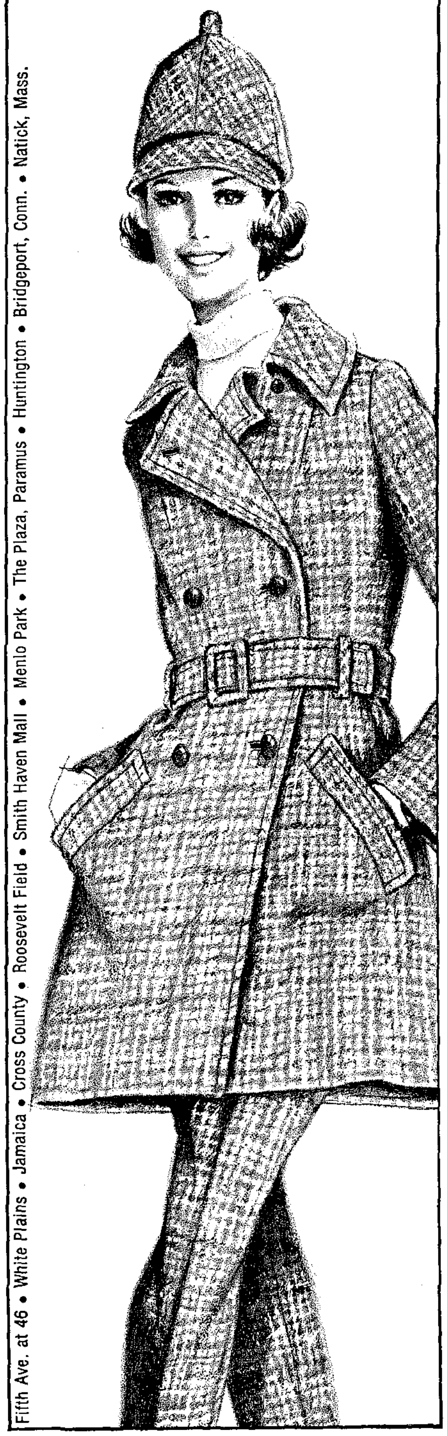


by her. He was distended with excitement: "People don't realize that *this* is *Götterdämmerung*," he said. He drank at the office to keep himself going. It tired her that Fennie felt important because he was involved behind the scenes. She wanted to tell Fennie to watch the way he spoke; she needed to draw from him—she put no name to it—a sense of being worthwhile, because she could no longer draw it from herself.

She often did not make sense when she talked. She said tactfully, "You know, the children see you when you talk if you *like* the war. . . ." She halted. He's a good husband, she thought. It seemed to her silly suddenly to blame him, just as it was silly to blame children—everyone knew what children were like. Goodness was not something people talked about, and, anyway, she had lost her sense of moral direction. Nothing in marriage was ever settled. Marriage was not a completed state.

Fennie broke the silence. He said, "Dearest, what are you trying to tell me?" She turned away; he was being patient with her. He was a more successful human being than she was; he was a good bureaucrat. She was not certain if she liked him anymore. She stuck out her lips. Fennie said again, "Dearest, what are you trying to tell me?"

"I've forgotten," Ann said and gave a small, placating laugh.

She rarely mentioned her feelings, but when she did—"I'm sad," or "Fennie, I don't know why I go on living"—she spoke almost lightly so that it would not cause a quarrel. Fennie would say, "You should get out more. You think about yourself too much."

It was as if there had been a long, long struggle between them and Fennie had won it and she didn't care much.

She followed her Negro maid from room to room. She said, "Last night I had the oddest dream. I was in China. I was a little, tiny, doll-like, *perfect* Chinese woman—" She meant one who had never undergone an operation, who was pretty and hopeful and high-spirited. "I think you missed a dust kitty under that chair, Mary Lou," Ann said.

Mary Lou turned a sad, furtive, half-psychotic gaze toward Ann, toward a spot to the right and above Ann's ear, so that Ann remained an unseen, bleached presence. "Nobody ever said I wasn' a good cleanin' woman. I don' lie, I don' steal, I don' owe a dollar to no man alive—"

"I'll do it. Hand me the broom. Let me tell you about my dream," Ann said as she swept. "I had a terrible husband. I was a slave. I was black and blue from head to toe, all my children died of impetigo or beriberi except one, so I ran away. I took my baby with me. I left it in a railroad station, just for a moment. Then a bomb fell—I saw it like a tear falling. It exploded; the air rang and rang like a crystal glass when you tap it—a man was on top of me, but it wasn't a man, it was a piece of wood—you know how dreams are. And my baby was crying in the ruins of the railroad station—have you seen that famous photograph—" Mary Lou denied having stolen any photograph. "No, no," Ann said, "I'm talking about a photograph that was in all the newspapers years ago."

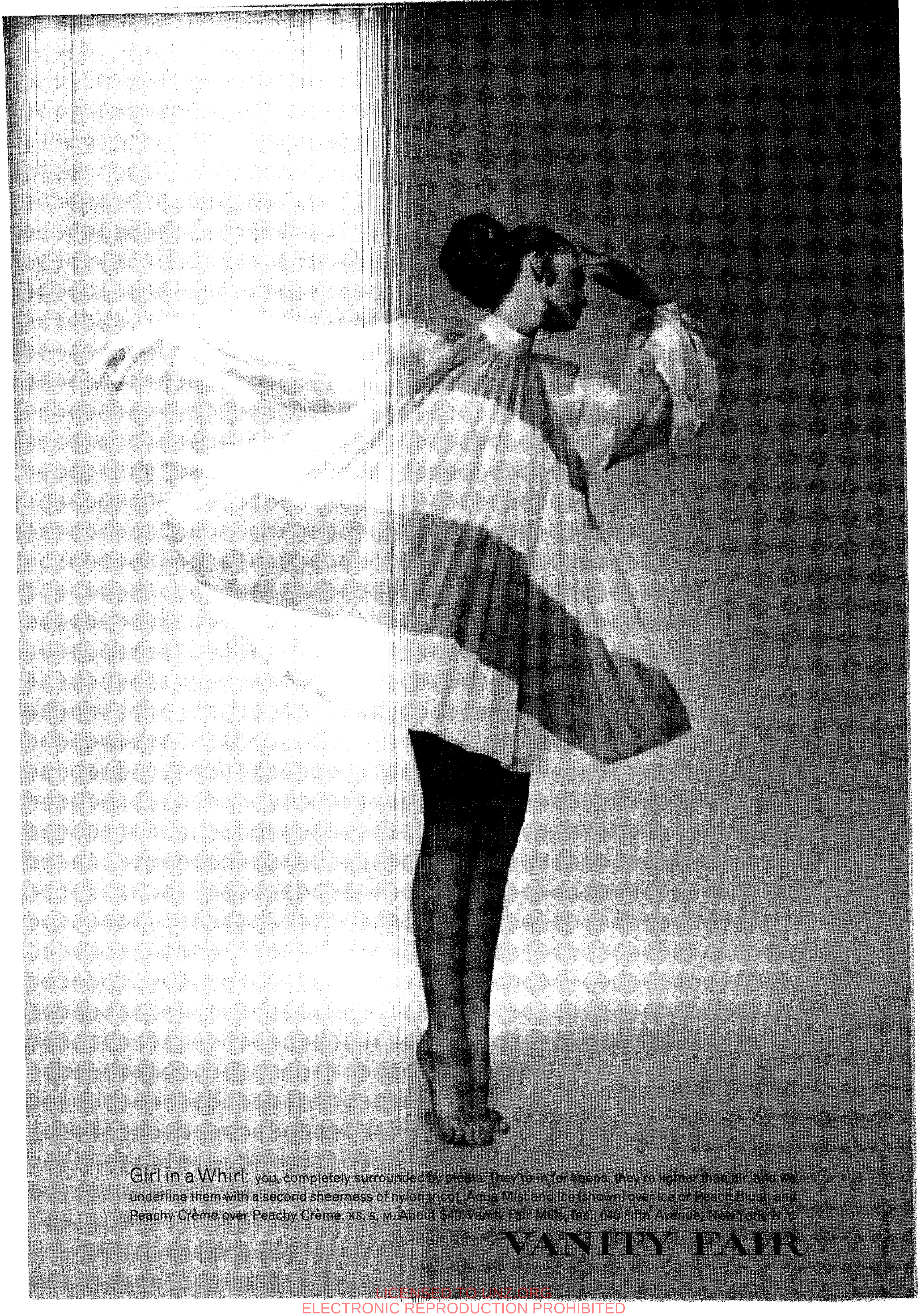
"I wouldn' want one of your photographs noway," Mary Lou said, smiling richly. "I got photographs of my own."

"Mary Lou," Ann said. "Don't you understand? I would never accuse *you*." Ann trembled with sympathy for Mary Lou, whose sorrows had cramped her mind. "But listen to my dream: the railroad station was burning, but the Panay was coming to rescue us, and Wallace Beery was the captain, only it wasn't Wallace Beery, it was Mussolini. . . . Mary Lou," Ann said, "you never tell me your dreams."

"I has only religious dreams," Mary Lou replied.

Mary Lou's skin was rough, black, exotic; she had a foreign, sweet odor, like soap. Ann followed Mary Lou with her eyes. One day Ann stubbed her toe; she cried out, lifted the hurt foot, stood, her eyes closed, her leg lifted, balanced like a heron on one foot. Mary Lou said, "Did you hurt you'self?" She uttered a low, crooning noise, "Ooo-lee-doo, oo-lee-doo, did you hurt you'self," and put her arms around Ann. Ann leaned against her, but then she said, "I'm not going to be one of those women who turns into a parasite on her maid. You have a life of your own, Mary Lou." She pulled away from Mary Lou. "Oh, we in America owe the Negro so much!" she said.

Mary Lou grew more careless after that; in one day, she broke a dish, a glass, a rung off the back of a dining-room chair. She was rude and shouted at the children; she pilfered Ann's sheets. Ann told Fennie, and Fennie fired the maid. He said, "We're



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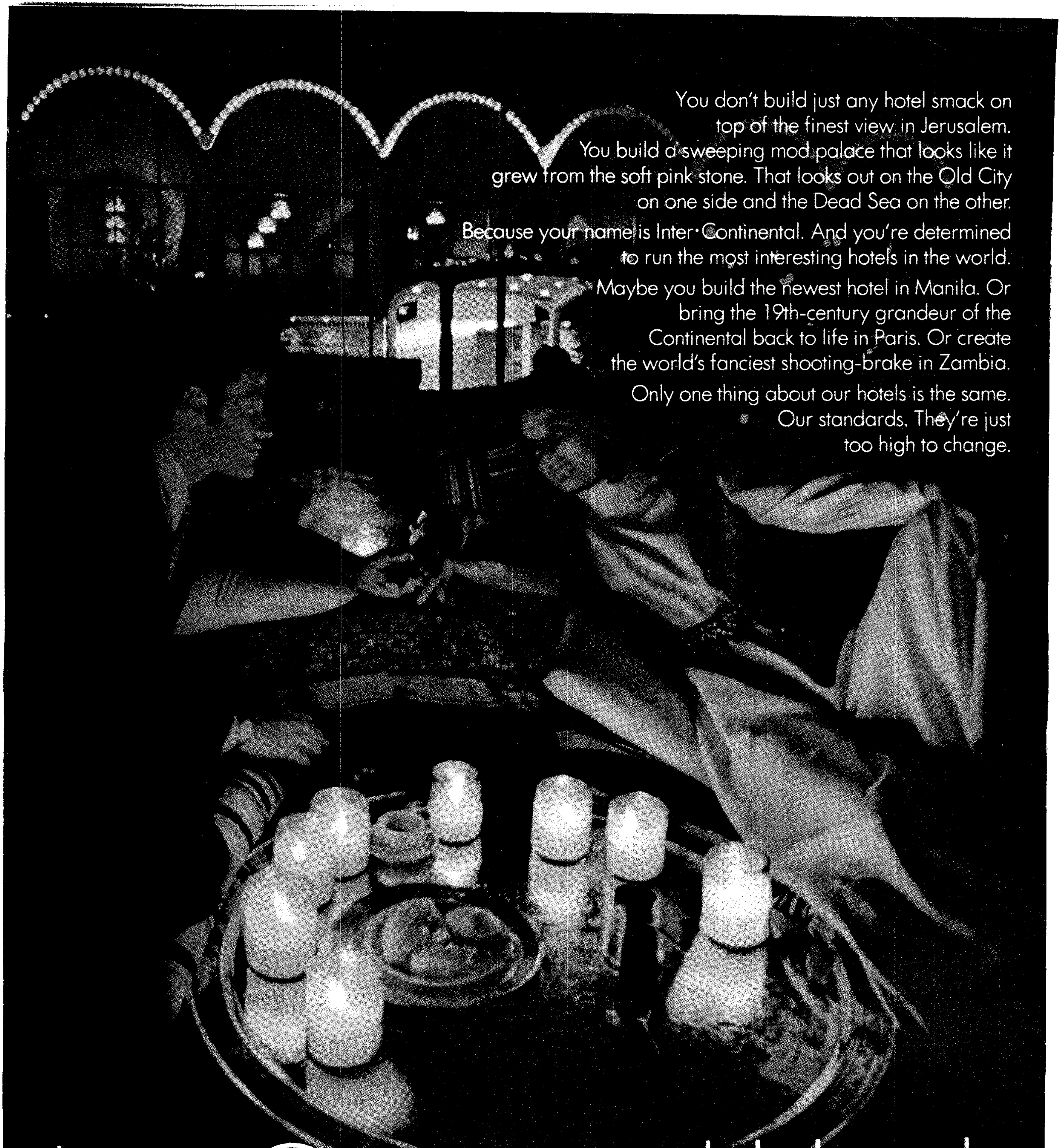

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doing this for *your* self-respect, Mary Lou."

SOMETIMES on the street in Washington, Ann saw the new Selective Service inductees, freckled farm boys among them, a few with reddish-yellow hair; she could imagine what the smell of such a boy's body would be like, the naïveté of his conversation.

Ann and Fennie went to parties, informal parties, usually held outdoors, in someone's back yard. Often at these affairs, the men in the earlier, soberer portion of the evening would congregate at one end of the yard to discuss the war and the government. The women chattered about servants and prices.

Ann drank a lot because she wanted to be drunk. Then when it grew late and the moon had risen and the men rejoined the women and boozy versions of friendliness, nostalgia, innocence, and seduction appeared, she hinted at her despair to whoever approached her. She often sat alone, bleak-eyed and erect.

A man, his face a lopsided plate swimming in the broken dark, put his hand on Ann's knee. Ann saw it was Fennie, and he was drunk, too. He said in his Harold Ickes voice, "How's life treating you, sweetie pie?"

To Ann's right, a voice said, "For my money, far and away your best right-handed pitcher in the major leagues today is Bucky *Walters*. . . ." Ann said, "Life is black. The Fascists are coming. I wish I was dead."

"Oh, you're in a bad mood," Fennie mumbled and made his way off into the seesawing flurry, the feathery, flapping geese wings of voices at the party.

AFTER Pearl Harbor, Fennie worked so late at his office that he had a bed moved in and sometimes slept there. Ann never contemplated infidelity; it would make Fennie unhappy. On a cold Thursday night, he telephoned her and said he was in love with his secretary.

IV

ANN thought it was bureaucratic of Fennie to break the news to her over the telephone and she meant to be rude. She said—Fennie shared his secretary stenographically with a man named Aswell—"Doesn't Aswell mind?"

Fennie said, "You don't care. You never cared."

"Me?" Ann said, but he had already hung up.

He telephoned back to shout that he

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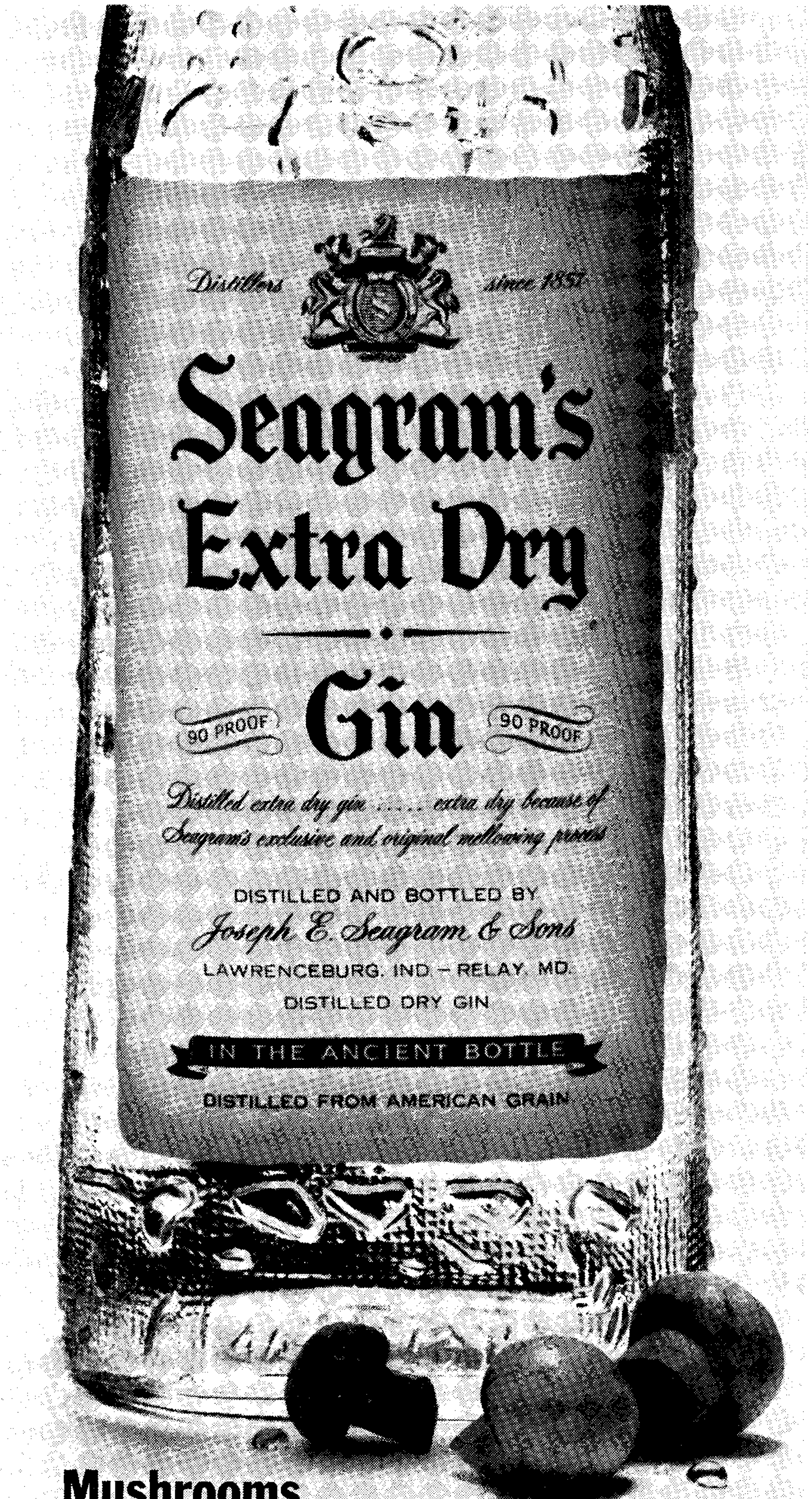
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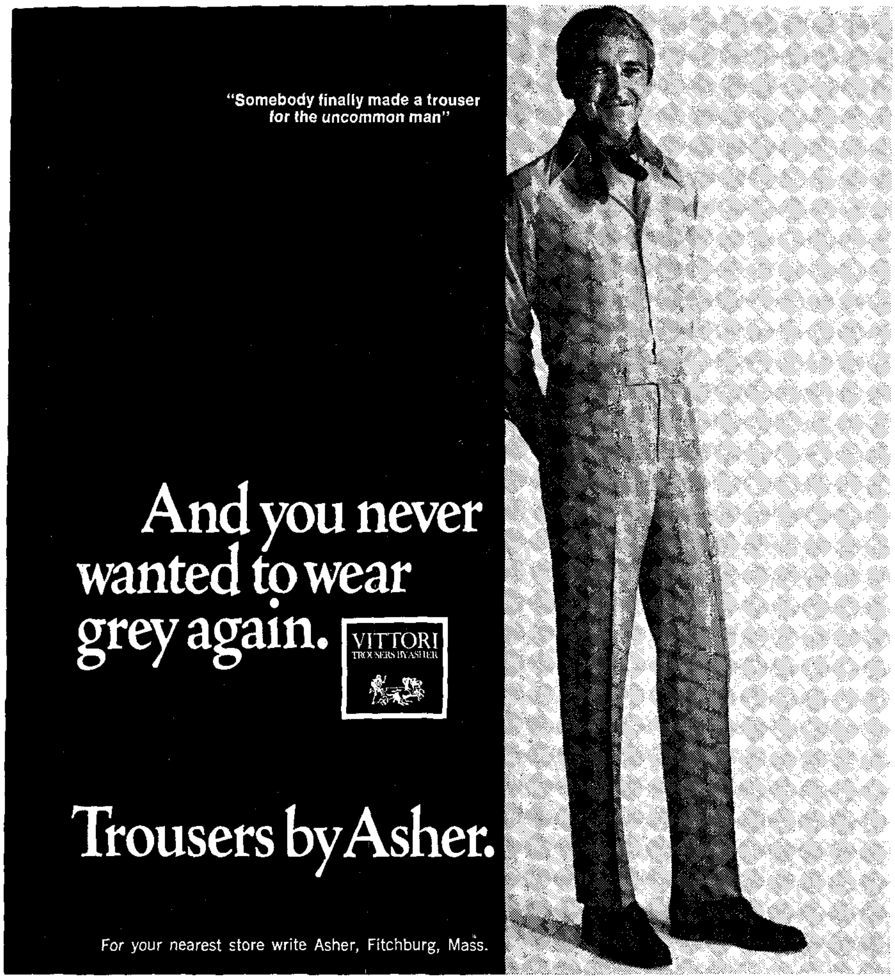
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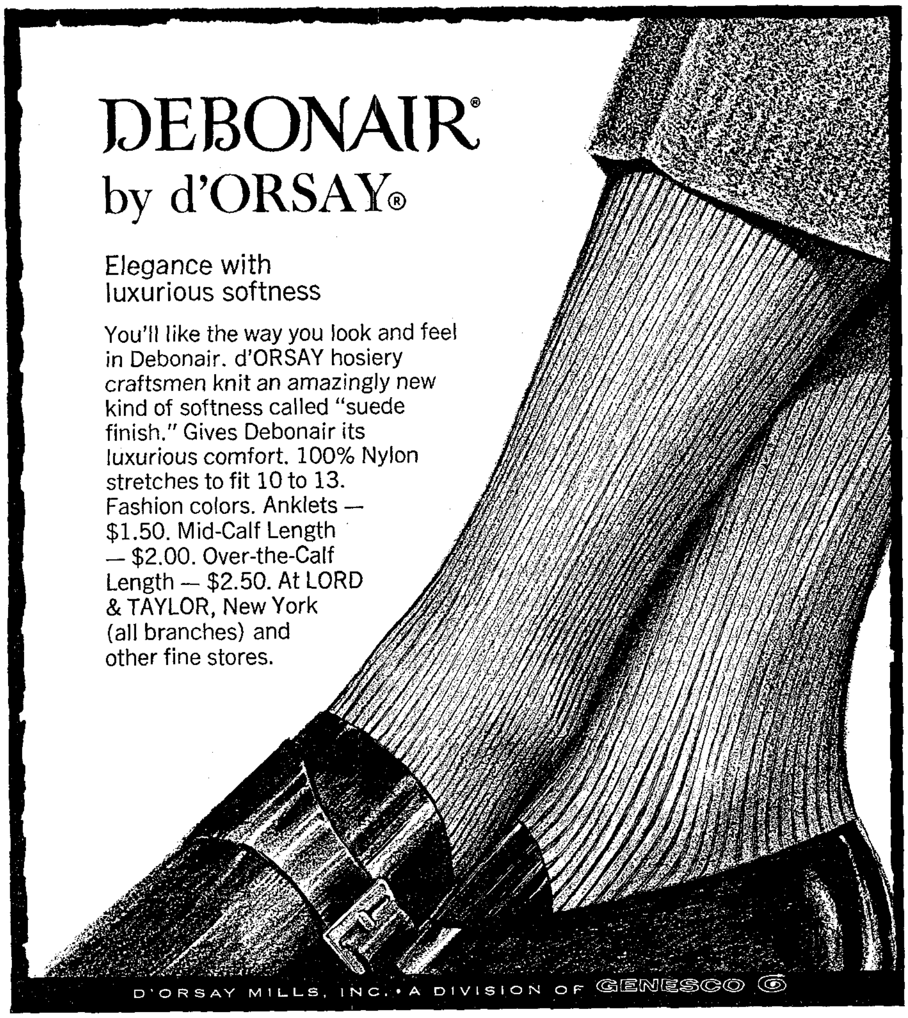
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was nearly forty years old and had high blood pressure and deserved a little happiness before he died.

He telephoned a third time: He wanted to bring the girl to the house; there was no reason why he, Ann, and the girl should not discuss the situation like civilized human beings, he said. Ann said, "All right, Fennie. Anything to give you a little happiness before you die."

Ann had not realized to what extent despair had wrapped itself around her spirit until the girl came to the house that evening with Fennie. She was Southern, young, and timid, and Ann minded terribly that the girl was brainless and had soft, plump legs—"But her legs are neither here nor there," Ann said to herself—and she minded the girl's compliments on the house and furniture. "What a truly lovely old house this is," the girl said tensely. "This is the girl I love," Fennie said. Ann said she was perfectly willing to divorce Fennie. He said—in front of the girl—that Ann was in no fit condition to make a decision. Ann said, "Then why are we talking? Why did you bring the girl here?" Fennie said Ann was making a scene, and the recriminations began.

THE psychoanalyst's office was not far from the Mall. Ann said, her hand partly shielding her eyes, "My life's in pieces. I'm married to a bastard. I don't know why things have turned out so badly for me. I was happy once. There was a man—he was a golden-haired workingman in Illinois. . . . It was the only love I ever knew." She went on about Walter.

The analyst said, "I think we can say you have problems that need, that *deserve* treatment." He was an affluent-looking man, not very tall, with a full body, not very fat, with gray hair, not very thick. He suggested, somehow, childhood; he shed an aroma of it—the darkened room, the leather couch, the privacy suggested those secret places, under beds, in garages, inside a closet, where children met. He spoke slowly and warmly: "I think we can say that no one should be as alone as you are."

The second time she saw him, she was uncomfortable and he said, "Analysis is not easy; it is not for everyone."

Ann began to cry. "Neither is love," she said.

Session after session, for the first dozen weeks, she cried. She apologized for crying so much.

"It is all right if you cry here," the

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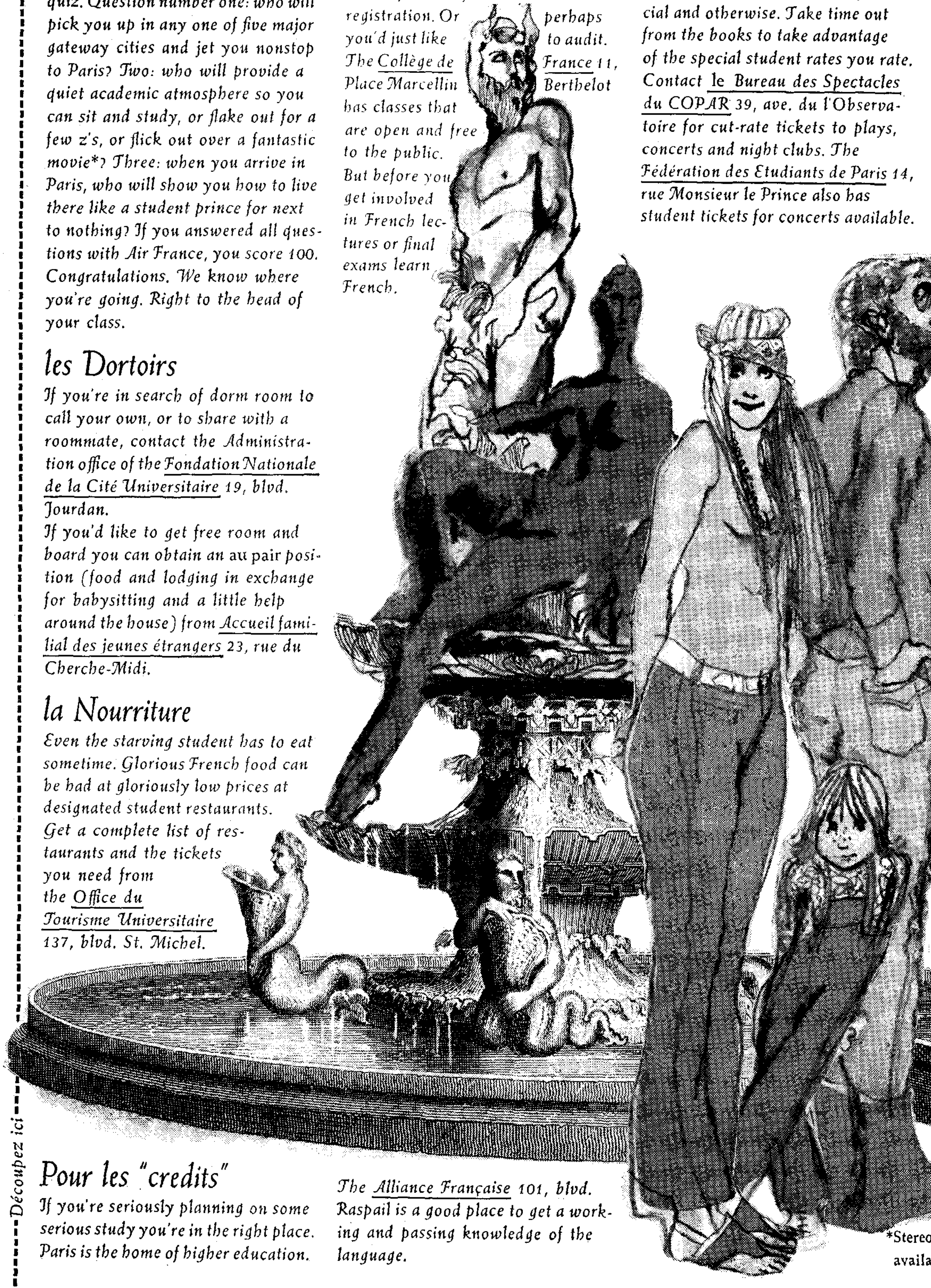

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Contact the Bureau des Renseignements Universitaires 47, rue des Écoles for all information and registration. Or perhaps you'd just like to audit. The Collège de France 11, Place Marcellin Berthelot has classes that are open and free to the public. But before you get involved in French lectures or final exams learn French.

Pour les "non-credits"

Student life began in the Latin Quarter over 800 years ago. And, there's plenty of life in the students yet. Social and otherwise. Take time out from the books to take advantage of the special student rates you rate. Contact le Bureau des Spectacles du COPAR 39, ave. du l'Observatoire for cut-rate tickets to plays, concerts and night clubs. The Fédération des Etudiants de Paris 14, rue Monsieur le Prince also has student tickets for concerts available.

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Vocabulaire

pass: être reçu (à un examen)
fail: échouer (à un examen)
cramming: bachotage
how many cuts are we allowed? combien de séchages sont permis?
can I borrow your notes for French Lit? puis-je emprunter vos notes sur la littérature française?
I know the answer, it's the question I don't understand: je connais la réponse, c'est la question que je ne comprends pas.

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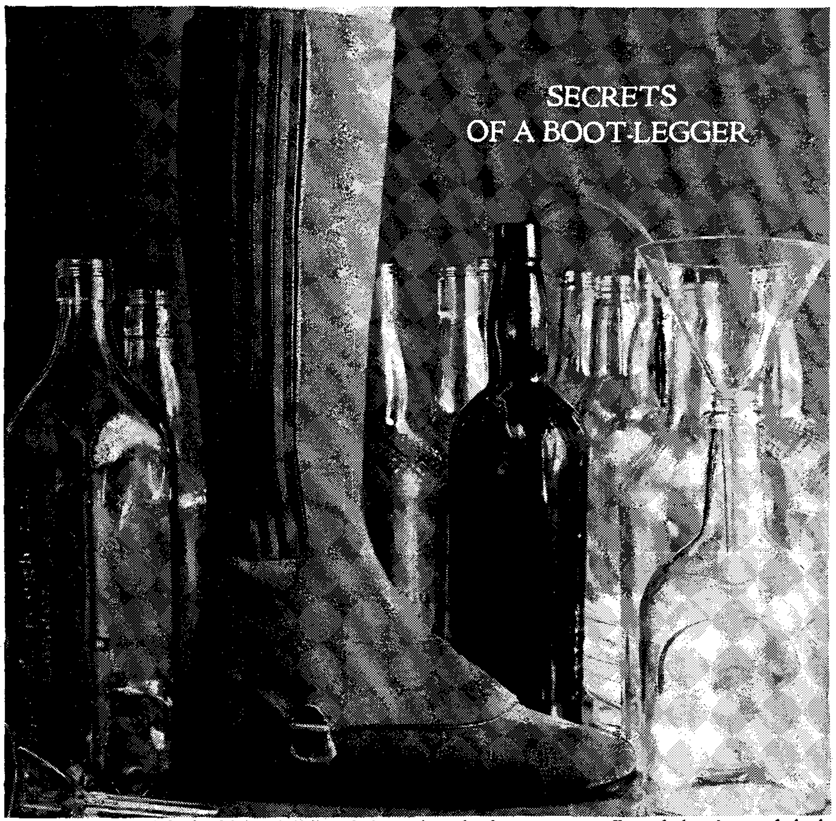

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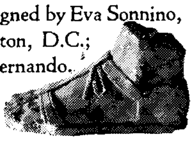

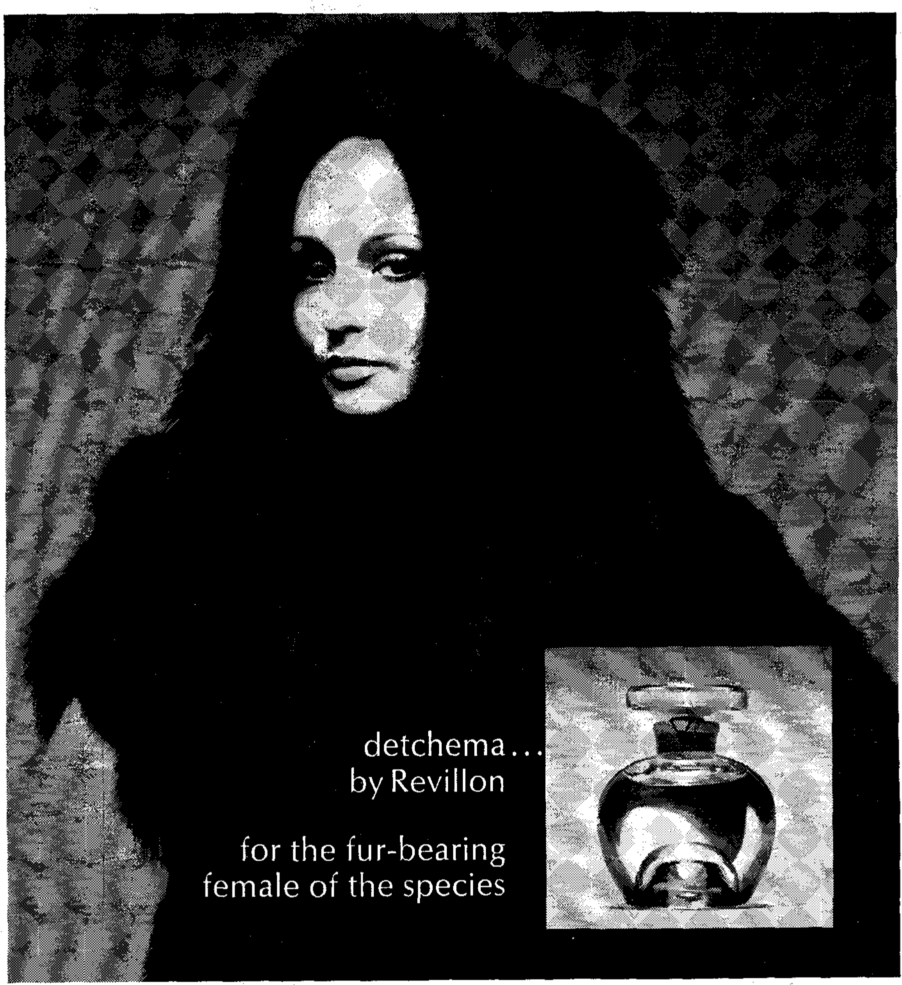

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doctor said over and over, with the same little smile.

One day, Ann cried, "But I was happy *once!*"

The doctor said, "You were happy—the happiness you refer to, was it more in your body or in your mind?"

"Why—it wasn't in my mind!" Ann cried. "I knew in my mind it couldn't last!"

The next day, she said to the doctor, "You're very, very sensitive."

The doctor said, "There is a sympathy between us. We are congenial."

He dressed like a social climber, but Ann liked him, and told him so.

The doctor told her he hoped she was making a transference. "Your feelings about me are a major part of your analysis—because *they* are not in the past."

She said her feelings toward the doctor were warm. He said yes, that was a step toward transference, and smiled.

Ann did not talk about Walter anymore. She did not sleep with Fennie. When the doctor asked her if she ever thought about taking a lover, she said, "Where would I get the time?"

The doctor asked if there was no one she was attracted to, and Ann said there was a man who ran a filling station in Alexandria—"But I don't want to make a habit of the working class." She said, "I'm attracted to you—mildly. As a matter of fact," she added. "No one ever seduces *me*." She broke off. "I'm not the sort of woman who gets crushes on her doctor." She said, "Why aren't you a famous psychoanalyst? Is there something wrong with you?" she whispered.

The doctor said proudly, "I do not belong to any organized camp. I walk my own path. There is no publicity *apparat* to inflate my reputation. You think I do not get enough recognition? You would like to be prouder of me?"

"Yes," Ann whispered.

Long after she had left the office each day, she went on speaking to him—until two or three o'clock in the morning, hardly pausing even when she heard Fennie let himself into the house and get ready for bed on the second floor; Ann slept on the third floor, or, rather, lay awake on the third, too interested in what she had to say to the doctor to sleep.

She said to the doctor, "Last night I dreamed you and I lived alone in a pretty house on a hill. It was in the country. We were very good friends. It was a happy dream." She giggled. "Can you imagine?" She burst into tears: "I'm overintense."

He spoke to her of the collective unconscious, of introversion, of the libi-

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do, of the superego. They discussed her dreams. They discussed her transference. They discussed her passionate nature.

At first, she could not believe it when she began to lust after the doctor. She felt—he gave her the symbol in a discussion of a dream—the heavy roots of wings enter her back. She talked about Walter, and the farm boy, and Fennie, and it seemed to her the wings beat restlessly, clubbed her about the head. She suffered an erotic concussion.

The doctor said to her she did not understand transference, that she was transposing to the doctor feelings meant for her father: "The incest taboo confuses you." He said it was all right for her to lust after him—lust was not unhealthy. The doctor said, "You are living out an archetypal pattern in your life."

When she slept, she slept badly. She dreamed. Even when she did not recognize the doctor in her dreams, he pointed out that he was present: the windows in her dream that she threw herself out of, that she tried to open, were him; his first name, as she knew, was Winthrop.

"It would be nice," Ann said, staring at the ceiling, "to have a sexual thing with a really perceptive man, a man I could talk to."

"You are experimenting with one of the modes used by patients to interfere with transference."

Ann asked, "Am I ugly?"

The doctor said she had a distinctive charm.

Ann took a deep breath. "How ugly am I?"

"You are not ugly."

"How far am I from being beautiful?"

The doctor said she was asking a meaningless question.

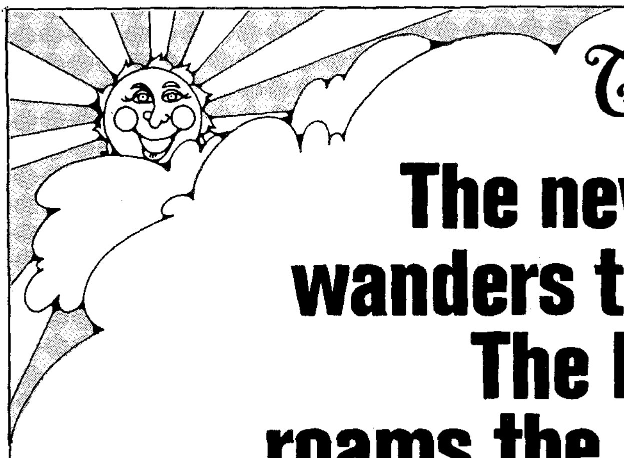
Ann began to cry. "I think I'm too old for decency," she said. "No man wants a woman as she really is. Men want women to be imaginary."

The doctor said, "You are under severe tension. The middle years are difficult. Marriages last too long. Well, our time is up. Dry your eyes. I will see you on Thursday."

She said, "There is a lie in this analysis. You take my money. You make me feel terrible things. It's like a terrible love affair."

The doctor said, "Your analogy is not a true one. You do not want to go to bed with me. You want to go to bed with your *father*." Ann made a hissing noise. "We analysts know that transference is not love."

Ann said, "You should never have



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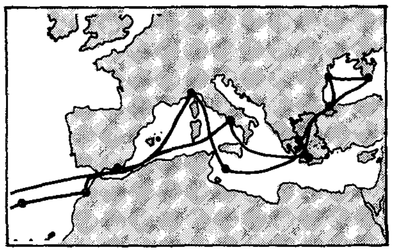

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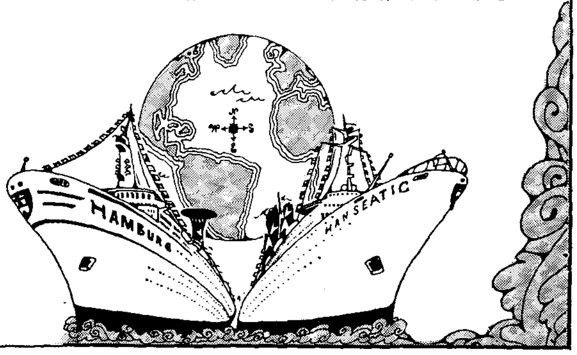

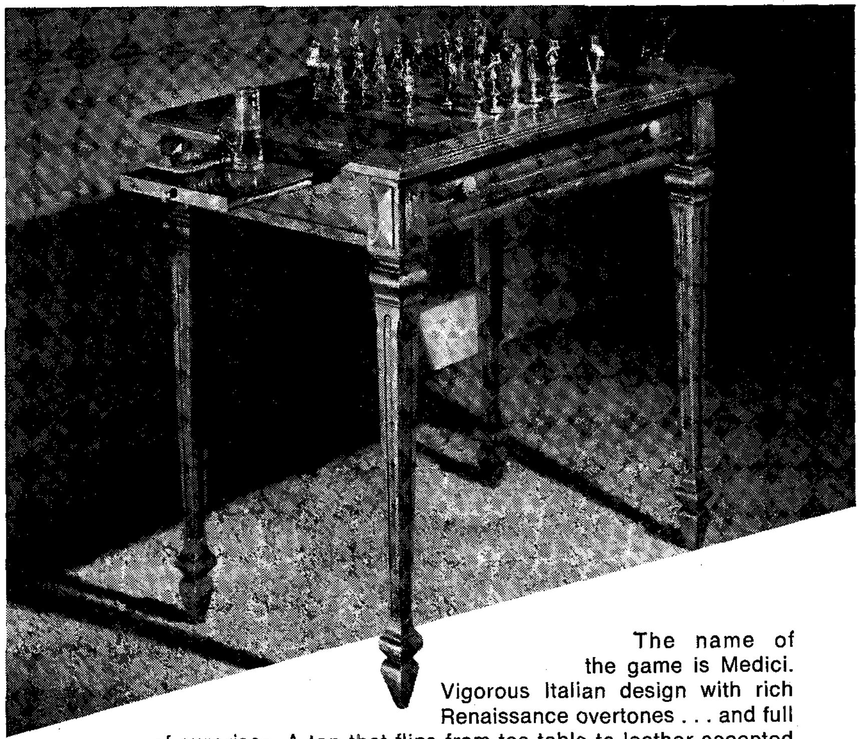

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interfered with me. You never intended to be sincere."

Another day, she said, "If there's a Hell, there's a place in it for women like me."

"Now, now," the doctor said. "Let's not exaggerate."

Ann said, "No one else's face is real to me. If you loved me, I would never make a scene. I wouldn't bother you. I wouldn't get in your way. . . ."

The doctor said, "Let us examine what you said. *You promise to be good.* Here we have the psychological heart of Christianity: the libido in a state of longing will promise anything. Christianity represents a great psychological advance over Paganism. It reproduces the *family*. It invented romantic love. Is this not why?"

"I suppose so," Ann said dully.

"Paganism allows to the woman only the god's *animal* presence. A woman deserves more than that."

Ann said with tears in her eyes, "I was happy with Walter."

The doctor said, "But what does it mean when a woman wants *only* the animal presence? *It means she hates herself and desires to be superior to the analyst.*"

Ann laughed; then she cried. She said, "I'm not sure I understand about Christianity. Tell me more about Christianity. You're such a moral man. You're a *good* man."

The doctor closed his eyes and said, "I am so glad you wish at last to meet me halfway." The next day, he said, "Yesterday we made a breakthrough—we came to an end of childish egoism."

THE doctor told her she had always been inhibited because it had been dangerous for her as a female child to have feelings. "But now you have been freed. You are ready to be more giving. You have overcome much of your self-involvement. You can be your womanly self—warm and sympathetic. . . . Tell me," the doctor said sternly, "you are feeling well? You are feeling happy?"

Ann could not bring herself ever to disappoint him. She said, "Yes. I'm *much* better. You *are* a wonderful doctor."

Fennie came home two evenings a week to see the children. Ann noticed his exhaustion and said in a voice very like the doctor's, "Fennie, is something troubling you at this time?"

Fennie said that the Department was falling apart, two of his memos had been sidetracked that week; that the Russians and the English, the left and right wings, and the State Department

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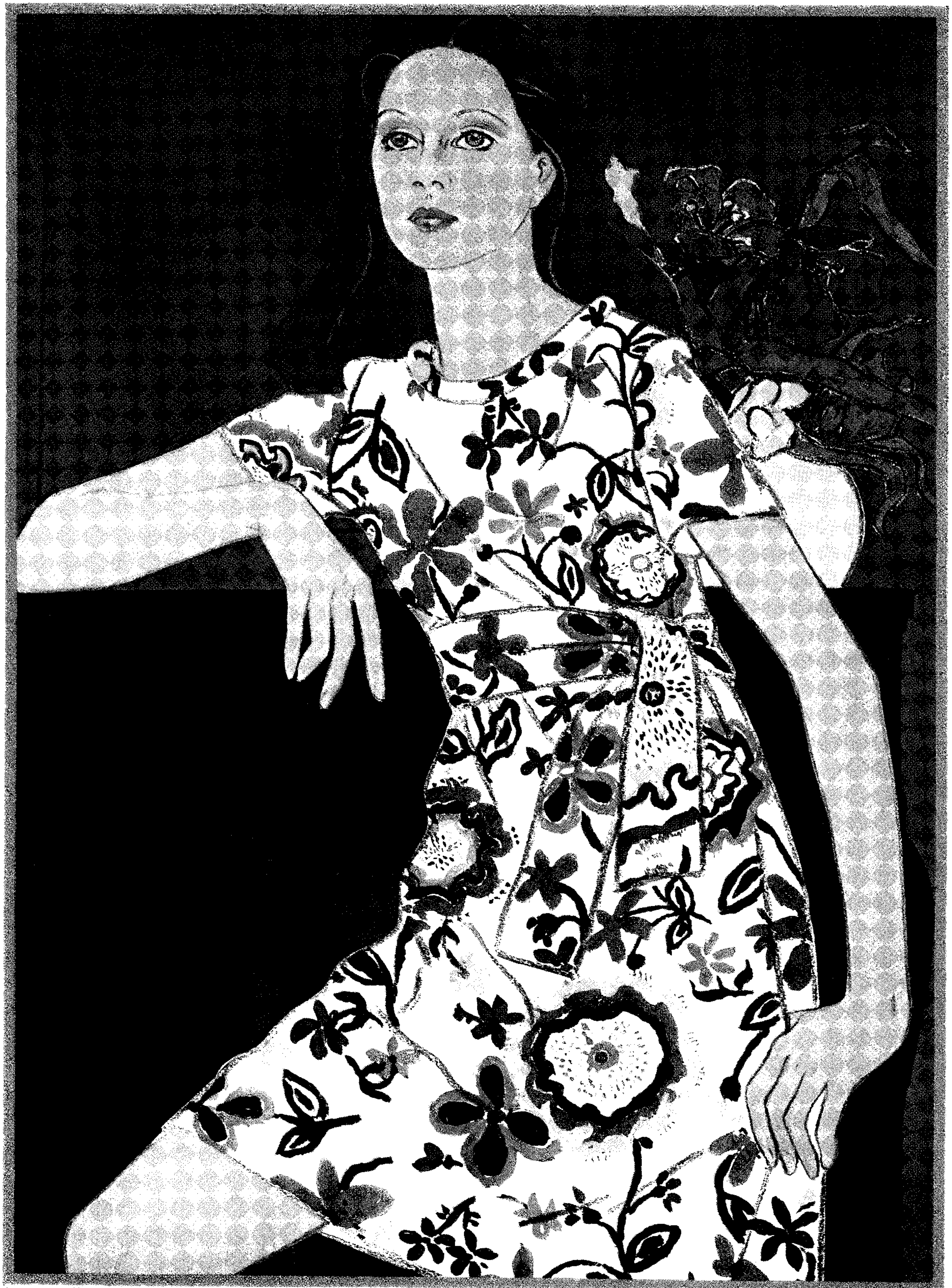

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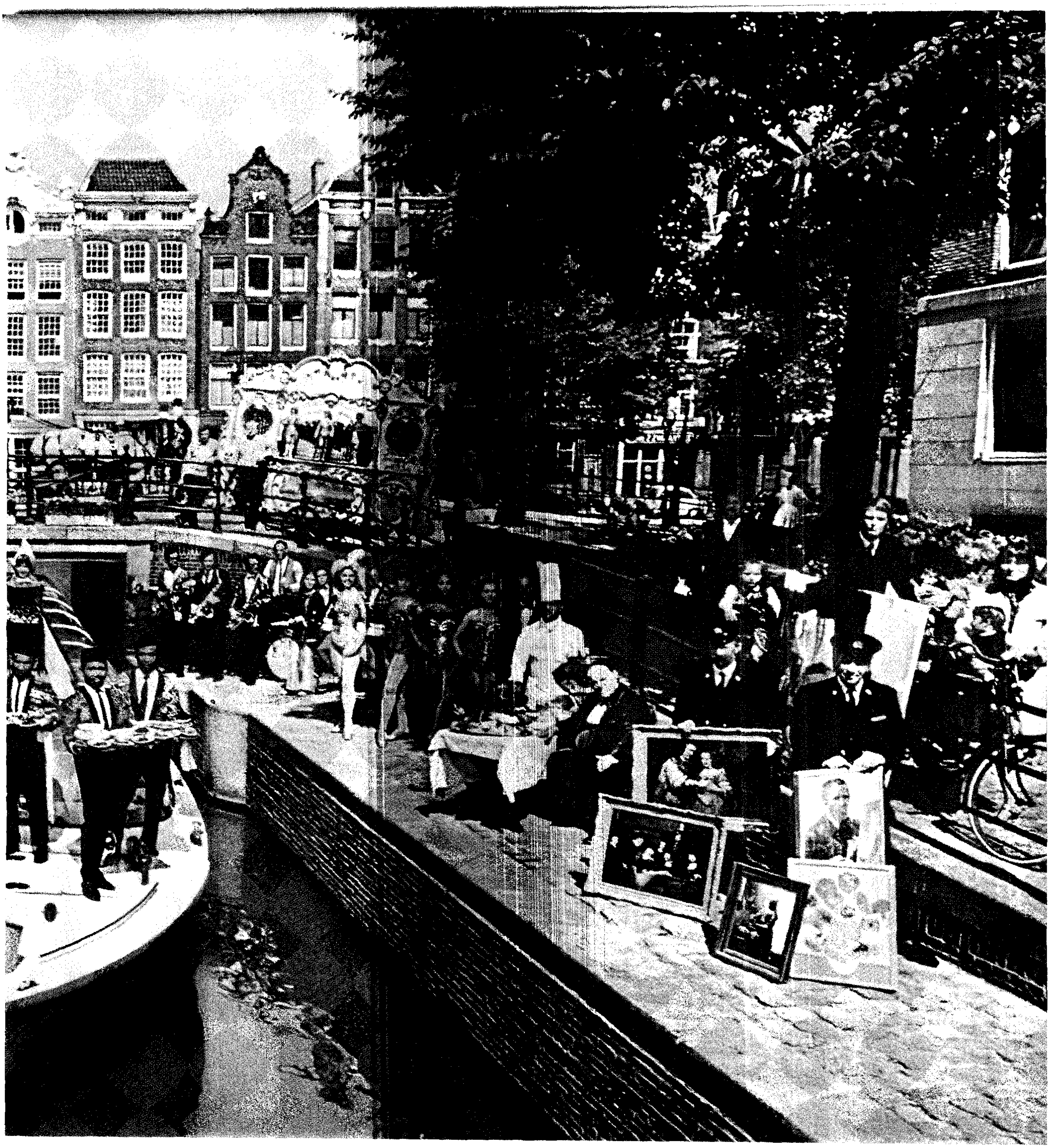

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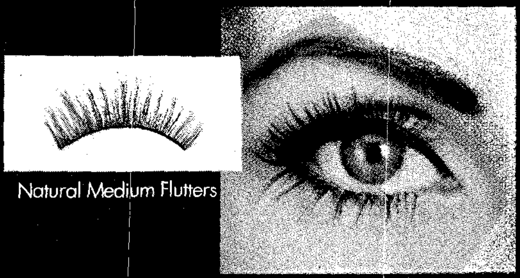

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had factions in the Department. "It's a mess," Fennie said dejectedly.

"Fennie," Ann said, "that's not very different from what you've always said about the Department. We have to go deeper. Let's try and find out what you're trying to hide."

"The Department won't recover from this mess," Fennie said. "The end of the war is coming, and no one's loyal to the Department anymore. Franklyn's diddled everyone. He's a disappointed man. He didn't make Under-Secretary; he has a grudge. There's no one to turn to. He's got everyone lined up. They're playing footsie with the right wing. The future is being undermined, and there's nothing anyone can do."

Ann sat quite still. Slowly she raised her eyes to Fennie's face. She was possessed by, if not the spirit, then the style, of the doctor. "There must be a lot of men who don't like Franklyn," she said. "Tell me, Fennie, why don't you form your own conspiracy?"

SHE said to the doctor, "It's better if Fennie and I are friendly. It's much better for the children." She wondered if the analyst was listening. If he was preoccupied, she did not want to intrude. She became tongue-tied. She said, "I don't know what to talk about."

The doctor said, "How is your novel coming?"

"My novel?"

"I'm speaking metaphorically," the doctor said.

"A metaphor? What metaphor?"

"I am being too abstruse," the doctor said—patronizingly, Ann thought.

"Perhaps you've mixed me up with another patient," Ann said.

"We must not overreact," the doctor said gently.

"You have such a healthy ego," Ann said and turned her head to the wall.

That evening, Fennie telephoned to say he wanted to stop by the house, to talk to her. "Two days in a row?" she said ironically.

She was sitting on the second floor, in the living room, when Fennie came in, with his briefcase, and sat down and said the suggestion she'd given him had led to complications: "There's a lot of interest, but we've got to have a safe place to talk. You know what the office is like. . . ." Yes, she did, Ann said; the secretaries eavesdrop, she said maliciously. Fennie wanted to have the men to the house.

Ann said, "Why not?"

Fennie said he was worried that news of what he was up to would leak

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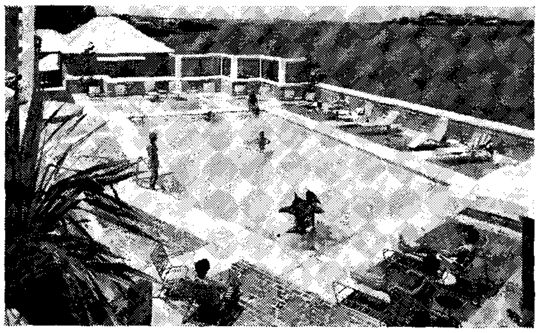

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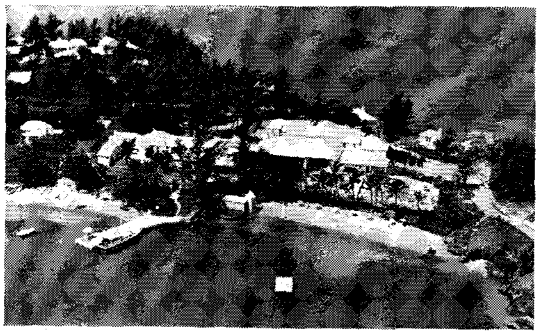

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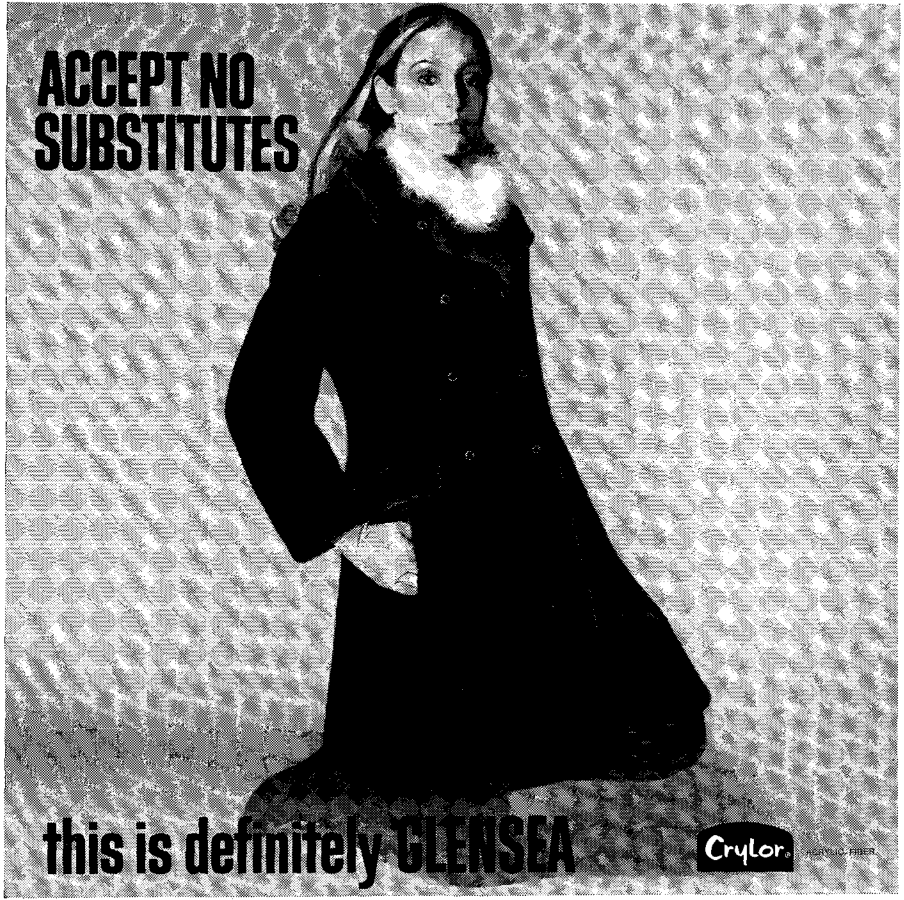

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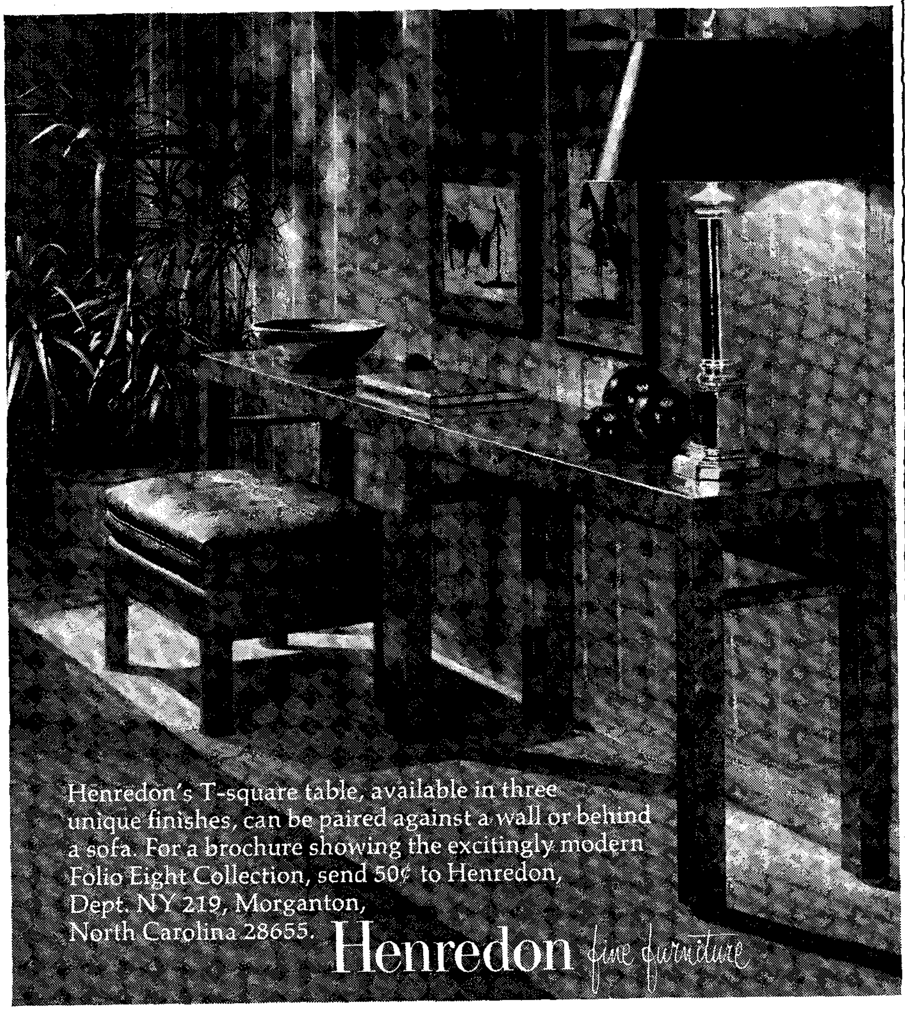

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out and the fat would be in the fire.

"So what?" Ann said. "This is an *honest* conspiracy." She said, "Publicity might help—the fence-sitters will rally around if they know there's a lesser evil. People are always on the lookout for a really lesser evil."

"Analysis seems to have sharpened your wits," Fennie said.

Ann looked at Fennie. A husband was on the whole a lesser evil than a psychoanalyst; she had no real hope of finding a happy love anywhere.

When she saw the doctor, her feelings for him struck her anew, they were so strong, so unyielding still. She said, "You have to play with people's minds, it's all propaganda, love is in the imagination." She said, "That's the way it is. Fennie has no mystery."

She said, "It doesn't do much good to hold a man's feet of clay against him. A woman who loves can't go looking for a lesser evil—she wouldn't know a lesser evil if she found one. . . . I'm always trying to grow an apple orchard in a flowerpot." Her love for the doctor was colored now by hopelessness, devotion, resignation.

She lay still while the doctor said she was worried about acting as a hostess for Fennie. "The incest taboo in your case has become a flirtation taboo. Therefore, social life is impossible for you."

At five that afternoon, she was at home and heard a car drive up: it was Fennie with a colleague. Ann shook hands dreamily with him when he entered the living room; she let her glance linger; her eyelids drooped with sexuality. It had been a year and a half since she had slept with anyone. Fennie's colleague smiled, pleased by the welcome he'd received.

Ann said to the doctor the next day, "Last night there were five men at the house. I flirted with all of them. I thought I was exaggerating about their liking me, but two of them followed me to the kitchen and made propositions. Not at the same time. Fennie noticed. He didn't say anything. He was drunk. After I went to bed, I was thinking of you, I was thinking about analysis. I wanted—I wished I was about to have a—I—" She wanted to say that lust was not the word to describe her desire; she said, "I wasn't—I wasn't—I was in a *mood*." She cried, "I wish you would explain it to me! Women's desire is so much worse than men's!"

"What do you mean by that?" the doctor asked.

"I don't know. I thought you might explain it to me."

The doctor said, "Freud remarked

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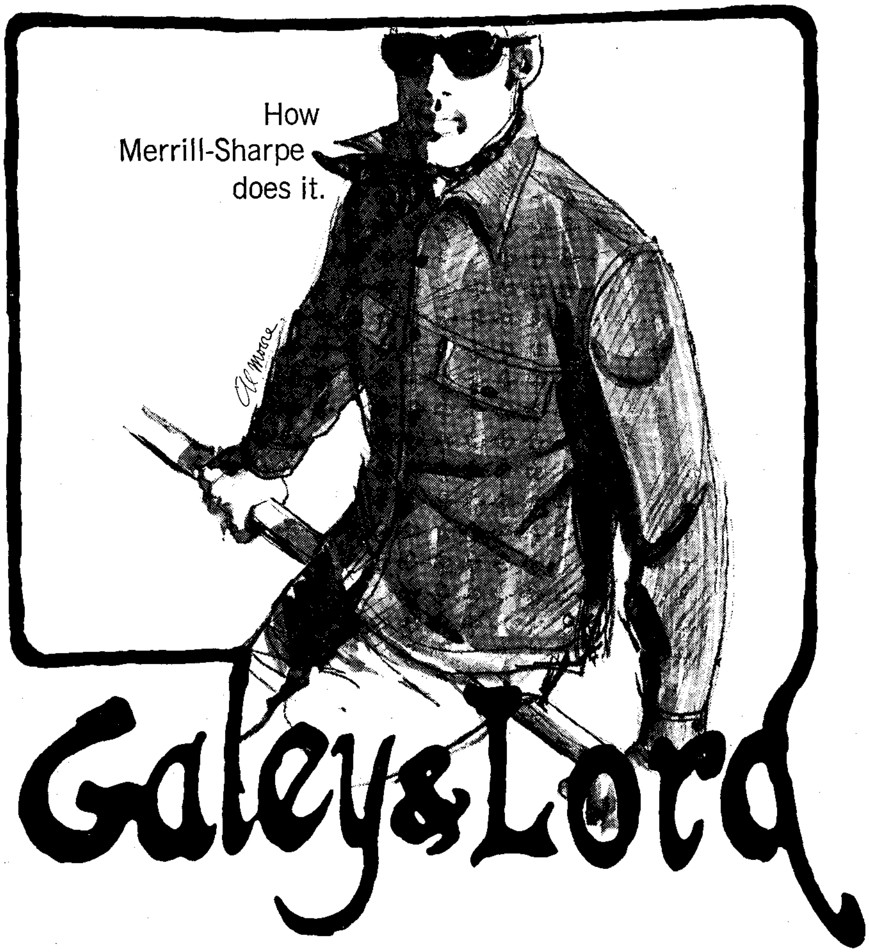

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toward the end of his life that he had never been able to discover what it was that women really wanted."

Ann laughed dutifully because it would please the doctor. She said, "I slept with Fennie."

"Did you do it to punish me?" the doctor asked.

She said, "I don't know. Maybe. All the doors in the house were open, to catch the breeze. I heard the children; I heard Fennie tossing—he was making noises in his sleep. He called my name. At least, I think it was my name. It could have been a kind of snore—'Ann' or—" She imitated a sound, stertorous n's drawn out. "I know the body and mind are one," she said loyally, "but it wasn't like that. It was a—a bodily thing."

She climbed out of bed and stood. She tiptoed to the second floor; she whispered, "Fennie, what is it?" She said to the doctor, "He didn't answer. He really was asleep." She said, "I felt like giggling but I analyzed my emotions and decided I was nervous and didn't really want to giggle—I made myself stop and think about my motives. They seemed all right. I thought, Everybody else does what they want. He didn't misunderstand. He was asleep at first, and then he was only half awake, and when he really woke up he didn't talk. I don't know if he ever was really awake. Yes. He was. Afterward he said, 'What do—' No. He was grammatical. He said, '*To* what do I owe this—' " She thought, she strove to recall his speech. " '—this token of affection?' And then I did giggle a little bit." She laughed, coaxingly. She said quickly, "I'm sure I did it a little to get even with you. And, besides, I was starved for—for *that.*" She said, "I don't know why I use euphemisms with you. I never used to use them."

The doctor said, "You are not rebellious anymore."

She said, "I don't want to sleep with strangers—there's no room in my life for strangers."

The next day she said, "You know what I feel like? I feel like a seagull. I've had to fly for years and years in a storm, but now I can rest. I've found help. I've found you. The steep waves won't drown me."

The doctor said, "What a lovely image for the stage in analysis you have reached! It projects so beautifully your wish to spread your newly strong wings and fly into maturity."

Ann was silent. There was no end to what that son of a bitch expected of

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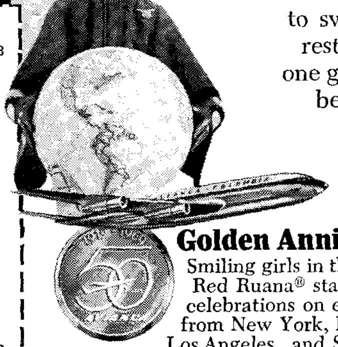

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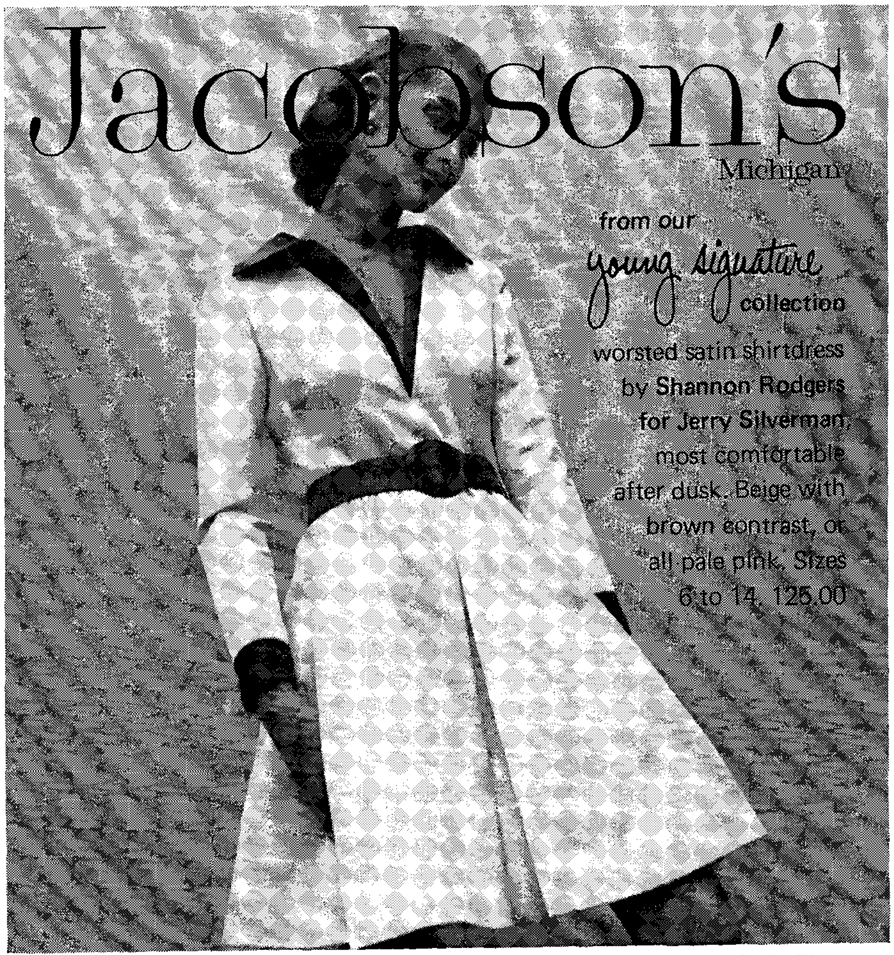

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her; now that son of a bitch wanted her to be cured.

One night Fennie said, "Are you ever coming to visit me again after I'm asleep?" Ann said, "Why don't we talk things over, Fennie?" But Fennie said she should save her words for her analyst. He was abrupt in a not very bitter way. He and Ann went to bed together. Ann said, "My own, my very own Fennie." He stiffened; he seemed put out. Ann said in a comradely voice, "My pal Fennie," and he relaxed.

She said to the doctor, "What I have is I have a lot of nothing!"

The doctor did not comment. She could not see him. He was only a presence.

She cried on the streetcar going home.

She played with her children for a little while and then sent them upstairs with the maid, a Norwegian refugee girl. Fennie was bringing more men home. He was in one of his most bastardly moods. He came down to the kitchen to get ice. Ann was making sandwiches. She said, "Don't get overexcited. Nobody wants to deal with an overexcited conspirator."

"Get off my back," Fennie said.

He went upstairs. Ann sliced tomatoes for the sandwiches; the tomatoes looked like fat, malformed hearts. It was going to rain. Outside, the wind puffed and rustled, fell silent, started up again. Ann rushed out into the back yard; she uttered a muted, gooselike honking, an *onh*, *onh*, *onh*, a sound that harmonized with the wind, half humor, half breathlessness. She gathered up two dolls, some tin teacups and saucers—dime-store toys her daughters played with. The light was strange and pure; Ann thought of it as a mystic butter spread on the earth's bread. From the house came the sound of Fennie shouting. Ann hurried inside, dropped the toys into a box; she hurried in the kitchen; she gathered the sandwiches already made and piled them on a plate. She hurried down the dark hallway and climbed the stairs to the living room. Fennie was still shouting. To control her fright, she pretended the living room was full of psychoanalysts.

She said, "I have sandwiches. Two kinds. Swiss cheese," she said, "and lettuce and tomato." She felt the tension in the room focus on her—then the tension broke.

"The idea of food is relaxing to worried men," Ann said to the doctor. "I'm a help to Fennie now in a way that he understands."

The doctor said, "It is a beautiful moment when a patient achieves objectivity in her self-evaluations."

Ann said, "Fennie still sees that girl occasionally." She decided on Fennie's motives: "He doesn't want to give in too easily. . . . He wants to punish his mother for needing her. . . ." She spoke with triumph, like a successful detective in a murder mystery, and in psychoanalytic terms, like the doctor: "Fennie's highly Oedipal—" "An excellent insight," the doctor said.

Ann said with good-natured malice, "I see through Fennie, but I don't mind." She said to the doctor, "I owe my new maturity to you." Her warmth was tempered by open irony now, life being what it was.

Early in November, she told the doctor, "He doesn't see the girl anymore, but he hasn't confessed it. He spends two nights a week out. He wants me to think he's still seeing her."

"How do you know he's not?"

"I can tell in bed," Ann said triumphantly.

Ann said, "Fennie and I might place our libidos more firmly if we had a grand get-it-off-our-chests reconciliation scene, but I'm afraid Fennie's telling me how he felt about the girl might cause me to have a violent ego reaction."

She was enthusiastic about psychoanalysis, evangelical. But she did not like to think back over her analysis; she did not want to remember the agony. "You woke me from a living death." She said, "My chief pleasure comes from my home life. My children mean more to me than anything." She said, "Fennie is the keystone of the family hearth." She said, "I can live in and cope with real-life situations."

Ann said to the doctor, "Analysis is the first relationship I have ever carried through." She said, "The way I threw myself at you—I completely misunderstood transference." She laughed. She said, "This is a little like it was after Walter, except that all the neurotic patterns have been broken." She said, "You were always as much a Walter figure to me as a father figure. Of course I realize Walter was a father figure." She said, "Life is war, I guess. Affection makes it bearable." She said affection itself was one of the cruelties, like death—one of the perils, along with the egos of other people. She said, "I ought to write a novel about men."

The doctor said, "Patients never forget what they think are their doctor's blunders."

"Reality is reality," Ann said.

The doctor sighed. "You are han-

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dling yourself very well," he said.

Ann said, "Perspective is what matters. . . . I try to be objective and amused. . . . I am very fond of my husband. After all, that's the point of analysis, isn't it—if you can be fond of your analyst, you can be fond of anyone?"

The doctor said, "Talking to you, seeing you so *womanly*, makes me wonder how some people can think Freud was mistaken."

He said in a voice that imparted parental reassurance while at the same time establishing a lack of faith in her, "You can always come back and see me when you get into trouble." He said, "I want to make you a little present: there will be no charge for this hour."

"You'll make me cry," Ann said—she wasn't afraid of ambiguity.

Later, she found that she missed the doctor and Walter both.

V

FOR a long time after analysis, Ann thought of honesty as being the ability to admit the paramount importance of toilet training in the formation of character. She thought of herself as having a "relationship" with Fennie and "relationships"—necessarily "ambivalent"—with her daughters. She said to herself, "I think things through." Ann did not find that analysis had prepared her for life—it had been a tunnel out of the shadows into the here. She was forceful. She imitated a woman from Philadelphia who served with her on three charitable committees and had a way of imposing her will. "Hoo-de-hoo hooey to that!" the woman would say forcefully. Ann took it up: "Hoo-de-hoo hooey!" she would cry.

She avoided mental intimacy with anyone. She became bored and restless and then angry if Fennie talked about ideas or her mind too much. She did not like to talk about ideas; she and Fennie were bohemians and liberals. She who had rarely gossiped when she was young gossiped now. She liked only to talk about people. She was delighted by anecdotes. She wanted her daughters "free to develop themselves," she said—"healthy." She tried not to invest too much emotion in them.

Fennie gardened and played bridge twice a week with men from the Department. Ann joined a bird-watching group. "Ann's a whizzbang at warblers," Fennie said; he talked like an Ivy Leaguer more and more the older he grew, and it was never clear how much or how little irony he intended. "Fennie has the touch when it comes to delphiniums," Ann said; she retained her Middle Western accent; it took people a while to realize she, too, was ironic.

Fennie never talked about love. Ann said, "We're not like people who have been psychoanalyzed and talk of nothing else." She said, "Fennie and I fulfill each other's needs."

She was ambitious for Fennie's sake. She angled to advance his interests and the interests of her family. She used her plainness; people trusted her. She spoke dryly of "life's combats—blood on the teeth." She was a dry woman—that was her own opinion of herself. She had no daydreams.

Something they did constantly, she and Fennie, was to measure themselves and the way they lived against other couples' methods; a large part of living consisted of convincing themselves that they deserved to be the better part of any comparison. She said, "I'm as happy as any woman has a right to be."

When Ann was forty-five years old, she began to feel unwell, angry, and oppressed. "I've been a servant all my life," she said. She argued, "Women are the true lower classes." She consulted a gynecologist. Ann had expected to enter old age without difficulty because of the operation she'd had before the war, but the gynecologist told her she had been mistaken. "You mean I have to go through the whole song and dance?" Ann said angrily.

Fennie told their daughters to be careful of Ann—"Your mother isn't herself."

One morning when an autumn light filled the kitchen, and the maid, an Austrian immigrant (a telephone lineman had broken her heart, or, as Ann believed, her ego), was scurrying tragically between the stove and the back porch—the back porch had been, Ann put it, "fixed up as our eating area: it's not just a dining area," she would explain; "we breakfast and lunch there, too;" her wit was of that sort that year—and her daughters were quarrelling, Ann thought she could not bear to be in despair again.

Ann said to the maid, to her daughters, to Fennie, "Be big! Be big! Be big!"

She walked out of the kitchen, out the front door of the house and down the street. Fennie told the maid and the girls to stay where they were, and he hurried after Ann. He caught up to her before she reached the corner. He

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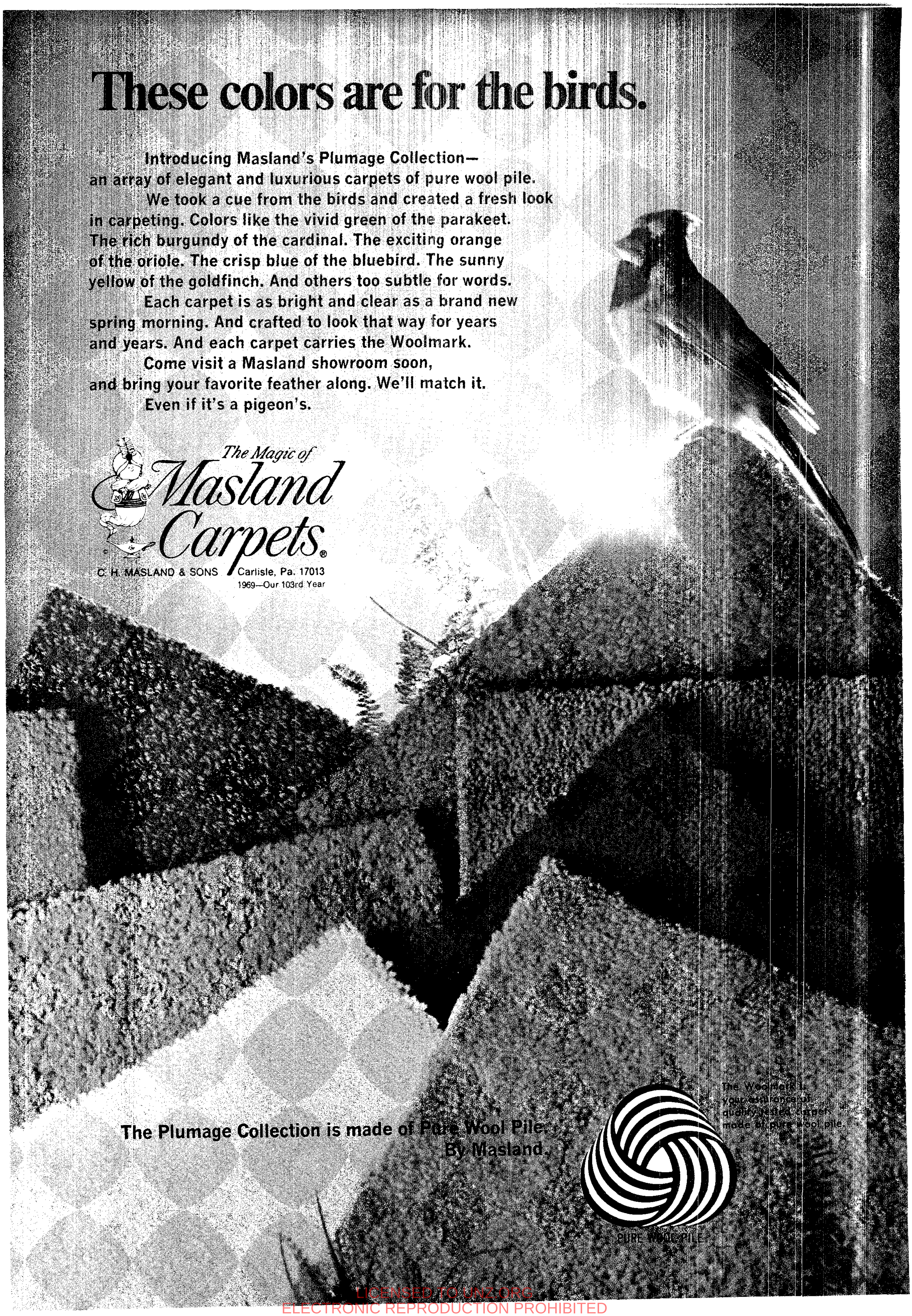

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said, "Do you feel nervous today?"

"It's not all just in my mind, Fennie!" Ann cried.

Fennie mixed a touch of complaint with solicitude: "You don't feel well?"

Scornfully, Ann said, "Nothing's ever just in the body, either, Fennie!"

Fennie murmured, "The neighbors."

Ann said, "I mean it, Fennie. I'm tired of being small. I don't care about the neighbors."

Fennie chewed on his lip. "No one's had any breakfast," he said.

"Be big," Ann said. "Fast. Fasting's good for you."

Fennie smiled. "Come back to the house. We'll all be big."

He was joking, but to placate Ann he tried being bolder and larger; so did the girls. Nobility became a family style; Ann worried that her family seemed foolish and doomed. "Why can't you be realistic?" she would cry. If it was not the younger girl's refusing to mention the pains in her stomach that turned out to be appendicitis, it was the elder's confessing the following year that she was not a virgin: "Mother, he was so sad." That was when Ann cried, "Why can't you be realistic?" The children continued to quarrel: "Mummie," said the younger, "Louise is being small and won't lend me her blouse." The nobility of soul Ann longed for appeared, came into focus, grew frail, transparent—was it there or not? She did not know. She thought, *Once I was a woman; now I am objective and amused.* But at moments the souls of her daughters and of her husband did seem to blossom into largeness of feeling.

Ann would burst out laughing, seemingly for no reason.

"What's funny?" Fennie would ask.

"We are," Ann said. "I am. Everything is." At first, she laughed alone, but after a while Fennie laughed with her.

They drank, the two of them, together, heavily. Ann had two Martinis before dinner, and then a succession of highballs until bedtime. She would become benevolent or quarrelsome—Fennie could not predict her mood.

Ann went to see an endocrinologist. She said, "Actually, my condition is mild, but lately I've developed an upsetting symptom. I have—ah—desires for men in public life." She spoke quickly: "It used to be particularly Anthony Eden but now it's Nehru." She said, "I don't like upsetting my husband." The doctor gave her an injection. Ann said, "It's so silly." After the injection she felt faint. "Being a woman isn't

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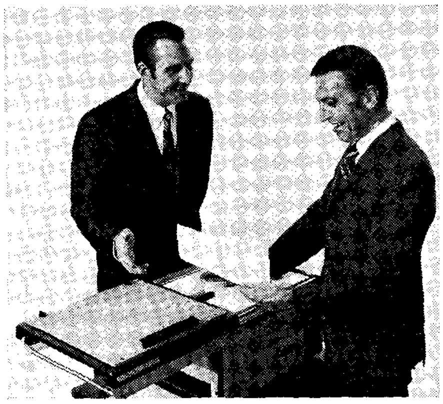

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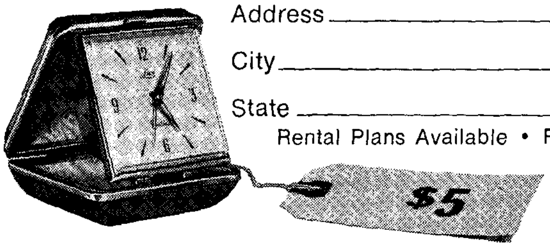


easy," she told the doctor. He was not a bad-looking man.

At the time when the furor over Communists in Washington was very great, Ann said, "Fennie, will they dig up my old membership in the Party? Will they hurt you?"

Fennie said, "It was a long time ago and you changed your name—when you married; it isn't likely anyone would remember such a marginal member as you were—"

Ann said, "I'm glad I was a Communist! I didn't just talk. I tried to do something for mankind!"

Fennie said crossly, "You were an idiot then, you're an idiot now, you'll always be an idiot, and you can't hold your liquor worth a good goddam."

When they were tired of quarrelling and of being defiant—safely, with each other—they went up to bed and, frightened, fell asleep holding hands.

After the Army-McCarthy hearings, Ann's youthful dereliction not having been discovered, Fennie took Ann to New York City for a four-day vacation. They stayed at the Biltmore and went to the theatre and to a few museums. Fennie laughed at himself; he said, "We're on a real spree."

He said she was a pretty good wife for him.

They always walked to the theatre. Ann fussed that Fennie would catch cold. She was an unpretentious, odd-looking, ugly-handsome woman. She admired New York; it seemed to her to be a city where people did things for amusement.

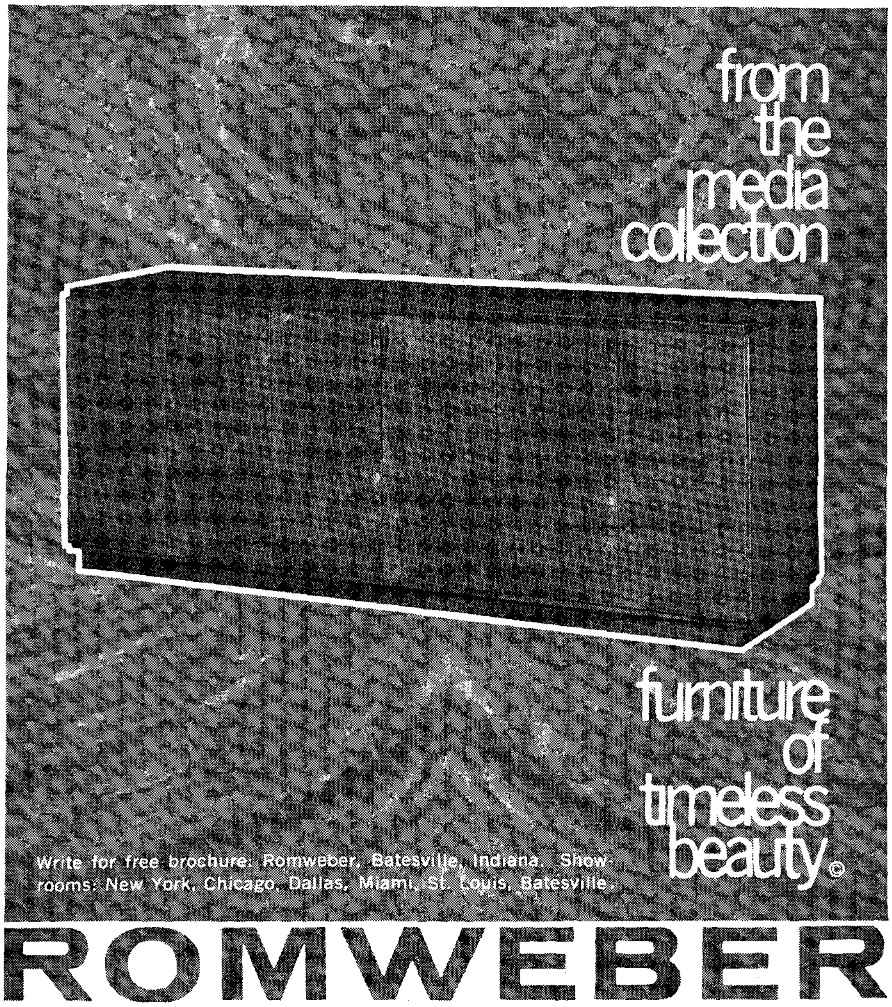
When she and Fennie returned to Alexandria, to the empty house—the girls away at college—and Ann was alone and began to think, she felt a mild carelessness; she was not young anymore, not cautious. Her thoughts more and more dwelt on Fennie. At first Fennie was taken aback by the new warmth—not quite indiscreet but not discreet, either—of her interest in him. He said she surprised him.

Ann said, making a joke of herself, "I'll tell you my thinking on the subject, Fennie. At our age, we're obscene anyway. We may as well enjoy ourselves."

In bed, Ann was sometimes shaken by alternate fits of laughter and weeping.

One evening she and Fennie went to a dinner party. Afterward, Fennie accused her of drinking too much and sitting with her skirt above her knees. "A woman your age with her skirt rucked up," he said.

Ann said nothing. She wore a vacuous look and would not speak. Fennie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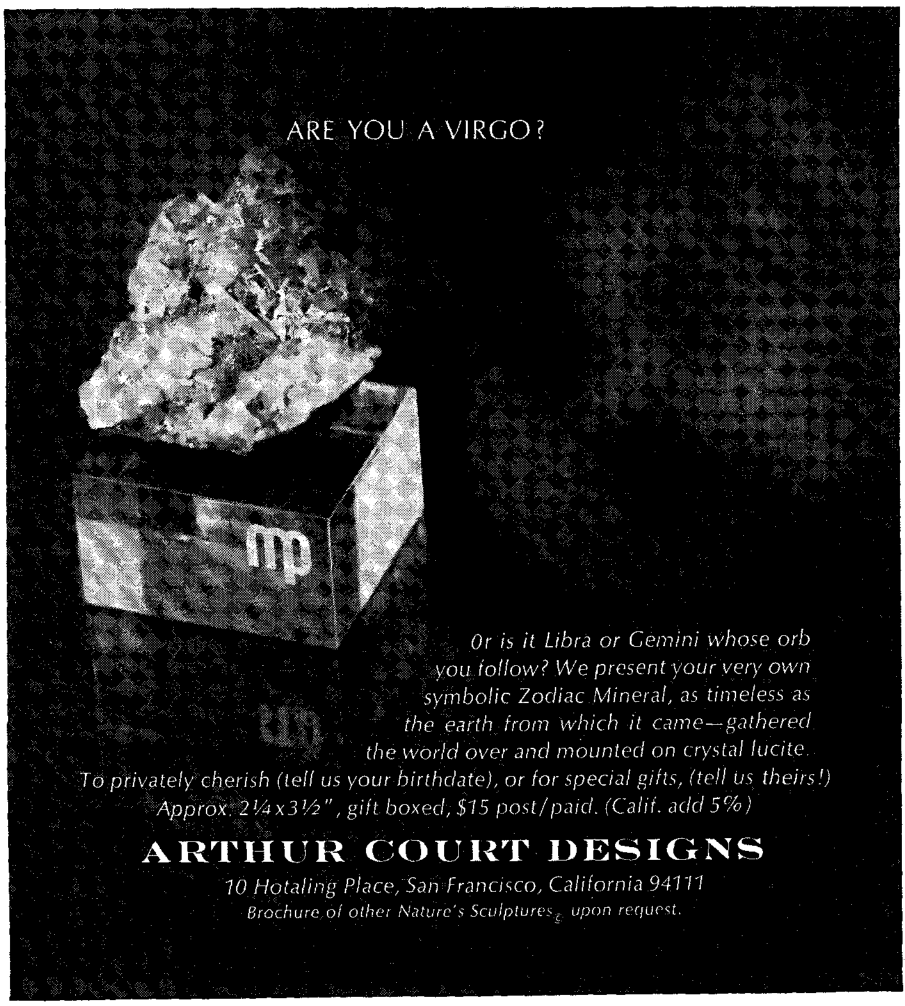
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came home from the office early the next day; he was fascinated by her mood. He kept touching her, not in a gentle but in a restless, edgy way; Ann responded with taut, difficult glances. It was the maid's day off. Ann was washing up. Fennie said, "Let me help with the dishes." He and Ann worked with a silent efficiency and familiarity with each other that slowly revealed itself to be erotic.

Ann felt that she cultivated her days and the nights with Fennie, a little Netherlands.

She wished she had a good memory for jokes. She wanted to make Fennie laugh. She thought, *He really is a very masculine man.*

She did not want to be honest; she wanted to be sympathetic. She wanted him to enjoy himself; she admired him. He was good-looking in a heavyset way; his opinions were important in the affairs of the Department.

Fennie said, "Ann, what are you up to? A little middle-aged romance?"

Charlotte, the younger daughter, home for Thanksgiving—Louise was visiting her roommate's family in Vermont—said of Ann and Fennie to her friends, "They're very close. They're very un-clinging as parents."

When Ann or Fennie forgot and was selfish or too casual, Fennie, susceptible to doubts now, and Ann, sensitive again, hated each other. But then the atmosphere between them would shift into a familiar comfort, somewhat apologetic in tone—as if they were humbled by a sense of the compromises each knew the other was making.

If Fennie was worn out or restless, Ann might be sulky or she might be patient. Fennie became exasperated if Ann paid him too much attention, or if when he was home she gave too much attention to her reading and not enough to him. It was roulette.

At moments when the responsiveness of herself to Fennie and his, reluctantly, to her became intense, Ann would experience an indefinably numbing, even shameful happiness; she would think, *My God, it's still going on.*

She did not really expect it to happen, the excitement, the somewhat dry, angular passion of argument, of companionship, and of sensuality. When it did happen, its recurrence struck her like the rattle of a drum. The passions of the middle-aged were strong, she thought, because the middle-aged had an empty space inside themselves; inside, she was as empty as a parade ground across which the shattering rattle could resound without obstruction.

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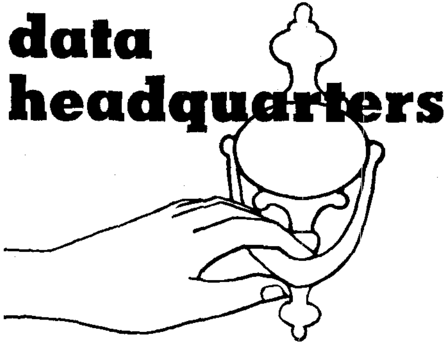

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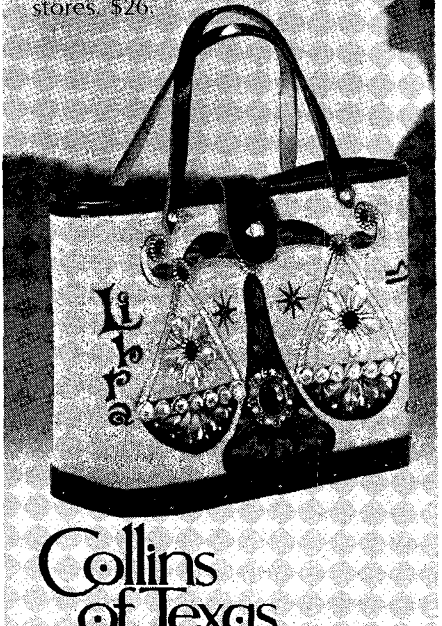

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Fennie began, only a little at first, to show traces of a Middle Western accent again in his speech. He took to calling the house from the office, once or twice a day, never at the same times; he would ask Ann what she was doing and she would tell him. In the evening again he would ask her what she had done during the day, checking up on her.

She made scenes when he was late to dinner: "If you know you're going to be late, call me. Don't make me worry!"

She did not want him to be able to read her emotions. If he was certain of her feelings, he might become bored; he might wish her to be different; it was best to be elusive, hypocritical, to seem to have as many moods as possible, to practice sleight of hand.

It startled her, she thought it funny, that the emotional side of a love affair should so quickly come to outweigh the physical, to take precedence, to guide it, to make it, if not minor, then lesser.

She was often tired and took an hour's rest in the afternoon. Sometimes when she was resting, she thought. It seemed to her that just as when a person talked to himself he let himself exaggerate and dream in a way that was a little insane, so what went on between a wife and husband was like that solitary lunacy: a wife and husband talked to themselves, alone together, the world outside.

She had come to an age where she did not value herself or her time so highly that she wanted anything better or other than what she had. She thought it wasn't marriage so much as a love affair complicated by marriage that she was living.

Fennie wanted to go away with Ann, on a trip, to get away from everything and everyone, to be alone with Ann. He thought of her as a subtle and clever companion, and not at all a disappointment to him.

They went to England first. Standing in front of the stony grace of the Elgin Marbles, she said, "Oh, Fennie, you're so good to me." That night, she said, "Fennie, don't take too long in the shower."

"Don't nag," he said.

(The cleverer she was, the happier they were, the more he expected of her.)

In Brussels, it seemed to Ann that there were so many states to be passed through in the course of a day spent with Fennie—appetite and surprise, curiosity, peevishness (glossed over), middle-aged passion, and unexpected sorrow—that there was no place and no peace

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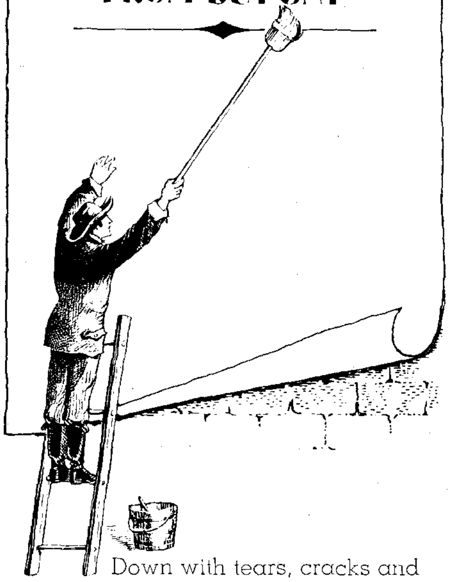

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wide enough to hold her and Fennie.

Ann knew now—away from home, grateful to Fennie—that she loved him. In Paris, she memorized the shape of his hands. In Rome, she filed away the look of his eyes squinting in the sun on the Palatine. "A Man in Sunlight," she labelled the sight of him waving to her from one of the upper tiers of the Colosseum. The adventures of travelling and the patterns of her and Fennie's feelings involved Ann in a tension and watchfulness that seemed to her now the outward symptoms of love.

In the Greek Islands, she and Fennie rode on donkeys up a winding track to a hilltop temple, honey-colored and in ruins. Ann watched the sunlight move like melting porcelain across Fennie's white shirt. Far away, on the Aegean, a large white ship with a single funnel shouldered blue water aside, and Ann thought, *You can feel the peace in the air; you think if it touches your skin that you feel it inside, but you don't; you guess at it, like a tourist looking at ruins. That's the closest you come to it, this side of death, as a tourist.*

She wanted to go home, to Washington, to the house in Alexandria at once and not wait out the last five days of the trip. There seemed to her to be, after all, only a very few emotions and many degrees of intensity.

She felt so tired of tension and watchfulness.

Fennie took her to the Parthenon. "Are you tired?" he asked her.

"Oh, no," Ann said. She promised herself, Tomorrow I'll tell him I'm tired. She could not find her own feelings. She did not know if she was happy or unhappy. She knew her actions were dictated by Fennie's feelings.

She addressed him in her thoughts: *I can't bear it—you make me think I wish you were dead. . . . I've lost my sense of perspective,* she thought. *And in Greece, the land of the Golden Mean.* She thought, *The Greeks talked about it but they never lived it.* She wanted to go home. She thought, *This is too much for me. I can't go on.* She was tired of love. *Why are you so surprised?* she asked herself. She meant she had not been trained for this kind of life or trained herself for it. She was not a romantic woman.

Then she said to herself, *It's all right if I think this way. Then Fennie won't have to.*

The sunlight was very bright. From the porch of the Parthenon, Ann and Fennie could see the sea. Ann said as she and Fennie stood there that perhaps she'd take up embroidery. "Embroidery

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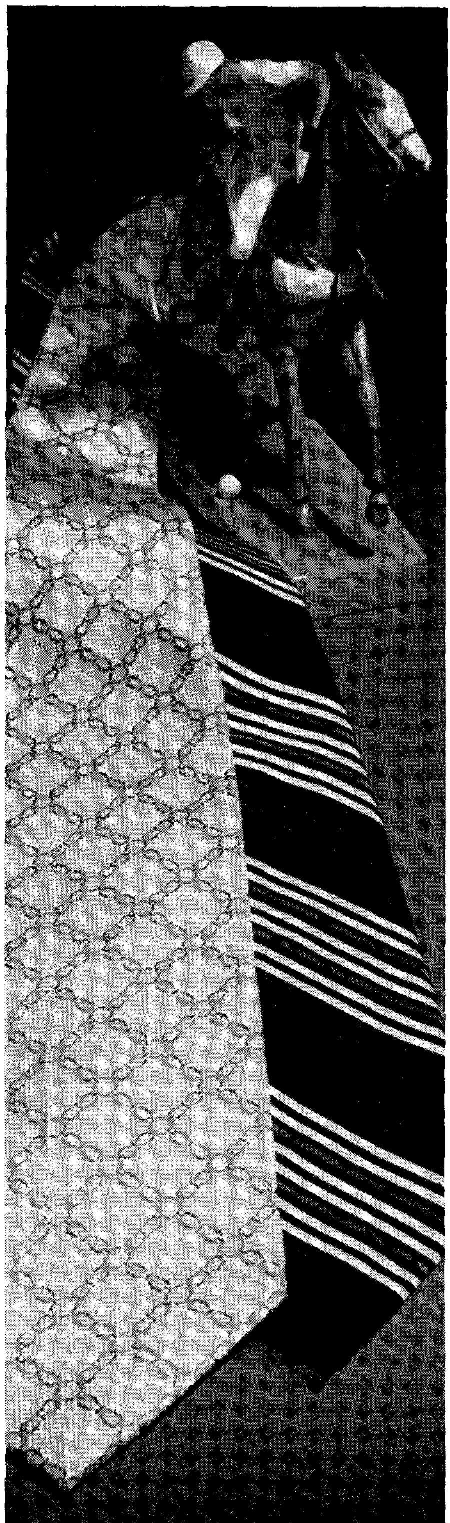

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can be very creative," she said. "People appreciate it as gifts. I'm going to give away the things I make," she said. "I don't intend to keep anything."

Fennie said, "The Acropolis is just as wonderful as people say it is."

Ann saw it through his eyes. She wondered how much Fennie knew. Perhaps he theorized to himself only about politics. Perhaps women were the ones who wound up with all the knowledge. She thought, *Now I know what people mean about love and death.*

Fennie said on the plane to New York, "It's sort of womanlike the way the Parthenon crouches. It's full of magic." He shielded his eyes with his hand. "It's sort of threatening. It's not calm at all. It seems very mysterious. I wonder why people say it's classical." He said, "It's one of the wonders of the world."

VI

THEY were home. Ann was too tired and too disorganized to sleep. She tried to set her thoughts in order.

She wasn't so impressed by her daughters, she decided. Character skips a generation. She and Fennie had character.

On and on her thoughts meandered: life and sex were to be regarded wryly—that's why the young seemed so stupid. Character, she thought, character counted. Feelings were too unreliable.

Ann started up suddenly as if she had been dozing. She cried out, "Oh God, we keep getting shot over and over—in the same place!"

Fennie said, "What! What!" and came awake. "Ann, what is it?"

"It was a dream," she said. "I was a target at an amusement park, in a shooting range. You had blond hair, you were a workingman, and you said it was all right for me to cry. . . ." The rising moon appeared in the window, large and full and reddish, lunatic. "It hurt so. It was a silly dream." She said, "I like good sense. I haven't any respect for human nature. I like things to last." She said, "Fennie, I'm turning middle-class." She said, "Everyone who gets what they want turns middle-class." She moved her head and looked at him then. "Why is that, Fennie?" she asked him. "Tell me why that is."

—HAROLD BRODKEY

•

The pot-intermission sections of the program brought the greatest response from the audience.—*Kalamazoo* (*Mich.*) *Gazette*.

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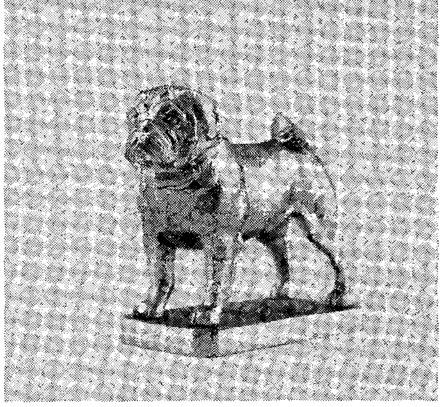

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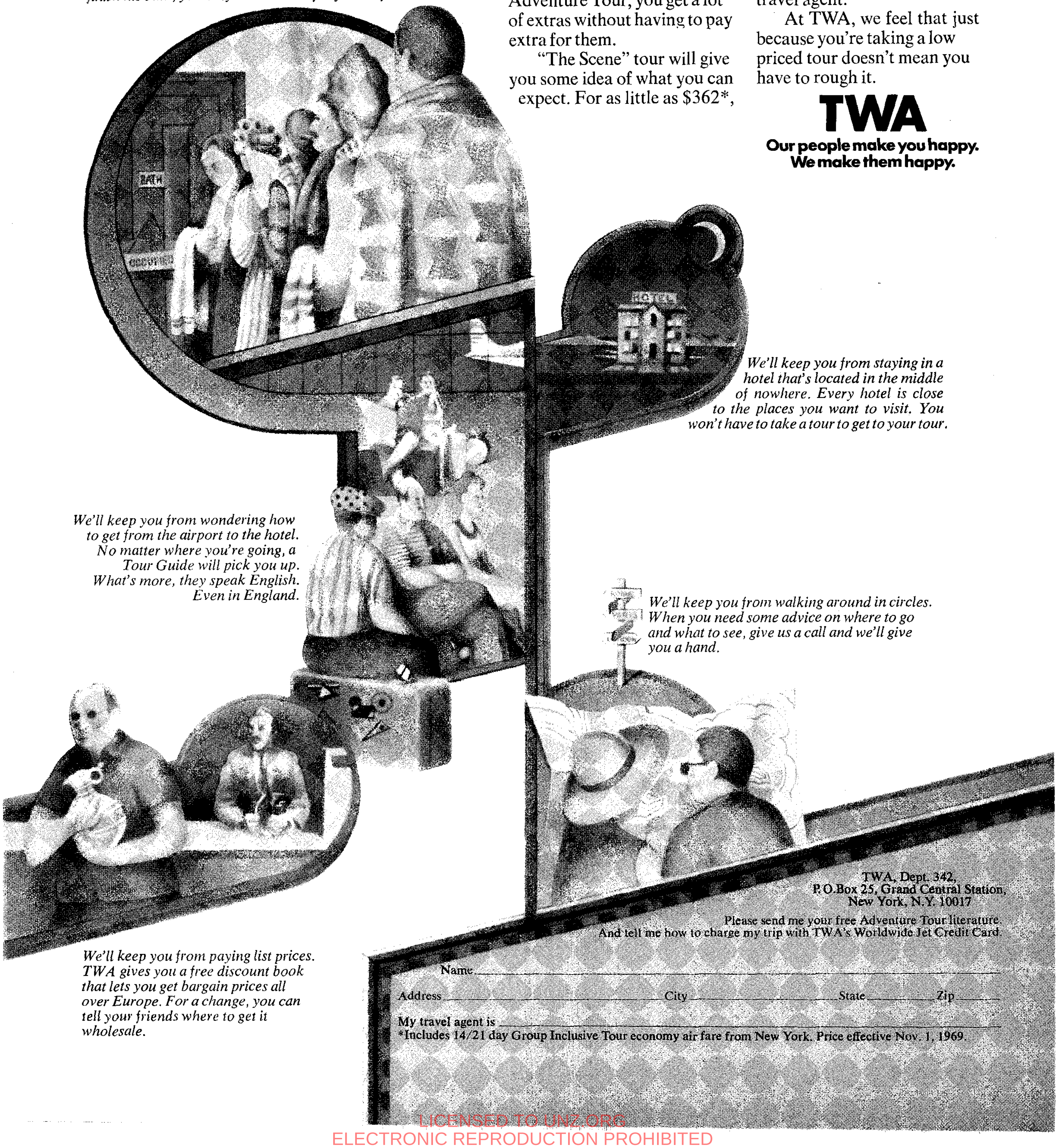

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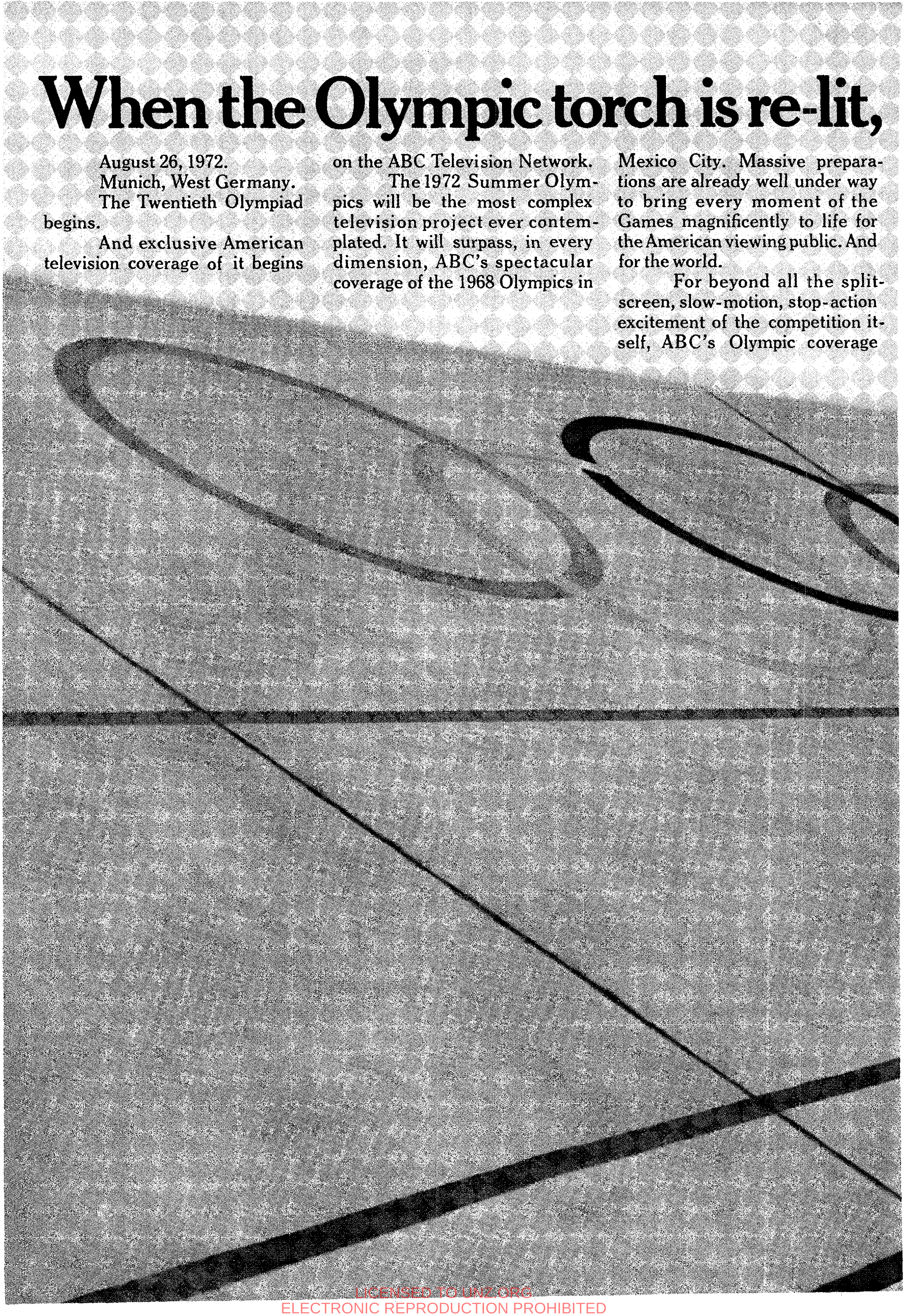

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THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

DOUGLAS TURNER WARD'S "The Reckoning," at the St. Marks, is an acrid joke that is sometimes strong or funny, and sometimes not. It is about the bigoted governor of a Southern state who is blackmailed by the beautiful Negro whore he has been visiting on the sly, and by her pimp, not only into giving them all the money in his strongbox but into persuading his constituents, assembled outside the statehouse, to allow a young black militant and his followers to enter the capital city unmolested. The play, which boils down to a contest of wits between the foxy governor and the even foxier pimp—with, on the sidelines, the governor's boneheaded and boneless son, the prostitute, and the governor's maid and chauffeur—is described as "a surreal Southern Fable," and it has indeed many dreamlike or, more exactly, *day*dreamlike aspects. There are two long soliloquies. In the first, the pimp, facing the audience and using images of blackness and night, unpacks his soul with harsh, gutter language of bitterness and loathing; in the second, the governor, white-haired and dressed all in white, rants of white sexual fantasies about blacks, and of fear and hatred, too. When the whore and then the pimp tell the governor off, at some length, he stands still and silent, which is something more likely to happen in fantasies than in life, where those on the receiving end tend to interrupt with counter-insults or tears or blows. Since this is a black daydream, the governor (Lester Rawlins gives a remarkable performance in the part) uses Negro speech and locutions ("I had a vision was dis boss white man tellin' me to wake up . . ."), which sound odd.

"The Reckoning" is a smothering avalanche of words and oratory, and since the characters use Deep South accents and seldom pause for breath, I found a lot of it unintelligible. Liking or not liking the play does not seem especially pertinent. It is a hateful show—no doubt deliberately so. Mr. Ward is not out to attract or enchant or lightly amuse us, but his play's passion is alive, and despite all its faults, it does exist, which is more than can be said for most plays we see Off Broadway. Mr. Ward himself does fairly well as the pimp, and Jeannette DuBois, Joseph Attles, Louise Stubbs, and Conard Fowkes seem right as prostitute, chauffeur, maid, and governor's son, respectively. Michael A. Schultz was the director, and Martin Aronstein was responsible for the effective lighting.
—EDITH OLIVER

• •

TRACK

Forced as I was, I ran a race with death.
I could not run a line as fine as his.
I ran it square, I ran it straight, but death
Was always out ahead of me, the winner.

As in a relay race, I strove to better time,
Hand on the baton with enthusiasm, spent
At the last instant, but adversaries ahead,
There were always adversaries ahead, cutting time thinner.

Now I walk as nature tells me to walk.
I like to think there is no competition.
I am myself. Whatever I am I am,
An end in itself. But death wants a new beginner.

He begins to loiter when I think. He slows
To notice and to savor my philosophy.
He cares for me too much, I think. God knows
What game he plays with me, Paraclete underpinner.
—RICHARD EBERHART

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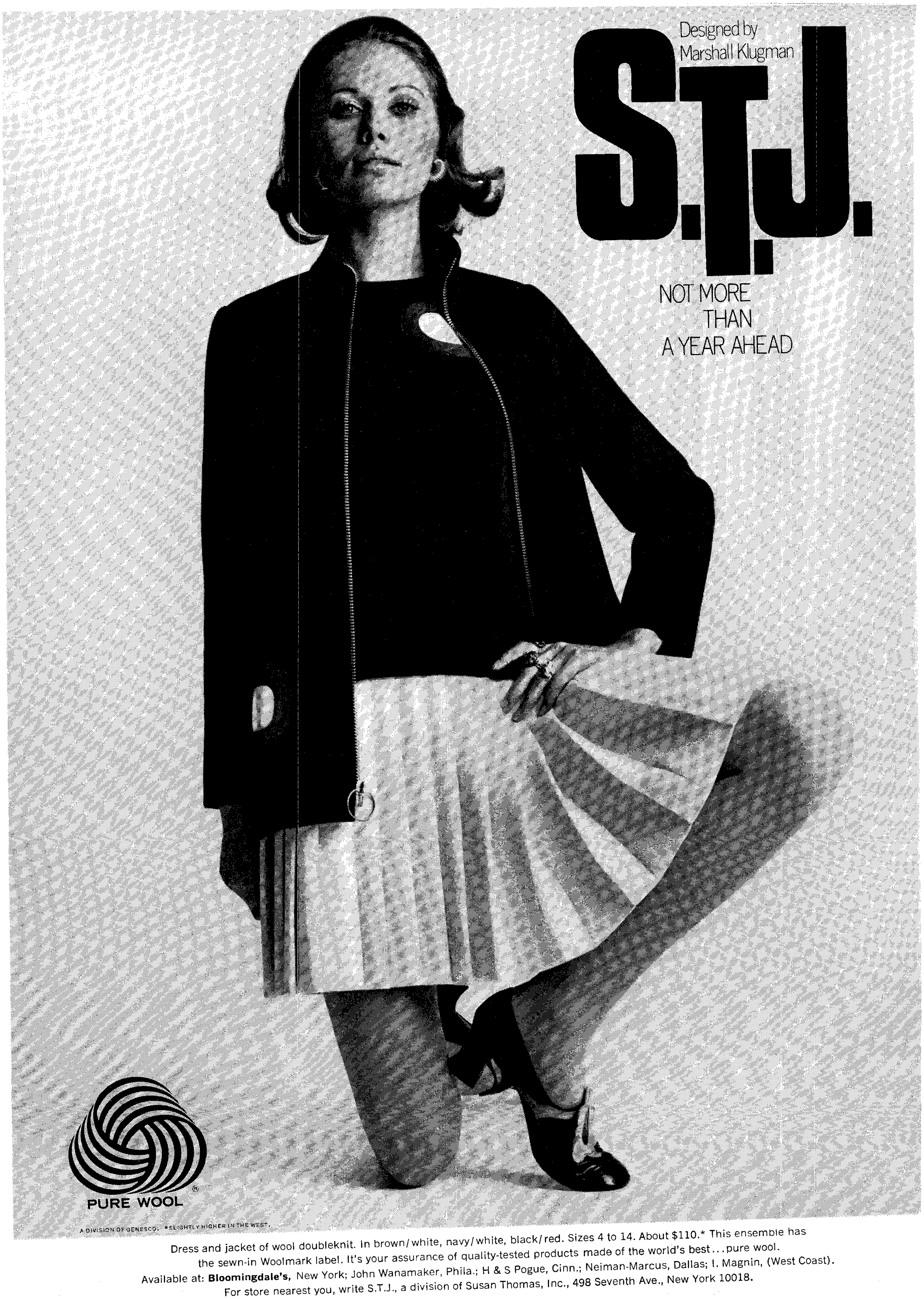

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GOLD STANDARD ON THE BOOZE

IN the summer of 1933, Wall Street found itself in the dismaying situation of playing its familiar game with a ball that kept changing in size and in weight. The dollar, Wall Street's ball, had itself become a volatile security, like Youngstown Sheet & Tube. A man innocently planning a deal to make an honest dollar had to worry about whether, by the time he had got it, it would still *be* an honest dollar. All this, it was widely felt south of Fulton Street, was enough to shake one's faith in God; it was suggested once or twice that the legend on United States money should be changed from "In God We Trust" to "I Hope That My Redeemer Liveth."

The situation had come about as a result of the first monetary measures of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and his New Deal, both of which had been joyously welcomed by Wall Street that spring—a time, much different from our own, of general poverty and wild hope—with the sharpest (albeit perhaps the briefest) rally in stock-market history. Roosevelt's first moves after he assumed office on Saturday, March 4th, in the midst of a financial panic that had the nation's commerce paralyzed, were to close the banks for a week and put a "temporary" embargo on the shipment of gold abroad. The latter step constituted a technical departure from the gold standard, which had been the keystone of world finance for more than half a century, and under which the United States had stood pledged to exchange gold for dollars in any quantity with all comers at a rate of $20.67 per fine ounce. But no one, even inside the Administration, believed that Roosevelt really intended to make the embargo permanent and thus abandon the gold standard; for example, the London *Times* declared that such a prospect was "so unlikely that it may almost be left out of account." Roosevelt did it, though. On April 18th, he called a group of his closest advisers together and, after discoursing on money matters awhile with the combination of casual amateurism, sophomoric humor, and obsessive interest that he seemed to reserve for this subject, notified them that the country had just "gone off gold" by his decree. When he went on to outline other inflationary measures he was proposing and then cheerily asked them to "congratulate" him, several of them protested passionately and at length. On the way back to his hotel after the meeting, the new Director of the Budget, Lewis Douglas, exclaimed sepulchrally, "This is the end of Western civilization."

An even more extraordinary reaction came the next day from the most unlikely of quarters. J. P. Morgan the Younger, the portly, lordly master of 23 Wall Street, and, of all people, the one most likely to see the end of Western civilization at such a moment, issued a public statement in which he said, in part, "I welcome the reported action of the President. . . . It seems to me clear that the way out of the Depression is to combat and overcome the deflationary forces." Thus at one stroke he broke two Morgan traditions: that of never making public statements, and that of viewing the gold standard as Holy Writ and inflation in any form as the chief work of the Devil. Exactly why Morgan took this most startling action of his life, which seemed to contravene both his philosophy and the material interests of his firm, will probably never be known. Just possibly, his motive was statesmanship; at all events, the effect was to preserve calm in a jittery Wall Street that might otherwise have become more jittery.

Roosevelt's motive for what *he* had done is somewhat clearer. He had "gone off gold" in order to leave the dollar free to depreciate in value—that is, to let a measure of inflation come—and thereby presumably cause a rise in domestic prices, which had fallen to disaster levels. The country's farmers, in particular, were caught in a seemingly hopeless bind. The going prices for farm produce were down some fifty per cent from the levels of a few years earlier, and, as a result, many farmers found that even though they sold everything they produced they could not subsist and still meet their mortgage payments. Accordingly, they were being dispossessed by tens of thousands. There began to be violent incidents; one day late in April, in LeMars, Iowa, a mob of masked farmers dragged a judge from his bench to a crossroads and nearly lynched him in an effort to force him to promise to stop signing mortgage foreclosures. Roosevelt, stridently egged on by the farm lobby in Congress, wanted an inflation that would enable the farmers to pay off in cheap money the debts they had contracted in dear money, and he did not see how he could achieve this while the dollar was redeemable at a fixed price in gold.

As far as Wall Street was concerned, its ball began its Surrealistic permutations as soon as the country went off

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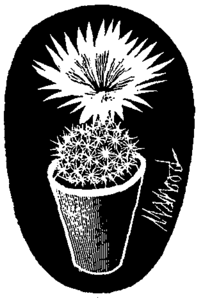
gold. The dollar could no longer be exchanged for gold, but in Europe it was still exchanged freely for French francs, which *were* still solidly tied to gold, and from the relationship of the now fluctuating dollar-franc rate of exchange to the former fixed rate it was possible to calculate each day exactly how much the dollar was worth in terms of gold. Immediately after Roosevelt's announcement, it dropped to $0.885; after steadying for a while, it plunged again, and early in June, dropped to $0.804. Domestic commodity prices rose somewhat in reaction, and the farmers felt better.

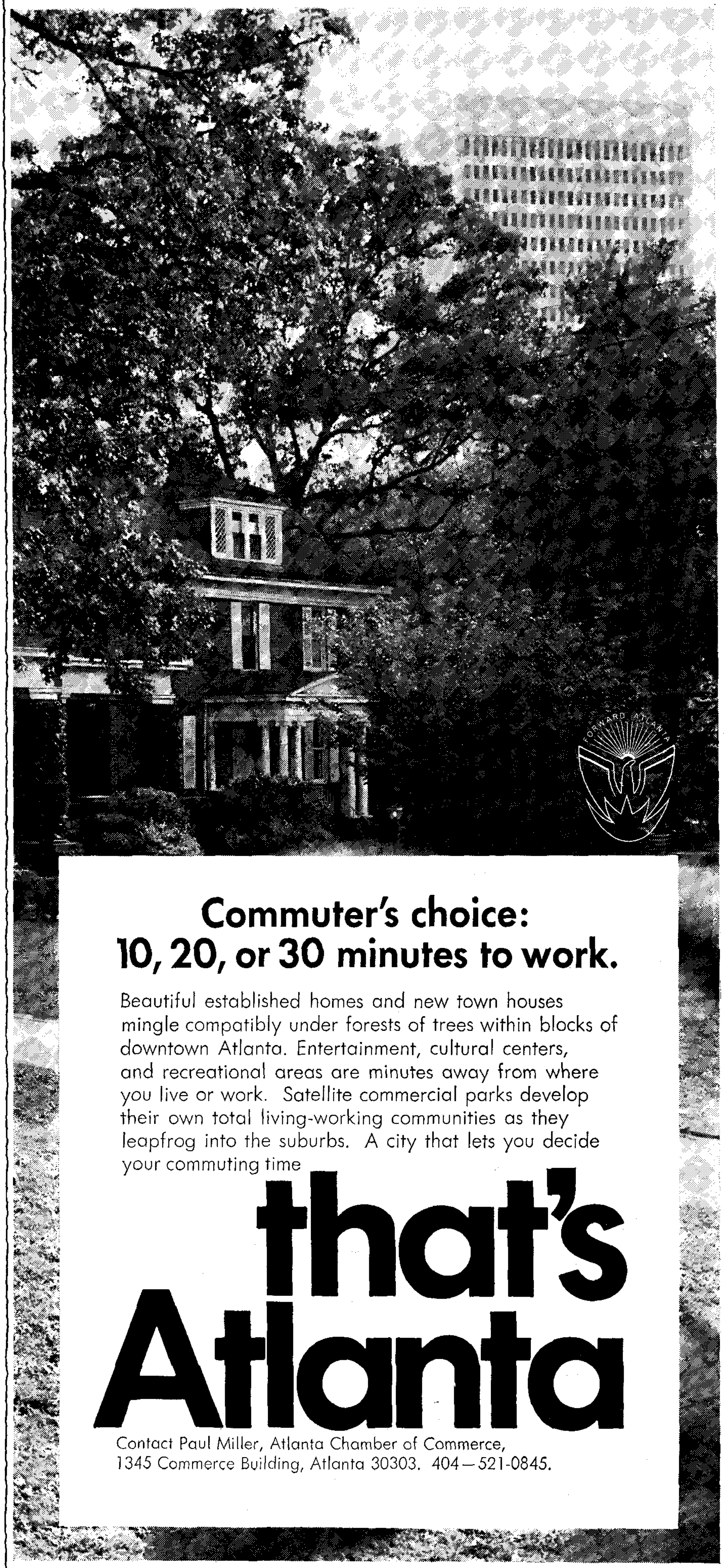
THE catch was that what was good for America's farmers was bad for Europe's money. The monetary authorities of Britain and France were shocked by the depreciation of the dollar—the British fearing that a cheaper dollar would undermine the world trade on which they relied for survival, the French fearing that it would force them, too, to go off gold. An International Monetary and Economic Conference that had long been scheduled to open in London in mid-June was now expected to deal with these problems by finding compromises of some sort between general inflation and the gold standard and between monetary nationalism and internationalism, and, at the very least, was counted on to end the chaotic situation that had developed in the foreign-exchange markets by bringing about a temporary stabilization in the rates of exchange of the dollar, the pound, and the franc. High in the councils of those delegated by Roosevelt to conduct these negotiations was the New Deal's first—and, at that time, only—deep-dyed Wall Streeter. He was James P. Warburg, then thirty-six, who had been a debonair, precocious Young Lochinvar of the Street in the nineteen-twenties. A published author of serious poetry and popular songs, a friend of George Gershwin and Sigmund Romberg, and the son of the renowned banker Paul M. Warburg, who was the so-called "father of the Federal Reserve System" (making James some sort of sibling of that System), he was also a powerful banker in his own right, being president of the International Manhattan Company. He had first met Roosevelt—through the good offices of one of Roosevelt's early Brain Trusters, Professor Raymond Moley—shortly before the Inauguration, at a gathering of potential New Deal aides at the President-elect's house in New York. "Ray Moley tells me that you are the white sheep of Wall Street," Roosevelt had said to Warburg. Warburg had replied modestly that the distinction belonged more properly to his father, and added that, as far as he knew, a white sheep did not necessarily beget white lambs. Roosevelt was delighted with the response and, shortly thereafter, offered Warburg the job of Under Secretary of the Treasury. Warburg turned that job down, for personal reasons; nevertheless, he took leave of his bank and moved into the Carlton Hotel in Washington, a favorite New Deal haunt, as an official, unsalaried monetary adviser, and thus became virtually the sole link between the old Wall Street tradition and the federal government.



As the London conference went on, with the participants' public pronouncements taking the form mostly of bootless wranglings, Warburg and other United States experts, representing the Treasury and the Federal Reserve, worked behind the scenes with European monetary authorities to come to some kind of stabilization agreement. Their efforts were rudely and abruptly frustrated. Just as an agreement of sorts had been worked out and was about to be ratified pending the President's approval, Roosevelt, from aboard the cruiser Indianapolis, off the New Brunswick Coast, sent the conference what came to be called his "bombshell message," in which he denounced the idea of a "temporary and probably an artificial stabilization . . . on the part of a few large countries only" as a "specious" one, based on "old fetishes of so-called international bankers," and otherwise made it clear that the United States would not enter into any stabilization agreement whatever. In sum, he deprived the conference of its purpose. Utterly flabbergasted, like practically everyone else involved—including the head of the United States delegation, Secretary of State Cordell Hull—Warburg resigned from the delegation in a huff. The conference shortly collapsed in wild confusion, and, in the exchange markets, the value of the unstabilized dollar dropped to a new low of $0.734.

The method in Roosevelt's madness, though it remained opaque to Wall Street for three more months, began to reveal itself to his closest advisers during July. He had, it seemed, torpedoed the London conference on purpose, and had apparently been planning to do so since before it began, for his later moves made it clear that he did not want the dollar tied to the pound and the franc any more than he wanted it tied to gold. He wanted, rather, to be free to create domestic inflation at will. In these days, when "inflation" is a word the economists use to frighten children, it is hard to conceive of those Depression times, when *de*flation was the problem at hand, and inflation—often more delicately called "reflation"—was held by many to be a worthy and necessary objective. Roosevelt, with a convert's zeal, believed it an objective worth paying almost any price to attain.

It began to be revealed that his economic plans were intimately connected with a theory of Dr. George Frederick Warren, a professor of agricultural economics and farm management at Cornell University, who by the end of July had become one of the President's closest economic advisers. Dr. Warren was—or he convincingly impersonated—the archetype of the American hayseed, down-to-earth in every sense. Born on a farm in Nebraska in 1874, he had graduated from the State University of Nebraska with a degree in farm management, had written a number of books and pamphlets with such earthy titles as "Elements of Agriculture," "Alfalfa," "An Apple Orchard Survey of Orleans County," and "Some Suggestions for City Persons Who Desire to Farm," and had received his Ph.D. from Cornell in 1905, remaining there to teach. Photographs taken of him in 1933 show a stocky, smooth-faced man approaching sixty who peers through round, black-rimmed spectacles with a steady, vacuous gaze slightly reminiscent of Calvin Coolidge's and who invariably has a clutch of pencils sticking out of his breast pocket. He was given to careless dress, homely witticisms, and pithy, irrefutable sentences like "Here is a farm, here is a farmer, and here are the facts." He was a master of that classic kind of rural American apothegm which is portentously delivered, as if it were a scintillating epigram, and is numbing to an urban listener precisely because it seems to be not *quite* pointless—it makes a sort of oblique approach to sense, then veers away again. For example, "You paint a barn roof to preserve it. You paint a house to sell it. And you paint the sides of a barn to look at—if you can afford it." (Smiles and wise, appreciative nods.) Warren himself had a



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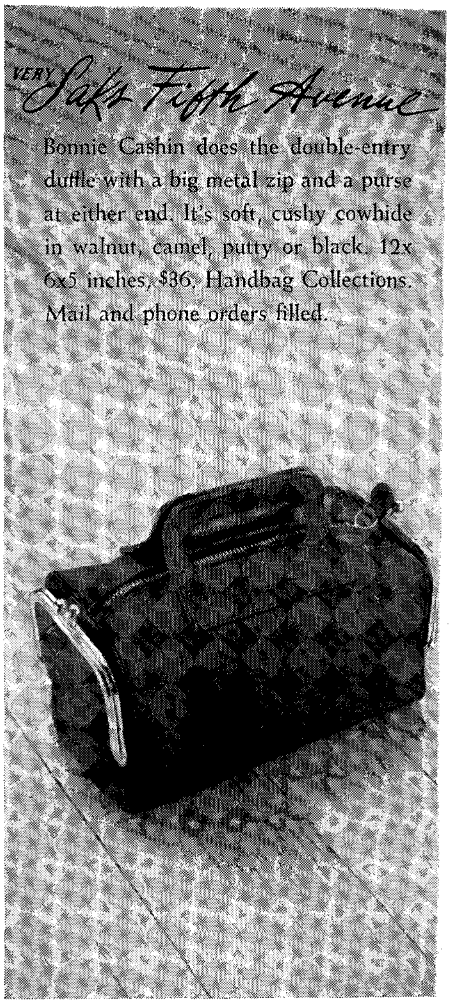
large farm outside Ithaca, on which he kept some four thousand chickens, and he liked to characterize himself as a "dirt farmer."

The Warren theory that bewitched Roosevelt—and was unknown to the world of orthodox economics until it did—was contained in a book entitled "Prices," which was written in collaboration with a younger Cornell colleague, Dr. Frank A. Pearson. It had the alluring simplicity of a syllogism. The prices of commodities, Warren and Pearson postulated, went up and down automatically with the price of gold in relation to paper currency, and they adduced as evidence of this a bewildering array of charts and statistics going back beyond the California and Australia gold rushes of the middle nineteenth century to the Spanish Conquest of Mexico, and even further. Therefore, they continued, all that one had to do to control the prices of commodities was to control the price of gold. In the present situation, the theory logically concluded, this meant that the government should go into the market and buy gold at progressively higher prices, thus forcing the gold value of the dollar progressively down, and (if the theory was right) achieving the objective—higher prices of commodities. The ultimate goal was a "commodity dollar"—one that, through government manipulation of the price of gold, would be kept constant in terms of goods rather than in terms of gold, as was the case under the gold standard.

To orthodox economists, including most of Roosevelt's economic advisers, the Warren theory's syllogism was a false one. Commodity prices *had* usually moved with gold prices, they conceded, but the catch was that commodity prices were the *cause* of this conjunction and gold prices the *effect*. To reverse the roles and try to make gold prices affect commodity prices was as if a man in the lobby of a building should try to move an elevator from floor to floor by pushing the indicator on the dial from numeral to numeral; it wouldn't work, and it could easily end up ruining the whole mechanism. Warren, then, was to the orthodox economists just another example of a perennial and surprisingly numerous American species that comes most conspicuously to bloom in hard times—the monetary nut. Of course, the orthodox economists could not prove their point empirically, because nothing like the Warren theory had ever been put into practice. Or not quite. In 1869, Jay Gould—the Mephistopheles of Wall



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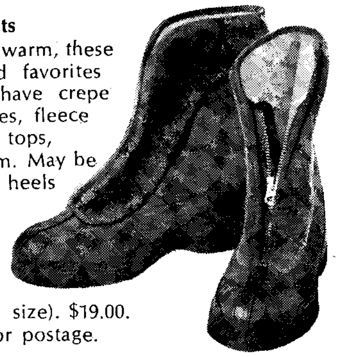

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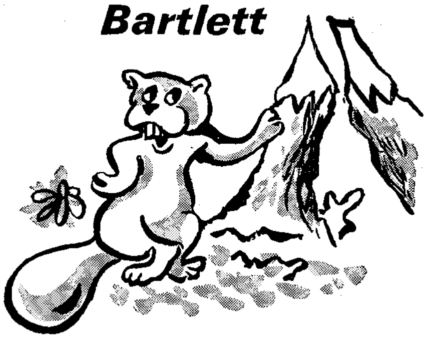

Street, Matthew Josephson called him—in attempting to bribe President Grant's brother-in-law to help him corner the nation's gold supply, had piously argued that market operations to force the gold price up would undoubtedly benefit poor farmers greatly by inflating the price of Western grain. Gould's real concern, though, had been not the farmers but his own illegal enrichment, and the chief effect of his plot had been not public benefit but the worst financial panic in American history up to that time. Moreover, Gould's maneuvering had been a matter of private manipulation rather than of government action, and his premature adoption of the Warren theory had been an excuse rather than a valid motive. As for government policy, nations had often before 1933, and have often since, intervened in the markets to *defend* the value of their currencies, and also, over the years, often deliberately lowered the relative value of their currencies in order to gain competitive advantage. But no nation had ever mounted a systematic, concerted market attack on its own currency, in a time when its gold stocks were ample, for the sole purpose of creating domestic inflation and thus helping debtors. They had not done so because the idea was so outlandish that it had never occurred to them. If it had, it would have appeared to their economic ministers to be about as sensible as repeatedly hitting oneself on the head with a hammer because it would feel so good when one stopped.

ROOSEVELT had first been introduced to Warren some time before the Inauguration by his friend and Dutchess County neighbor Henry Morgenthau, Jr., who was to become Acting Secretary of the Treasury in November, 1933. According to Mrs. Morgenthau's account, her husband, a former student of Warren's, had brought the Professor and Pearson to Roosevelt to advise him on the arcana of tree-planting. ("How different life would have been had Franklin and Henry not met those arboreal experts!" Mrs. Morgenthau said with a sigh years later.) Having heard Warren expound his theory, Roosevelt had become enraptured with it, and upon assuming the Presidency he brought Warren to Washington as an adviser without portfolio. The Professor was not universally popular there. Moley wrote later that during March Washington had become a Mecca for "goo-goos of all types," who took the New Deal to be "a kind of crusade which the discon-

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tented of every variety were invited to join," and though he did not mention Warren as one of the goo-goos, he no doubt had him in mind. During April and May, Warren's star appeared to wane, only to wax again very soon. In mid-June, Fred I. Kent, former foreign-exchange head of the Federal Reserve Board, made a speech to a bankers' convention in Chicago warning that the idea of raising farm prices by reducing the gold content of the dollar was fallacious in principle and would lead to disaster if attempted. It seems unlikely that a banker of Kent's stature would have uttered such a warning if he had not been convinced that there was imminent danger of such an experiment. In any event, by midsummer Warren was unmistakably occupying a prominent place in the New Deal circle. He was on leave from Cornell, and he had an office in the Department of Commerce Building, where he pored over his charts and behaved like a hermit, refusing to answer his telephone and responding to knocks on the door with a firm "Not in!" Some said he entered and left the White House by levitation; certainly he was never seen doing so.

As the market value of the dollar eroded of its own accord during May and June, the prices of farm commodities rose sharply. Roosevelt let a few of his aides know that he was delighted by this combination of events. He did not say precisely why he was delighted, but the aides could guess. Here seemed to be practical evidence that Roosevelt's, and Warren's, pet theory was working out just as it was supposed to—or, at least, the first half of it was. But in mid-July came a disconcerting reversal. Suddenly, for no very discernible reason except the collapse of the London conference, the New York stock market suffered its biggest setback in more than a year; the dollar rallied slightly against gold; and, worst of all, commodity prices abruptly changed direction. Between July 18th and July 21st, wheat went down from $1.24 to $0.90 a bushel, its sharpest slump in years, and cotton from $0.11¾ cents a pound to $0.08. Seditious mutterings were again heard from the West. At this point, it seems clear, Roosevelt's resolve to tinker with the dollar stiffened. The free market could not be trusted to continue depressing the gold value of the dollar. It would be necessary to put the second, activist part of the Warren theory into practice; it would be necessary, that is, for the United States Treasury to stage a bear raid on the dollar.

At the time, no one had more than an inkling of Roosevelt's plans. Warburg, although he was through with the conference, was still anxious to make his banking expertise available to the government; he was, after all, the only man with practical banking experience among Roosevelt's staff of economic advisers, and he thought he might at least serve as a sort of ballast to the high-flying theorists. On shipboard en route home from the conference, he read Warren's writings for the first time. (They had been sent to him not by Roosevelt but by the Committee for the Nation, a rabidly inflationist organization with which Warren had been loosely associated for about a year.) Warburg found that his opinion of the Warren theory coincided with that of the great British economist John Maynard Keynes, who had told him just before his departure from London that he considered it "rubbish" (this despite the fact that Keynes was known for inflationist leanings of his own). When he went to lunch at the White House late in July, Warburg received confirmation of his worst fears about the company the President was now keeping; on being ushered into the President's office, he found him in conversation with Warren and Professor James Harvey Rogers, of Yale, a well-known proponent of a slight variant of the Warren theory. After Roosevelt had gaily introduced Warburg to the two theorists, they left, and Warburg thereupon began remonstrating with the President about his message to London. Roosevelt reacted first angrily, then airily. "He takes the whole currency question very lightly," Warburg noted in a pained entry in his diary. Roosevelt's parting instructions to Warburg were for Warburg to get together with Warren and Rogers during the next week, and report back to him at Hyde Park. Accordingly, Warburg gritted his teeth and spent an evening with the professors in New York. For the blood brother of the Federal Reserve System, this occasion was like finding oneself in Hell and taking some comfort in discovering that the Devil wasn't as bad as he had been painted. Warren and Rogers didn't seem to be as radical as he had feared; moreover, he wrote afterward, he found Warren "earnest and well-intentioned," "anxious to help," and "not dogmatic or bumptious." Whom did Warburg, arriving at Hyde Park eleven days later, according to instructions, find there conferring with the President but Warren and Rogers? Despite their presence, the occasion was an entertaining one for Warburg; Warren, to Roosevelt's evident fascination, produced "countless scrolls of tissue paper" on which he had "traced all sorts of curves and diagrams," while Rogers kept smiling enigmatically and nodding. The three theorists argued their conflicting ideas back and forth, and the upshot was that the President said he wanted Warren and Rogers to go to Europe for a month or so to sound out opinion there on American monetary policies, while Warburg was to become a key member of a special, high-level Presidential monetary study group that was being formed. Did this mean exile for Warren and Rogers or the runaround for Warburg? None of them knew. Afterward, Warburg and Warren shared a taxi to the railroad station: epitomes, to a degree, of the two antagonistic forces that had dominated American economic life up to then—the smooth urban financier and the rustic farmer. Warren said ruefully to Warburg, "Well, I guess you ruined my plan." "On the contrary," Warburg replied. "You have won." On Wall Street, the innocent stock market, unaware that gods up the Hudson were trifling with its fate, held steady.

Meanwhile, farm prices had gone on dropping. Then, in the first half of September, as rumors spread more and more insistently that Roosevelt was planning to do *something* of an inflationary nature, the dollar sank sharply—on the eighteenth it stood at a new low of $0.63¾ relative to gold—and farm prices turned up again, but not enough to satisfy the President. Late in the month, Warburg visited him at the White House to plead with him for the last time not to try out the Warren theory. By this time, Roosevelt had decided that Warburg, with his devotion to hard money, was not a white sheep of Wall Street after all but just one more fetish-ridden international banker. The President had taken to treating him with the delicate scorn he reserved for anyone who had ever met a payroll—although Warburg, to be sure, was the most debonair and uncompulsive of former payroll-meeters. Warburg, for his part, had all but given up on educating Roosevelt in classical economics. To bait Warburg, Roosevelt gleefully reported a recent conversation he had had with one of his aides, in which the aide had come to him all

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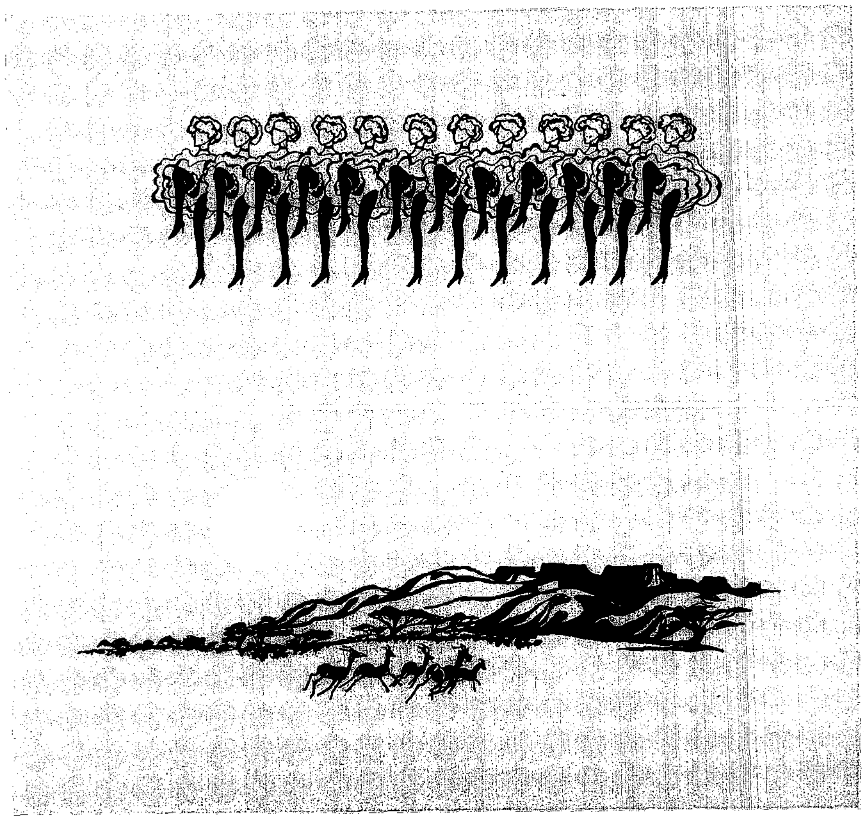

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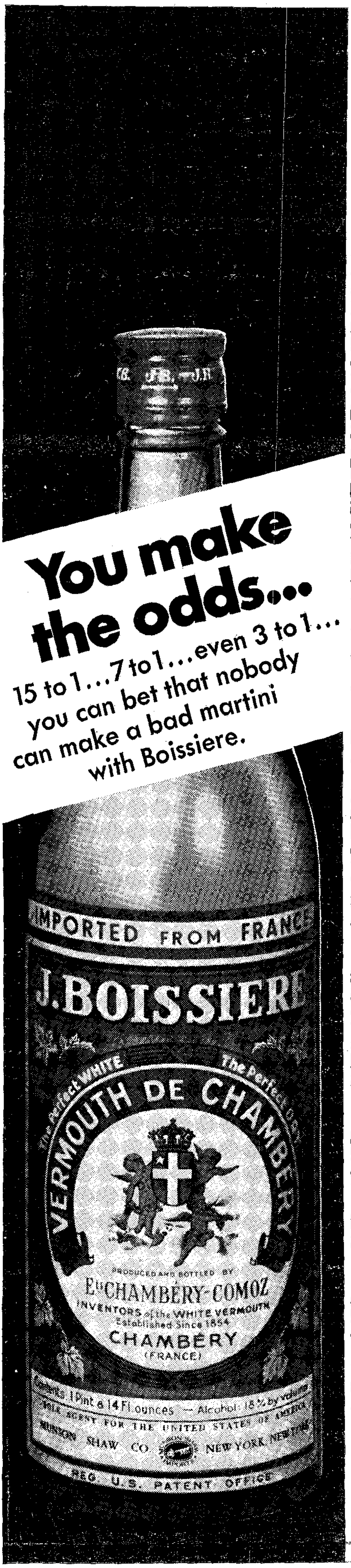
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smiles and exultantly given the news that the dollar had rallied on the markets and was stronger. No, no, Roosevelt quoted himself as having replied, that wasn't the idea at all—what was wanted was for the dollar to be *weaker*. When Warburg went into his by now familiar protestations, Roosevelt said, "If we don't keep the price of wheat and cotton moving up, I shall have marching farmers," and then he challenged Warburg to say what *he* would do to raise prices. Warburg had to admit that he had no panacea; general recovery, which could be started only by removing this nerve-racking uncertainty about the currency, was the only way. That left Roosevelt cold. Well, Warburg then asked, would the President have any objection if Warburg were to take steps to stir up public sentiment against further inflation, through the agency of the big banks and life-insurance companies? That is (in effect, not in Warburg's words), how would Roosevelt like to have a well-financed public attack launched against his favorite economic policies? The President replied emphatically, but not without delicacy, that such an action "would only create complications." Warburg left the White House believing that he would never see the President again, and stomped off to Wall Street. Although not yet an opponent of the New Deal *in toto*, he was the advance drummer boy of the splenetic Wall Street Roosevelt-hater who was to become a folk figure of the decade. Warburg's departure from Roosevelt's office that day has a symbolic meaning something like that of Ibsen's Nora slamming the door in "A Doll's House."

From then on, there was no deterring Roosevelt from his purpose. In mid-August, a week or so after the Hyde Park meeting, he had mentioned to Morgenthau, then head of the Farm Credit Administration, that he would like to have the Treasury buy gold in the open market to force its price up. (Morgenthau demanded to know whose idea *that* was, and Roosevelt replied blandly, "Mine"—an answer that suggests both defensiveness and sheepishness about his adherence to the economically disreputable Warren theory, since both men knew perfectly well whose idea it was.) As the President pressed forward, he brushed aside some formidable legal obstacles to the prosecution of his plan by arranging for the gold purchases to be made not directly by the Treasury but on its behalf by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. When the dollar turned

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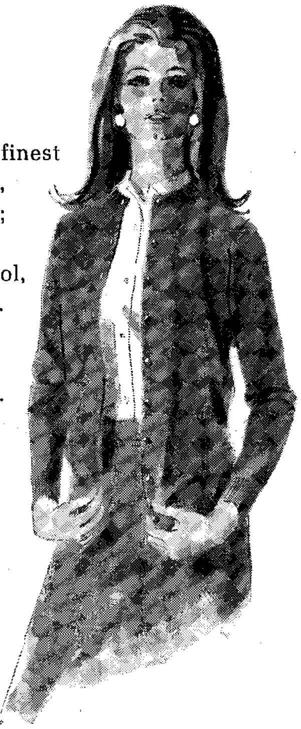

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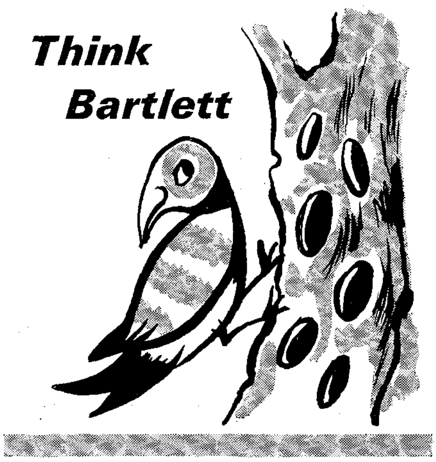
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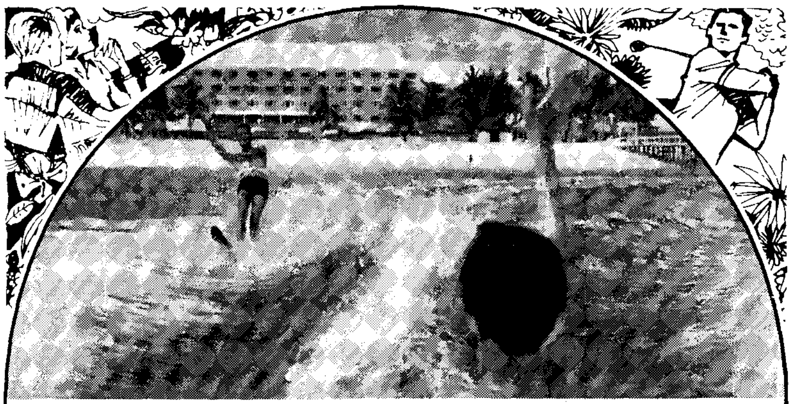
inconveniently bullish again in October, rising to around $0.72, matters reached a crisis. Over the grim objections of the Under-Secretary of the Treasury, Dean Acheson (who was to resign less than a month later), Roosevelt, on October 19th, told his aides that the R.F.C. gold-buying was about to begin, and three days later, in a "fireside chat" over the radio, announced the new program to the public without explaining it or even mentioning Warren. For the purpose of controlling the value of the dollar and raising commodity prices, he said, the R.F.C. would buy gold newly mined in the United States at "prices to be determined from time to time," and, when necessary, would also buy gold in the world markets. "This is a policy, not an expedient," he added, as if to deprive the flinty international bankers and their hard-money allies of any crumb of comfort. And thus the stage was set for the whole national economy to become Professor Warren's test tube, in a phase of economic history that was later described by Keynes as "the gold standard on the booze," and was described contemporaneously by the New York *Times* as being characterized by "a sense of unreality." About five years later, the *Times* noted, "There is probably no instance in history of so bold an economic experiment."

THE first national reaction to the gold-buying announcement was general bewilderment. Those closely involved in the events leading up to it reacted predictably—the arch-inflationist farm lobby in Congress was overjoyed, and Warburg, listening to the fireside chat at a friend's home in Chicago, felt as if he had been dealt a body blow—but the lay public and the newspapers were hopelessly divided and confused. Even Wall Street seemed to be puzzled—indeed, stunned into a momentary trance. Many leading bankers, according to the *Times*, "confessed themselves unable to understand the full import" of the plan. And if the bankers couldn't understand it, who could? One of them was reported in the *Times* as saying that he "saw in the President's announcement nothing which departed in any way from 'orthodox' financial principles"—a comment that has a certain Zen quality, as if the banker had searched for and found a response that had an illogicality commensurate with the challenge. The House of Morgan was silent now, and, for that matter, not one of the celebrated spokesmen of New York finance—not Thomas W. Lamont or



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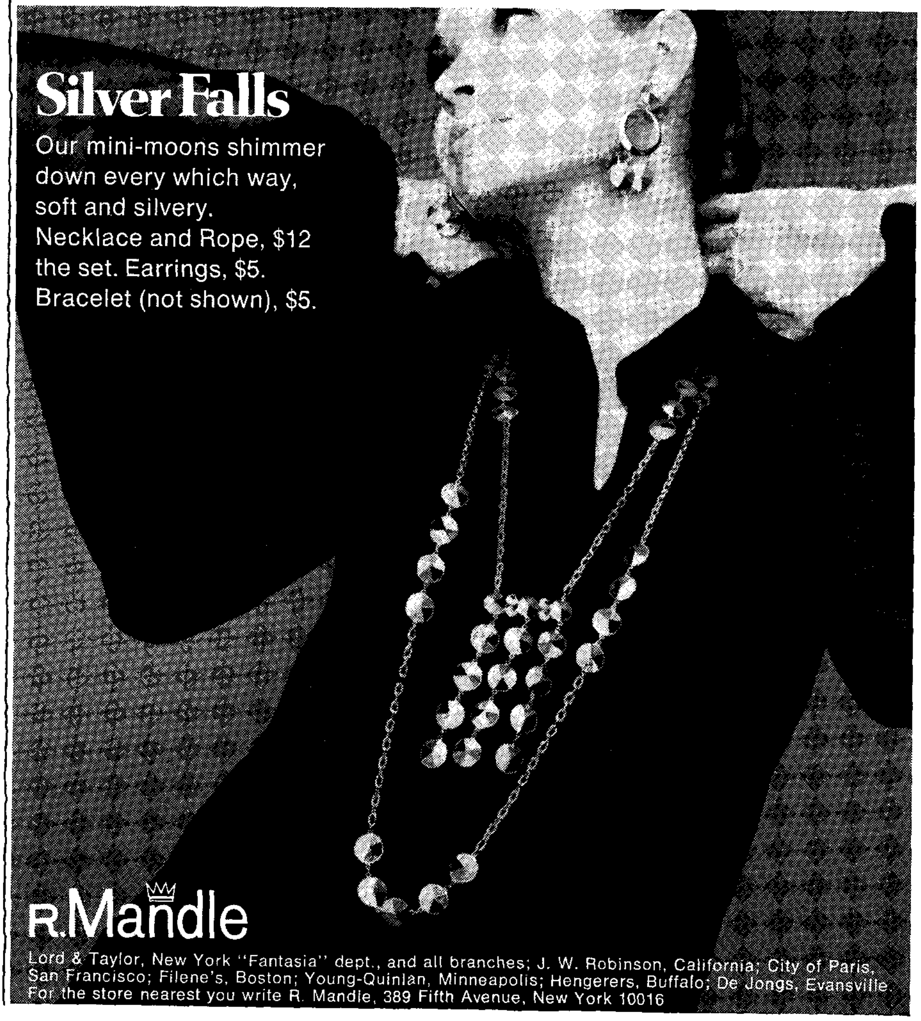

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Richard Whitney or Otto H. Kahn—could find his tongue. This was an extraordinary and enlightening historical anomaly, since in reality the Roosevelt program was not all that confusing; perfectly clearly, it represented a direct assault on the very thing that Wall Street held most sacred—sound money. True, there was a practical reason for caution; Wall Street and the New Deal were already moving fast toward a head-on confrontation over the matter of federal regulation of the stock market, and it may not have seemed the politic moment to open up a second front. Washington learned something then: Depression-riddled Wall Street, for all its crusty old lions, could be taken by storm.

On October 25th, the great experiment began. That morning, and each subsequent weekday morning, Roosevelt, Morgenthau, Jesse Jones (who was the head of the R.F.C.), and sometimes Warren met in the President's bedroom and, while the President ate breakfast, decided on the price at which gold would be bought that day. At first, operations were only domestic, the world gold market being left to its own devices in the hope that it would tend to conform to the United States price without intervention. The little group in Roosevelt's bedroom would simply decide, more or less arbitrarily, on a gold price a few cents above the previous day's world price, and, having concluded their deliberations, would announce to the world the sum that the R.F.C. was now prepared to pay for all newly mined gold in the United States—that is to say, since gold hoarding was illegal, presumably all the gold available for sale in the country.

On the first morning, the price was set at $31.36 an ounce—twenty-seven cents above that day's world price. (The old gold-standard price had been $20.67; the difference represented the amount that the dollar had depreciated in the markets since April.) Obedient to the theory, commodity prices rose. On the second day, the gold price was edged up eighteen cents more, but commodity prices *declined*. What was this? Surely a disconcerting reaction in the test tube. Or perhaps it was only some sort of temporary aberration. Government officials let it be known that they were not downhearted. Next day, the gold price was upped twenty-two cents, and commodities rose again. But another disturbing phenomenon was beginning to appear: The world exchange market was showing a tendency to disregard the R.F.C. price and arrive at a separate daily valuation for gold in terms of the dollar—a move suggesting all too plainly that the R.F.C. price for domestic gold was of no great importance and could not have any permanent effect on anything. There were really two dollars now—the Warren dollar and the foreign-exchange dollar. This was *really* alarming, for it raised the prospect that the R.F.C. might have to abandon its strict confinement to domestic operations and go directly into the world market—an act that might be interpreted by Britain and France as outright economic warfare. On the following day, a Saturday, the gold price was advanced six cents more, and commodities declined again. Professor Warren's actions, and even his whereabouts at the time, are unknown, but it stands to reason that he was scratching his head.

Meanwhile, in Wall Street, confusion grew. The general feeling was based on negatives: the latest earnings reports of industry were dreadful, but the prospects for the stability of the dollar, all things considered, looked even worse, and, consequently, the stock market rose somewhat. Everybody in the Street was spending his odd moments trying to guess exactly how the amount of the daily rise in the gold price was being determined. Those engaged in this interesting activity could hardly have been reassured if they had known the truth. They learned it years later from Morgenthau's diary, which recounts that one day when he came in for the daily breakfast meeting and suggested an increase of somewhere between nineteen and twenty-two cents, Roosevelt proposed twenty-one cents, explaining cheerfully, "It's a lucky number, because it's three times seven." A touch of numerology was perhaps all that the program needed.

In private sessions with Warren, however, Roosevelt seems to have been less cocky; indeed, he seems to have demanded that Warren explain exactly why the theory wasn't working. It appears that Warren replied doggedly that the only thing needed to make it effective was to extend the gold-buying into the world markets. On October 29th, five days after the campaign began, Roosevelt announced his intention of doing this, with the R.F.C. making its purchases daily in London and Paris through the Federal Reserve

Bank of New York. This would amount to introducing a far more volatile chemical into the test tube—perhaps even an explosive one. Immediately, there was an anguished outcry from the British and the French, whose own currencies would now beyond any question be competitively disadvantaged. "If it went far, it would be necessary for us, from a trading point of view, if we are to carry on external business, to do something also," Sir Robert Horne, Britain's former Chancellor of the Exchequer, had warned the Bond Club of New York two days before Roosevelt's announcement, adding, "Believe me, it would not be done in any respect in the shape of retaliation. You must not think that. But we have got to defend our trading position." What the tactful ex-Chancellor was saying, in effect, was that Britain—which had already been forced off the gold standard a year and a half earlier—might be forced in self-defense to mount a similar bear raid on *its* currency. Hitting oneself on the head with a hammer was a game that two could play.

So began the glory and the agony of George L. Harrison, who, as Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, had the painful duty of carrying out his government's policy and, simultaneously, of trying to explain and justify it to the nearly apoplectic central bankers of Europe and to damp down the protests of the bewildered Wall Street bankers in whose midst he worked—his institution being on Liberty Street, just a stone's throw from Wall. He was a good man for the job. By position, he was not a New Dealer, for the Federal Reserve is partly in government and partly in private banking, and the officers of Federal Reserve banks are not subject to appointment or dismissal by Presidents of the United States. By temperament and conviction, he was even farther from the New Deal; in fact, being a sound-money man, he found the gold-buying program horrifying. Harrison, a Yale College and Harvard Law School graduate, a former legal secretary to the legendary Justice Holmes, a careful bureaucrat, and a tactful diplomat, was a handsome, heavyset, pipe-smoking, crinkly-eyed, confidence-inspiring sort of man, who walked with a limp as a result of a childhood accident. Destined to have his talent for diplomacy put to a comically excruciating test, he was the perfect man in the middle.

On November 2nd, Harrison placed the first world-market orders for gold on behalf of the R.F.C. The price and the amount of the order were kept

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secret, in order to achieve maximum effect and not tip off speculators, and, as had been planned, the dollar weakened in the foreign markets. From Liberty Street, Harrison kept the international telephone wires humming as he tried to damp down French and British urges to retaliate. Robert Lacour-Gayet, a high officer of the Bank of France, told Harrison on the phone that the French simply couldn't grasp what was going on in Washington; he had, he said aggrievedly, been called upon to explain the new American policy to the French press, and had found himself at a loss, since he couldn't make head or tail of it himself. The most comfort that Harrison could offer was to say that the gold purchases would be made in as orderly a manner as possible. As for Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, when he first heard of the plan, four days earlier, he had, Harrison confided in his office diary, "hit the ceiling;" now he was apparently back on the floor, but still shaky. And so, all through November, with only a day's surcease now and again, the United States government's official assault on the dollar continued, its gold purchases being made regularly on both the domestic and the world markets at ever higher prices. After less than a week of world-market operations, the dollar, in terms of gold, was down to $0.629—another new low; Paris and London were jittery; as a result of the uncertainty, international trade was virtually paralyzed; the stock markets, both European and American, were still too confused to know which way to jump; and Alexander Dana Noyes, the venerable and judicious financial editor of the New York *Times*, was keening about what he called the "plainly needless intrusion" of the United States into world markets, which had served to "reduce to despair the effort of serious home or foreign bankers to understand what Washington is driving at." Meanwhile, farm prices had not risen significantly, and in Iowa farm strikers had burned a railroad bridge and shot at a passing train. Professor Warren was not answering his phone.

ON November 9th, matters had reached a crisis. The dollar suddenly plunged to under sixty-two cents on the world market as the speculators joined the United States government in trouncing it; domestic grain prices rose substantially and no more bridges were burned in Iowa, but the Bank of England's Governor Norman, seeing the pound at an all-time record high of

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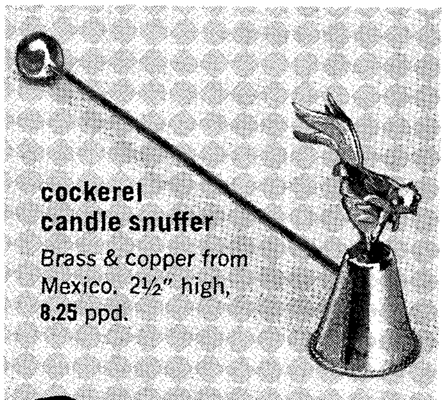

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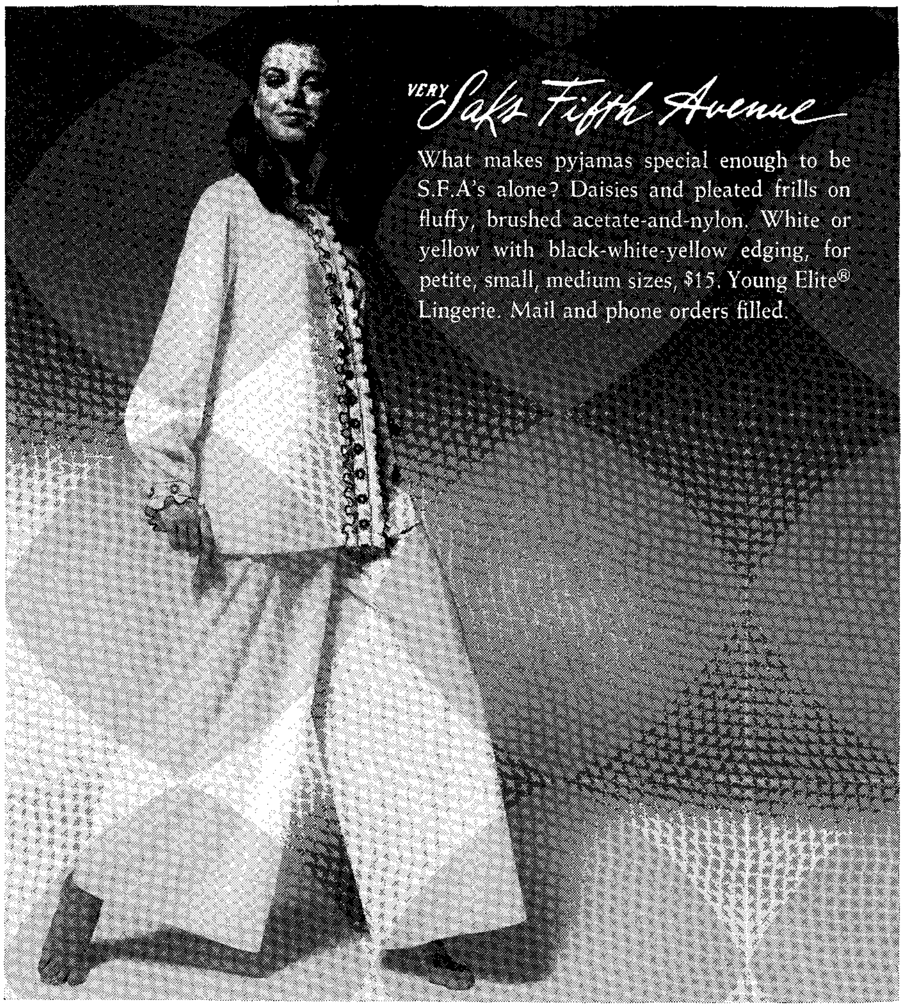
well over five dollars, hit the ceiling again, and although his country still patiently refrained from retaliation, non-governmental British bankers began telephoning, cabling, or writing to their American counterparts to beg pathetically for some intelligible explanation of what was going on and how far it would go. Since the American bankers were equally in the dark, they could offer no help. By that weekend, it was statistically clear that the Warren theory was not working very well, even with the foreign interventions, for while the world price of the dollar had by then been forced down not quite seven per cent since the gold-buying began, wheat prices had risen slightly less than two per cent and cotton prices only about one and a half per cent. Still, Roosevelt was not discouraged. (He certainly seems to have been little moved by the moans from across the ocean; when he and Morgenthau had imagined the frantic protests of the stately, goateed Governor Norman, whom Roosevelt liked to call Old Pink Whiskers, both men, Morgenthau recalled, roared with mischievous laughter.) On Sunday the twelfth, he called a monetary meeting at the White House to which he invited Harrison. After Roosevelt said that he believed a farm revolt had now been averted, and announced himself satisfied with the results of the gold-buying program so far, Harrison spoke up to predict that further depreciation of the dollar would result in a breakdown of the government's credit, and urged, at the least, a slowdown. Well, replied Roosevelt, there were two sides to the question—and, anyway, if at any time the dollar should get too weak, the R.F.C. could always reverse itself and *sell* some gold on the world markets. Seizing on the idea, Harrison praised it enthusiastically, since it would amount to a firm putting on of brakes. By all means, he said, let's start selling some gold, and the sooner the better. The meeting broke up without any firm decision having been taken. During the following week, between sessions of fending off continuing protests from the Banks of England and France, Harrison became Roosevelt's almost hour-to-hour counsellor—hardly a rewarding role, since little of his counsel was accepted, and certainly a highly anomalous one for a Wall Street banker in the early New Deal days.

Back on Liberty Street the day after the White House meeting, Harrison got a phone call from Roosevelt. How were things going in the foreign-exchange markets, the President wanted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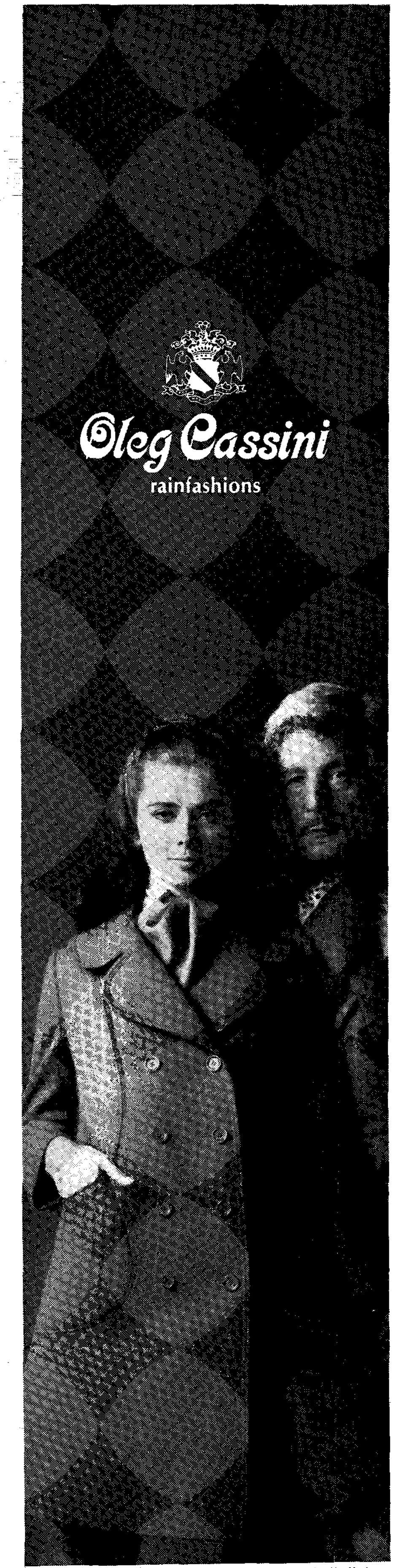

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to know. Harrison, gratified by this evidence of a new convert to the ranks of students of foreign exchange, answered the question, and seized the opportunity to put in another plug for desisting from gold-buying. Roosevelt was evasive, but he told Harrison that for the present he wanted a daily report on what was happening in the markets. Accordingly, Harrison called the White House early the following afternoon to make his report: The dollar was down sharply against the pound and the franc. How about selling that gold *now*—or, rather, since the European trading day was already over, the following morning? Roosevelt surprisingly replied that that was a good idea, and suggested selling two hundred thousand dollars' worth. That would be only a drop in the bucket, Harrison replied, and suggested selling half a million dollars' worth each in the Paris and London markets. Roosevelt agreed, and Harrison hung up, feeling much better; it seemed that a vestige of sanity was about to return to the monetary scene. But at four-twenty that afternoon he got a call from Jesse Jones, reporting that the President wanted Harrison to know that the United States would neither buy nor sell gold the next day, since more time was needed to look up the matter of whether selling gold abroad was legal. With characteristic conservatism, Harrison noted in his office diary that he was "surprised." For one thing, a rescinding of the President's oral order of three hours earlier might be expected to come from the President himself; for another, the legal question had been thrashed out, and presumably disposed of, before the overseas program began, and no one wished more than Harrison that it had been decided the other way. At seven-fifteen, after simmering for three hours, Harrison called Roosevelt. The White House operator explained to the Federal Reserve operator that Harrison would have to wait, because Mr. Jones wanted to talk to the President before Mr. Harrison did, and, in fact, was with him at the moment. Upon finally being connected with Roosevelt some minutes later, Harrison received, as usual, mollifying words. Jones, Roosevelt reported, was all up in the air about the legal questions involved in United States gold sales abroad. In reply, Harrison could only point out the obvious—that gold-buying had already been going on for almost two weeks without objections on legal grounds, and that presumably the same laws applied to selling gold as to buying it. Roosevelt said Jones would call Harrison back, and, a few minutes later, he did, to say that his call was to be considered an oral and temporary revocation of the authorization to sell gold, and to add that he didn't see why Harrison wanted to sell gold anyhow.

After what may well have been a restless night in his apartment, on East End Avenue, Harrison tried to call the White House the next morning to learn what the latest instructions were. But Roosevelt proved to be a hard man to reach just then. After being shuffled from one line to another for a while, Harrison, toward noon, was finally connected with Morgenthau, newly appointed Acting Secretary of the Treasury, who informed him that the President was dressing and was therefore unavailable for the moment. Meanwhile, the foreign-exchange markets were approaching the point of panic again, with the dollar below sixty cents and in a state near violent collapse, and Norman and Lacour-Gayet burning up the transatlantic wires. After concluding his conversation with Morgenthau, Harrison, switching adeptly to his role of mollifier, explained to the Europeans, in turn, that the situation in the farm belt was still bad, and calmed them somewhat by hinting that he had some evidence that Roosevelt's inflation drive was about to level off. (The evidence, presumably, consisted solely of the rising confusion and indecision that he sensed in the White House.) Then, at noon, Jones called to say that Harrison had, at least momentarily, won their argument—the legal problems were again brushed aside, and the authorization to sell a million dollars' worth of gold in Paris and in London was renewed. (Again, it was too late for European trading that day.) That afternoon, Harrison was connected with Roosevelt at last, and he was given still further cause for elation, and further material to use in tranquillizing Norman and Lacour-Gayet, when the President went as far as to *ask* him how the Wall Street bankers felt about the program at this point. Harrison said that he had explained it as best he could to six or seven of them, and that after he had finished "they seemed a little more comforted." "Fine," said the President heartily. "Keep up the good work."

Harrison's victory was an ambiguous one. The next day, November 16th, the gold was sold, as had been agreed, and the dollar obediently strengthened. Roosevelt granted Harrison's request that, in order to calm the markets, he state publicly that he was now fairly well satisfied with the results of his program, but when Harrison asked for authorization to sell at least another million dollars' worth of gold the next day in London and in Paris, it was denied. Indeed, on the eighteenth gold-*buying* was resumed. But Roosevelt's attitude was now showing unmistakable signs of change. Partly as a result of the cautious but constant pressure from Harrison, partly as a result of his observation of the foreign-exchange chaos that he had created, and perhaps most of all because well-organized protests were at last being mounted by United States business groups, he was coming to see matters in a new light—to see that he was engaged in a cosmic juggling feat in which too much concentration on one ball, the plight of the domestic farmers, would result in his dropping the others: the nation's economic relations with Europe and his own relations with American business, small as well as big. On November 17th, he left Washington for a stay in Warm Springs, Georgia. The journey did not discourage Roosevelt's consultations with Harrison, on whom he was coming almost to rely. A kind of long-distance intimacy sprang up between these two very different men, with their conflicting temperaments and interests, who seemed to have nothing in common but two far from inconsiderable factors—genteel upbringing and physical disability.

On the twenty-first, Harrison succeeded in persuading Morgenthau to urge Roosevelt not to buy any more gold abroad for a few days, on the ground that the franc's competitive position had now been damaged so much that France was on the verge of being forced off the gold standard—an eventuality that would leave no major currency tied to gold and would make the world monetary outlook uncertain indeed. The plea worked. To Harrison's relief, no order to buy gold reached him from the R.F.C. that day. Very early the next morning, Roosevelt called Harrison at his apartment. Morgenthau had relayed the message, the President said, and he added that he was very glad he had followed Harrison's advice, in view of the uncertainty about the franc. Here, surely, was a new Roosevelt. When Harrison called Warm Springs from Liberty Street that afternoon to make his daily market report, he found the President in a thoughtful

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mood, and the two men fell to debating the question of exactly how well the Warren theory was proving itself. Despite all the dollar depreciation, Harrison pointed out, domestic wheat and cotton prices stood at about the same levels as at the start of November. Yes, Roosevelt countered, but look at rubber and tin—*their* prices were up. Harrison explained that this proved nothing, because rubber and tin, being largely imported commodities in the United States, reflected world prices, which were fixed in terms of gold, and therefore a rise in the gold price automatically meant a rise in their prices. Apparently impressed by this fairly obvious point, Roosevelt agreed to leave the exchange markets alone for the three remaining business days of that week. There were more such conversations. "It's funny how sometimes they [prices] seemed to go against all the rules," the President mused, in evident perplexity, in the course of one of them. The long-distance talks were becoming an economics seminar—which is to say that Harrison, as the tutor, was gaining the upper hand. On the twenty-third, even though the dollar had strengthened and the price of wheat fell three cents a bushel, Roosevelt stuck to his pledge not to buy more gold that week. He and Harrison returned to sparring, Roosevelt saying he had charts to prove that prices were improving according to plan, Harrison reiterating his point of the previous day that the higher prices, since they were mostly those of imported commodities, didn't count. Harrison noted in his office diary that he now felt that Roosevelt was coming to understand the principle of stabilization. "On the whole, I considered it an encouraging conversation," he wrote. His exalted pupil might finally grasp the basic concepts after all.

WHILE the seminar went on, the protests from businessmen across the country were mounting to a fortissimo. On November 18th, the United States Chamber of Commerce had issued a blast calling for an early return to the gold standard. That same week, Bernard Baruch, a vintage F.D.R. supporter, came out with an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* saying that the inflation could nullify the other accomplishments of the New Deal. On the twenty-first, Dr. Oliver M. W. Sprague of Harvard resigned his job as an economic adviser to the President to be free to attack the program. ("Sprague is a nuisance," Roosevelt had just written to a friend.) The same day, the publisher of a leading

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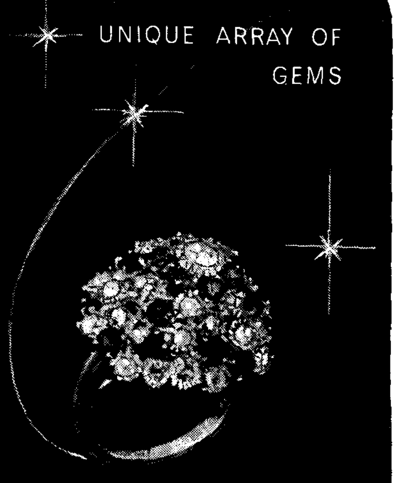

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commercial trade journal denounced Warren—who up to then had somehow remained largely out of public view, and even out of public discussion—as "the financial dictator of the United States." On the twenty-third, the chiefs of du Pont, General Motors, and Macy's joined the dissenters, and on the twenty-fourth Alfred E. Smith—the Happy Warrior, as Roosevelt had called him on a more harmonious occasion—joined the battle by announcing that he was "for gold dollars as against baloney dollars," and attacking the "crackpots and quarterbacks" in Washington who were using all Americans as guinea pigs. Wall Street itself, encouraged and perhaps shamed by its outspoken allies, remained prudently mum in public but began systematically whipping up the opposition behind the scenes and silently manifesting its changed attitude toward the New Deal it had welcomed so warmly eight months earlier. Although every bank and brokerage house in New York had endorsed the fair-business-practices code promulgated the preceding summer by the government under the National Recovery Administration—adherence to which was supposed to be indicated by the display of small signs bearing a stylized blue eagle and the words "We Do Our Part"—a newspaper reporter who toured the Wall Street area on November 24th found only three blue eagles in windows. And high in the councils of the protesters was the partly repatriated Wall Street renegade James Warburg. Following his disagreement with Roosevelt in September, he had quietly started laying the groundwork for a national anti-inflation campaign. "Here and there, little groups of businessmen forgathered to see if they could help each other understand what was going on," Warburg wrote. "I took part in organizing a protest by a group of Chicago businessmen and economists, and urged various friends to take action. Bob Lovett helped the New York newspapers to understand the situation. John Schiff alerted the New York Chamber of Commerce. . . . I myself talked to some of the important life-insurance-company presidents." On November 22nd, in a speech before the American Academy of Political and Social Science in Philadelphia, Warburg came out into the open. Avoiding, out of sentiment or diplomacy, a personal attack on his erstwhile idol, the President, he lashed out at the Warren theory and at those in Congress and the Administration who had urged it on Roosevelt. Thus, when Wall Street finally found its public voice, it

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was, ironically, an ex-New Deal voice.

New groups and committees to protest the gold-buying were springing up almost hour by hour. Their actions culminated in a huge "sound-money" rally, held on the evening of the twenty-seventh in Carnegie Hall, that was jointly sponsored by a group called the Crusaders; the American Legion; and, of all organizations, the American Federation of Labor. True, thirteen blocks south, at the Hippodrome, that same evening an even bigger rally (fifteen thousand people, including crowds milling around in the streets outside) was being conducted in *support* of the gold-buying program, with Henry Morgenthau, Sr., the Acting Secretary's father, and Father Charles Coughlin, a priest who had gained an enormous audience by delivering mellifluous political sermons on the radio and who was at that time a rabid Roosevelt fan, as its stars. But here Roosevelt was unlucky in his support, and the rally backfired badly. The rabble-rousing, anti-Semitic Coughlin went too far, ranting intemperately against "British propaganda from these Tory bankers of lower Manhattan" and dismissing inflation as "a trick word to scare us." Even though it was several months before Coughlin's integrity came into question, with the revelation that his sponsoring organization, the Radio League of the Little Flower, had been speculating for private profit against gold and in favor of silver (which Coughlin rather arbitrarily defined as a "Gentile" metal), Coughlin's bad showing at the Hippodrome probably helped to turn the tide of public opinion against the Warren theory. At all events, after raising the gold price nine cents on November 28th and eight cents on November 29th, in what seemed to be a last gesture of defiance, Roosevelt all but gave up. The repeal of Prohibition became effective on December 5th, and that event tended to crowd money out of people's minds and off the front pages. On the ninth, Roosevelt confided to Harrison that he now hoped to "maintain a period of relative quiet in all fields," and Harrison, hardly able to believe his ears, knew that this could mean only that the experiment was essentially over. Through the rest of December, the gold price was raised only once, and then very slightly. Bureau of Labor figures at the end of the year confirmed the impression that the Warren theory simply had not worked by revealing that during the gold-buying period domestic commodity prices had actually *fallen* slightly, over all.

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In a special message on monetary policy to Congress in mid-January of 1934, Roosevelt formally repudiated the Warren theory by proposing stabilization of the dollar in terms of gold at a relationship near the prevailing world one, and on the last day of that month, after Congress had passed appropriate legislation, he put the stabilization into effect, decreeing a return to a modified gold standard, with the dollar at 59.06 per cent of its original value. This odd figure was chosen to permit the round sum of thirty-five dollars an ounce to become the official price of gold. And thus what for a strange month had been changed daily and haphazardly over the President's breakfast was now to be fixed, perhaps permanently. Just how permanently, no one could foresee. More than a generation later, in 1968, when a combination of factors brought about one of the most intense speculative attacks ever made on the dollar, bankers would travel halfway around the world, a queen would confer with her ministers into the small hours, and the whole world of central banking would labor mightily to hold the price of gold at exactly thirty-five dollars an ounce.

THE boldest of economic experiments was over, and the gold standard went off the booze just as the country went back on it. The stock market, its ball only some sixty per cent as large as before but at least a standardized size, leaped upward in relief. Professor Warren slipped inconspicuously back to Cornell to attend to his student farmers and his four thousand chickens. That October, he returned to Washington for a day and had lunch with Roosevelt, setting off a flurry of rumors of further dollar devaluation. He was asked on this occasion if his unofficial connection with the government was about to be resumed, and he replied, perhaps with a bit of sly rural mischief, "The place where I worked in the Department of Commerce has never been closed, so far as I know." On receiving this intelligence, the world-exchange markets plunged, but neither further devaluation nor a return of Warren to government occurred. Until his death, three and a half years later, he was little heard from, enduring in comparative silence the galling experience of seeing his theory, now that it had been discredited in practice, solemnly dissected and derided by just about every living economic pundit. In 1939, the year after he died, the Federal Reserve Board itself buried the theory

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once and for all when it informed Congress, "Experience has shown . . . that prices cannot be controlled by changes in the amount and cost of money. . . . Cash and prices do not move together." The Ithaca dirt farmer, if he had hardly been a successful financial dictator, had surely been the most unlikely one in history.

Wall Street had won, but to its cost. Its honeymoon with the New Deal had ended with the bride's committing the fatal *gaffe* of demonstrating that the groom's favorite theory was wrong. In reality, both sides had lost. The New Deal, which had started out with Wall Street's almost abject subservience and dependence, was now faced with a Wall Street that, its worst suspicions about wild-eyed crackpots in Washington having been confirmed, had totally reversed itself in a year and presented a practically solid phalanx of opposition. (Not quite solid; Russell Leffingwell, of J. P. Morgan & Co., could find it in his heart, in March, 1934, to write Roosevelt with gallant sympathy, "What a task you have in your war against hunger and unemployment! Between the deflationists who are sadists or radicals . . . the deflationists who are reactionaries . . . and the extreme inflationists . . . Well, you are the Captain, and you have always managed somehow. No doubt you will continue to do so.") On the other hand, where Wall Street and the New Deal, a year earlier, had shared a passionate interest in general recovery and had been glad to acknowledge their common cause, Wall Street now faced a New Deal spoiling to return hostility in kind—eager to hold up erring financiers for public derision, and convinced by Warburg's defection that not even the whitest of sheep from the Wall Street pasture was to be relied upon. On the merits of the matter, it appears that both sides had been wrong: The bizarre Warren theory was unsound, but it did no permanent harm and at least represented action and motion, bringing hope where Wall Street had none to offer. At all events, the stage was set for a tragicomic enmity that was to provide the nation with vast amounts of both dissension and diversion over the next half-dozen years.

—JOHN BROOKS

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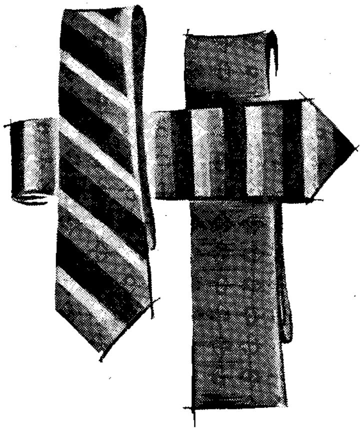

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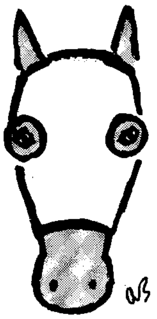
THE RACE TRACK

Big Weekend

ALWAYS—or almost always—Labor Day weekend is a big one for racing, here, there, and everywhere. This one proved as notable as it was interesting. Let's begin with the action at Belmont Park. The star performance there was the new Governor Nicolls Stakes, in which Elmendorf's Verbatim mowed down Mrs. Bert W. Martin's Rising Market in the stretch to win by half a length. Red-N-Blue Farm's Tropic King II was third, a length behind, and Nodouble was fourth. Curiously, too many superlatives seem to stop horses as effectively as weight or an unfamiliar track or nine hundred and ninety-eight other ponderables. Nodouble, who had started in seven hundred-thousand-dollar events this season, winning three and finishing second in the others, was tabbed such a good bet by most of the selectors and commentators that holiday horseplayers sent him to the post at 1–2. He went well for half the mile and a furlong. Rising Market, one of the two invaders from California (the other was Quicken Tree, winner of the Jockey Club Gold Cup last autumn), led until Verbatim, who was never far behind, caught him a furlong from home. It was Verbatim's fifth victory in nine tries this season. The race, by the way, is named for Richard Nicolls, the first English Colonial governor of New York, who shooed the Dutch out of Nieu Amsterdam and, in 1665, introduced racing to Long Island—"not so much for the divertissment of youth," he stated upon the occasion, "as for encouraging the bettering the breed of horses." The races were run over a course they say is now part of Garden City. Come to think of it, Jim Conway, who has done such a good job training Verbatim, lives in Garden City.



HOW good is Gallant Bloom? Starting with the Liberty Belle Handicap at Belmont last May, she has been unbeaten in her six starts, five of them stakes—winning one, the Delaware Oaks, after Pit Bunny's number was taken down for bumping. Since she won the Gazelle Handicap a fortnight ago, in which she gave Pit Bunny eleven pounds and a three-and-a-half-length beating, critical horse-watchers have come to agree that she's our best three-year-old filly. And Buddy Hirsch turned her out looking a picture. On the other hand, Shuvee didn't impress me as she did in the spring; she wound up a distant third.

IT was quite like old times to see Alfred Vanderbilt's colors down in front in the Matron Stakes last Saturday. I couldn't believe, until I looked it up, that it had been twenty years since his Bed o' Roses won this blue-ribbon event for two-year-old fillies. Anyway, his Cold Comfort certainly ran like a good one, winning by four lengths from Repoise. Grab It was third. The stunner for the talent was Meritus, winner of the Spinaway by ten lengths at Saratoga, who finished fifth. She outlooked everything at saddling time, she was away well, and she did the first quarter along with Gay Missile in 0:22⅕ and the half mile in 0:46⅕, but as those two and Cold Comfort swung into the stretch, Cold Comfort went round them into a lead that she increased with every stride. A sturdy brown filly by Nearctic out of Scarlet Letter, who is a daughter of Native Dancer, Cold Comfort had been lightly raced; the Matron was only her sixth start, and she has won three. We'll see more of her, I'm sure. Meritus may not have liked the track, which was drying out. This reminds me that the Maskette Handicap, the first day of the big rain last week, was won by Singing Rain.

THERE were firsts for Chicago and night racing when the Arlington-Washington Futurity was run at Arlington Park last Saturday. Never before had a race with a purse of $366,075 been decided under the lights. The result was hardly a surprise. Ever since Silent Screen won by fourteen lengths at Saratoga a month ago, the boys on the backstretch have insisted that he is the fastest thing on racing plates. From all accounts, he made the eleven other two-year-olds look as though they were running in quicksand or in another race, for he galloped home effortlessly by eight lengths. Insubordination, winner of the Hollywood Park Juvenile Championship in July, was second, followed by Windy Tide, a maiden from California. Under the most energetic efforts of Shoemaker, who had ridden four previous

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winners of this jackpot, Insubordination was quickest away, but Silent Screen passed him before they'd gone a quarter of the seven-furlong route. Silent Screen is a chestnut colt of the sprinter type by Prince John out of Prayer Bell (*her sire was Better Self*), *and Sonny* Werblin paid $39,000 for him at the 1968 yearling sales. He is handled by J. Bowes Bond, Maryland's favorite horse trainer. The winner's share of the purse was $206,075, which isn't bad for a minute and twenty-two and three-fifths seconds of light exercise. The Wheatley Stable's Irish Castle, who was the favorite, was never prominent in the race, finishing sixth. Luck was also out for the establishment's pair, No Demerits and Inheritance, in the *Lassie Stakes out there on Labor* Day; they were fifth and sixth. Seems they're not night workers.

The American Derby was run in the twilight at Arlington the Saturday before. Bull Hancock declared that his Dike and Jay Ray were not going to race at night, so the management put the Derby first on the card. (Diogenes Checkpoints doesn't remember when, if ever, a fixture of that importance opened the program. It wasn't part of the daily double; that was on the sec*ond and third races, and was,* I'd say, the talk of the evening, for it paid $2,486.) It was Fast Hilarious all the way in the Derby, though as he and Night Invader went under the wire his advantage was only a neck. Dike was third. I admired the comment of Whited, who rode Night Invader: "One thing I don't like about having the hundred-thousand-dollar one as the first race is I've got all night to think about losing."

Mrs. Marjorie Lindheimer Everett, *who runs the show at Arlington, had* wanted night racing for years, and the Illinois Racing Board finally granted her permission to try it the last eight days of the meeting. Returning travellers report that though attendance was up, the volume of betting was down; that the jockeys thought their horses were as surefooted under the lights as they are in the daytime; that the trainers were far from enthusiastic; and that the grooms and other stable help were against it to a man, because it makes *their day too long. Night racing does* widen the opportunities for jockeys. Last Saturday, Rotz rode in the Matron and was at Arlington in plenty of time to win the Futurity. But I'll lay a point better than the odds that there won't be night racing at Belmont in our time.

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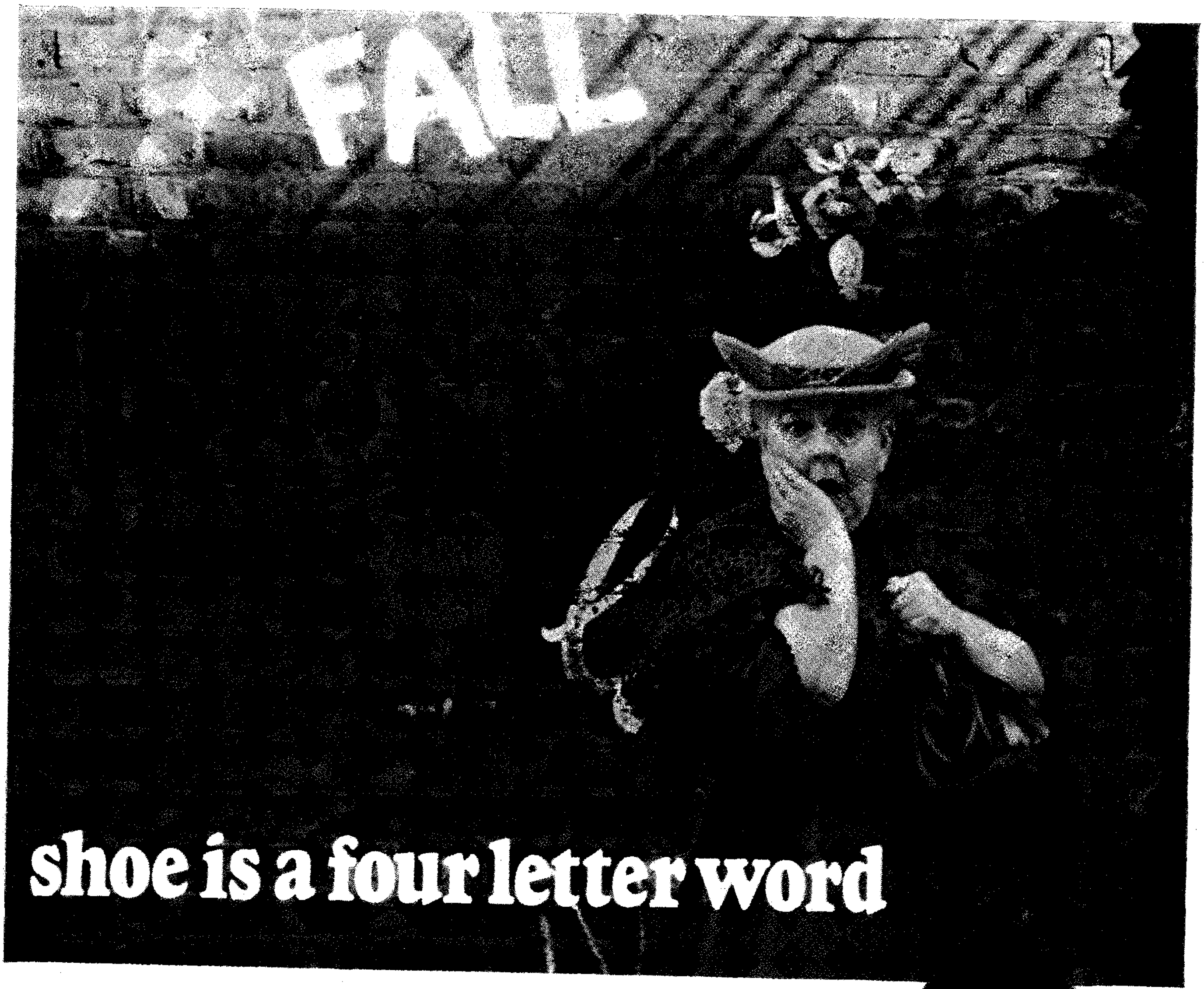
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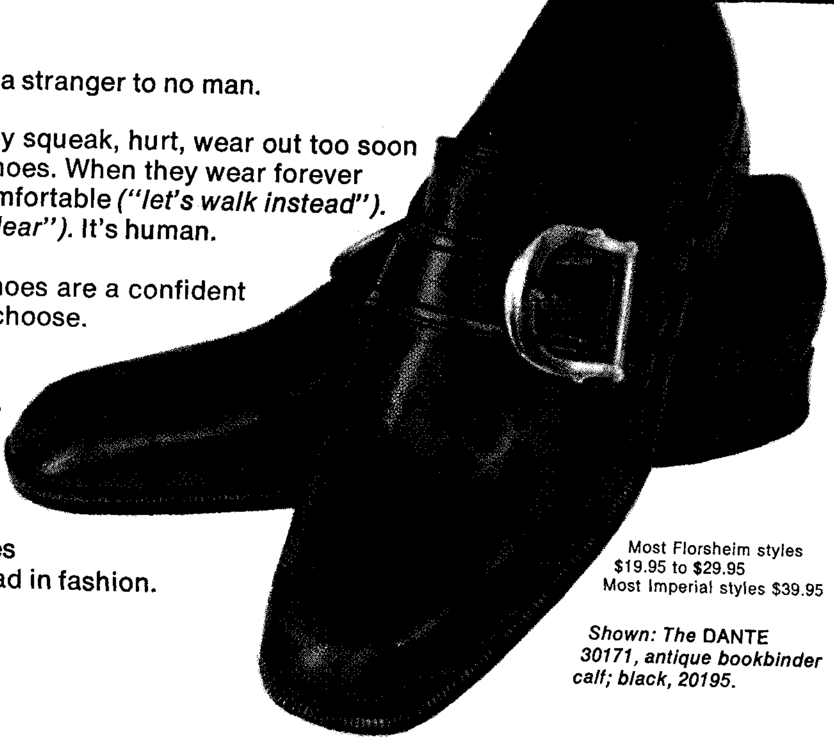

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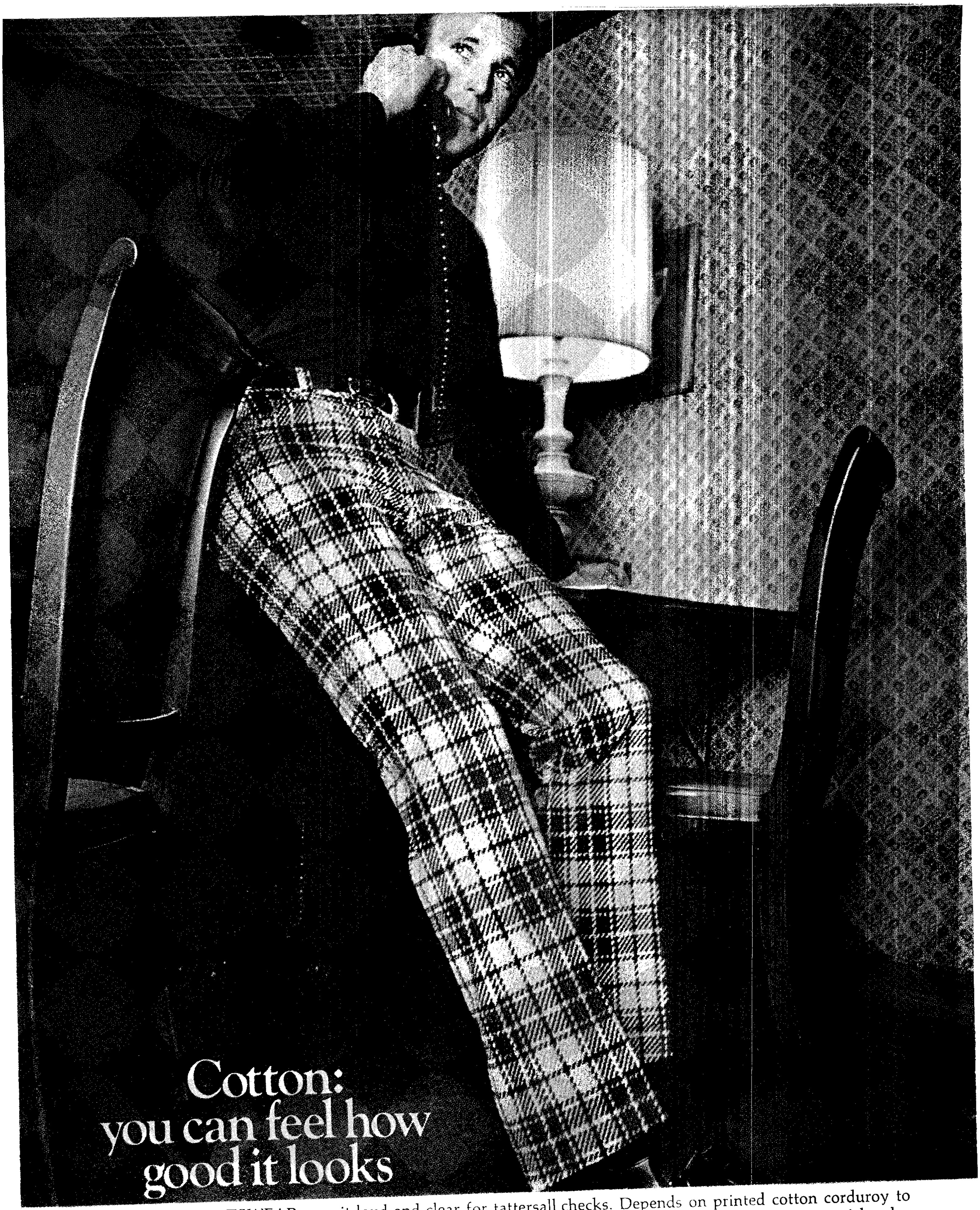

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AROUND CITY HALL

SEPTEMBER 4

MARIO PROCACCINO, New York's Democratic nominee for mayor, received a letter a few weeks ago from Representative John R. Rarick (D., Louisiana), a devout Wallace man. "I will be happy to appear in New York and campaign either for or against you, whichever you think will be more helpful," Rarick wrote Procaccino. The Congressman didn't get the come-ahead signal, and that is just as well, since few politicians in this divided city seem absolutely sure which tack the candidate would have been wise to choose. There is no doubt, of course, that in New York, as elsewhere in the country, an all-out segregationist would draw larger and friendlier crowds in many neighborhoods than he would have drawn a few years back, when the blacks were still being quite patient and many Americans could view the complaints of their nonwhite fellow-citizens with indifference, and even benevolence, thanks to tight zoning and safe distances. Now all elements of the political picture, whether they start out as taxes, housing, labor, or schools, are seen in short order only in black and white. Nothing is really as simple as that, even in politics, but it's clear that John Marchi, who in the June primary beat Mayor John Lindsay for the Republican nomination by taking nearly 112,000 out of 217,000 votes, and Procaccino, who got 252,000 votes out of 769,000 to win the Democratic nomination (over former Mayor Robert Wagner, with 221,000 votes; Bronx Borough President Herman Badillo, with 215,000; and Norman Mailer and Representative James Scheuer, who split about 80,000 between them), owe their victories largely to members of the informal group that has come to be known as SPONGE—the Society for the Prevention of the Negroes Getting Everything. Marchi and Procaccino earned full marks from this disaffected bloc by constantly implying that Lindsay was soft on soul and then insisting that the only civic issues worth talking about were crime in the streets and law and order—the top black-and-white phrases of the hour. "I think it is very evident that the people of our country have become sick and tired of the breakdown of law and order, and you find two candidates nominated in New York for mayor who made speeches like we make in Alabama except they had New York accents," George Wallace remarked approvingly soon after the primary. Nor did it hurt Marchi and Procaccino in the voting that both men are of Italian heritage—a condition they share with 1,300,000 other New Yorkers. But to Lindsay supporters this circumstance is just a variation on the SPONGE theme. In the view of many of these people—Procaccino recently called them "limousine liberals"—the New York redneck is probably an Italian, and, wherever he lives, it isn't in Manhattan. That borough, in which Lindsay took seventy-seven per cent of the primary vote, was the only one he carried.

Anyone who did give a passing thought to the most effective use for the flexible Representative Rarick as a stump speaker would have consulted the results of the primary for more than the names and predilections of the major-party victors and, by totting up the votes, would have discovered what is keeping smiles—if rather set smiles—on the faces at Lindsay headquarters. This is the fact that the combined Marchi-Procaccino total is only 364,000, or a little more than a third of those who voted in the primary—and *this* total, in turn, is traditionally a little more than a third of those who will vote in the election. Much of the remaining two-thirds of the New York electorate would presumably react more kindly toward a candidate whom a Wallace man swore at than toward one he swore by. In any case, as the Lindsay men keep telling themselves and anyone else who will listen, Procaccino, whom they speak of as the Little Napoleon of the Backlash, surely isn't going to get much support this fall from those New Yorkers who voted for Badillo, the gentlemanly Puerto Rican who is considered the brightest figure on the liberal Democratic scene, or for Scheuer, who in the eyes of black leaders is one of the more enlightened members of the House, or for Norman Mailer, who, for all his muscular posturing, got essentially a Manhattan egghead vote. Most of their three hundred thousand primary votes added to Lindsay's own hundred and five thousand and supplemented by a good share of the votes that went to Wagner (who, like Badillo, denounced Procaccino's primary campaign as "racist") and multiplied by three could mean the ball game for Lindsay in November, couldn't it? *Couldn't* it? Asking the question, the Lindsay men manage to look confident and jaunty, while in the background, at their Fifth Avenue headquarters, volunteer workers—

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just mention my name

some of them commuters from places like Harlem and some from places like Southampton—grapple with figures showing that there are three registered Democrats in New York for every registered Republican (three seems to be the salient political number in this city) and try to calculate what proportion of them will reach for the Democratic levers, out of either conviction or mindless reflex, this fall.

At John Marchi's headquarters, they are juggling other figures. Although Procaccino clearly has the advantage in the registration totals, Marchi, who until the June upset was an obscure state senator from Staten Island, now has it worked out that *he* may be the next resident of Gracie Mansion. Lindsay will be on the ballot in November as the candidate of the Liberal Party and of a new, ad-hoc Independent Party. Marchi points out that in 1965 Lindsay drew only 293,194 votes on the Liberal and Independent (another ad-hoc party) lines. (It was the Republican line that won him the election.) Marchi is now running on both the Conservative and the Republican slates, which, with William Buckley and Lindsay, respectively, heading these tickets four years ago, drew 339,127 and 873,721 votes. Marchi's staff members are quick to agree that their man, a quiet sort, isn't Buckley and isn't Lindsay. But, according to his campaign manager, "people are not looking for a flamboyant showboat this time," and Marchi argues that, even with some probable fall-away, he might reach the million mark, which all the candidates cite as November's magic winning number. He thus rejects a notion popular with some antiquarian editorial writers—that this election might be a rerun of a remarkably similar campaign in 1917. In the primary that year, a colorless local congressman unexpectedly beat out the incumbent mayor—John Purroy Mitchel, a dashing young liberal—for the Republican nomination. The winner of the primary then got a bare ten per cent of the votes in the fall election. (Though Marchi will undoubtedly do better than that, no one else takes his prediction of victory as seriously as he does.) Like Marchi, Lindsay would rather not hear about the 1917 precedent, since Mitchel, after being rejected by the Republicans, ran as an independent that November and was beaten two-to-one by the Democratic candidate, a musical-comedy political hack named John F. Hylan, who was noted principally for what the *Times* called his "marvelous mental density." Local

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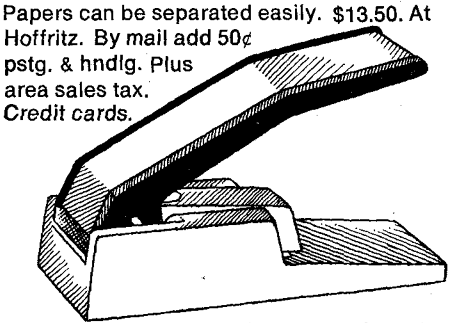
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Democrats later boasted that they had done Mitchel in by plastering him with the label of "the rich man's candidate." "Limousine liberals" may do as well.

Having weathered the danger that independent Democrats might enter a candidate in the race after the primary, thus splitting the liberal vote and making Procaccino's victory an absolute certainty, Showboat Lindsay's current problem is to persuade those New Yorkers who wish him well, whatever their party, that the situation is critical, even desperate. A great many of them find it impossible to believe that in this time of crisis for American cities someone like Procaccino could actually be elected mayor of the largest—and potentially, perhaps, the most troubled—city of them all. The chosen Democratic candidate is a round pouter pigeon of a man, a graduate of C.C.N.Y. and Fordham Law School, who until four years ago, when he was elected city comptroller, was a judge in the Municipal (now Civil) Court—the city's lowest. Neither his experience nor his interests have ever taken him far from the Little Italys of the Bronx, the borough in which he has spent most of his fifty-seven years, or from its neighborhood Democratic clubhouses, where he long made himself useful. It is clear from the tenor of his campaign that the concepts of communal guilt and responsibility outlined in the "Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders"—a commission of which Lindsay was an influential member—are simply beyond his comprehension. He might argue, of course, that Lindsay's understanding of them hasn't kept the city from being in a terrible mess. Still, it hardly seems likely that the ideal solution for urban crime is, as he suggests, just to put more people in jail for longer periods and at earlier ages, treating thirteen-year-olds and older felons with an even hand. "When he talks about crime and treating juvenile offenders as adult criminals, he's talking about black and Puerto Rican kids. Everyone knows he's not talking about Jewish and Italian kids. It's dangerous to divide people that way," Herman Badillo said a few weeks ago when he announced his endorsement of Lindsay. Procaccino's discussions of the appalling New York welfare load are concerned not with most of the million people on the rolls but with the able-bodied freeloaders—seventy-five thousand is the number he has settled on—who he swears, to loud cheers on the neat side streets of

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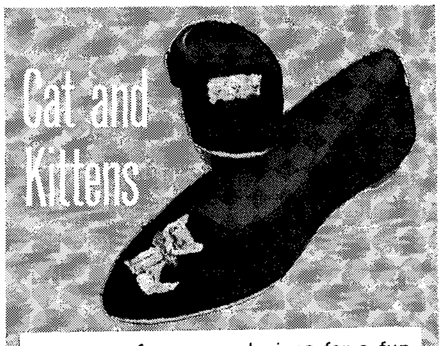

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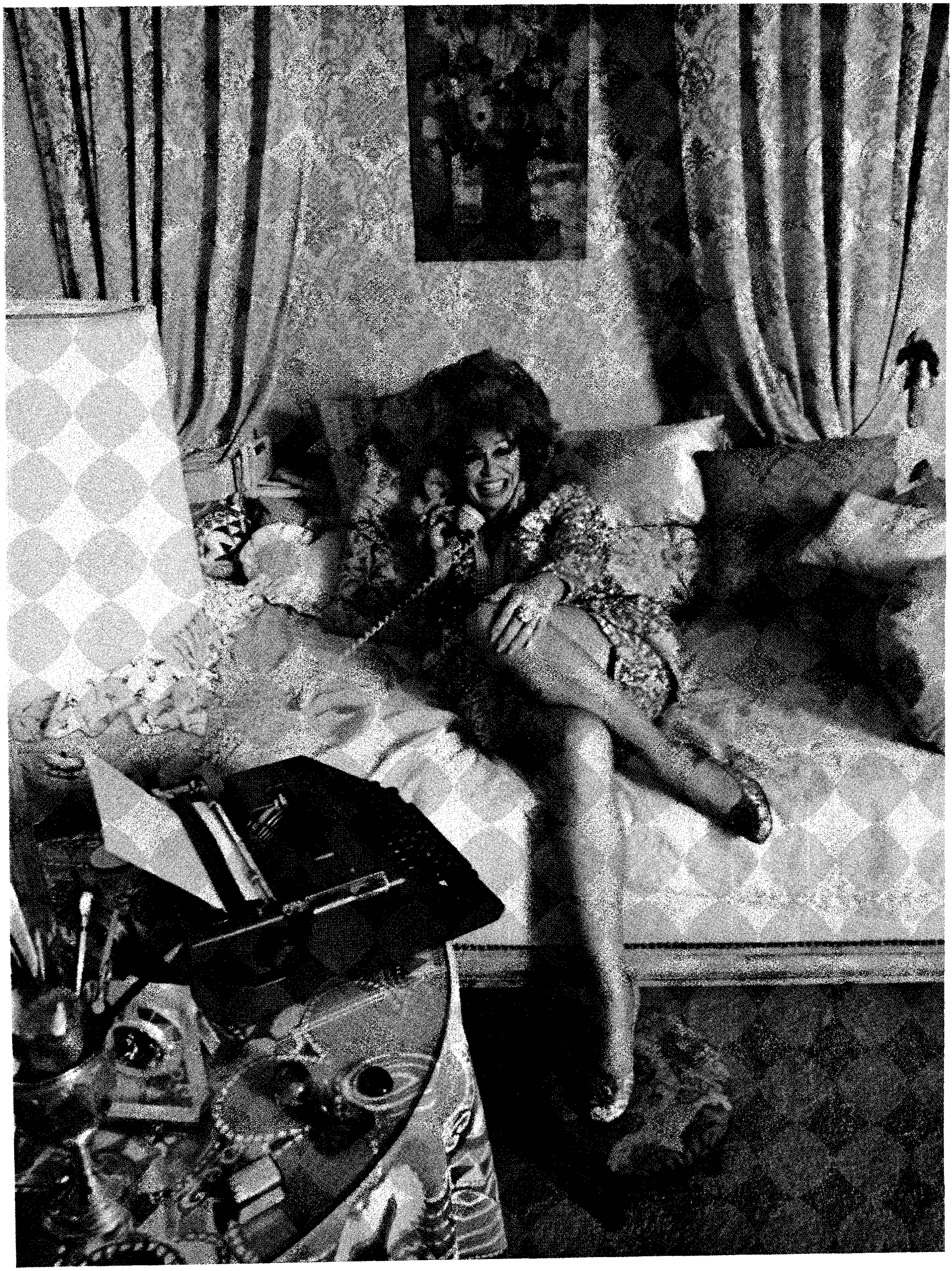

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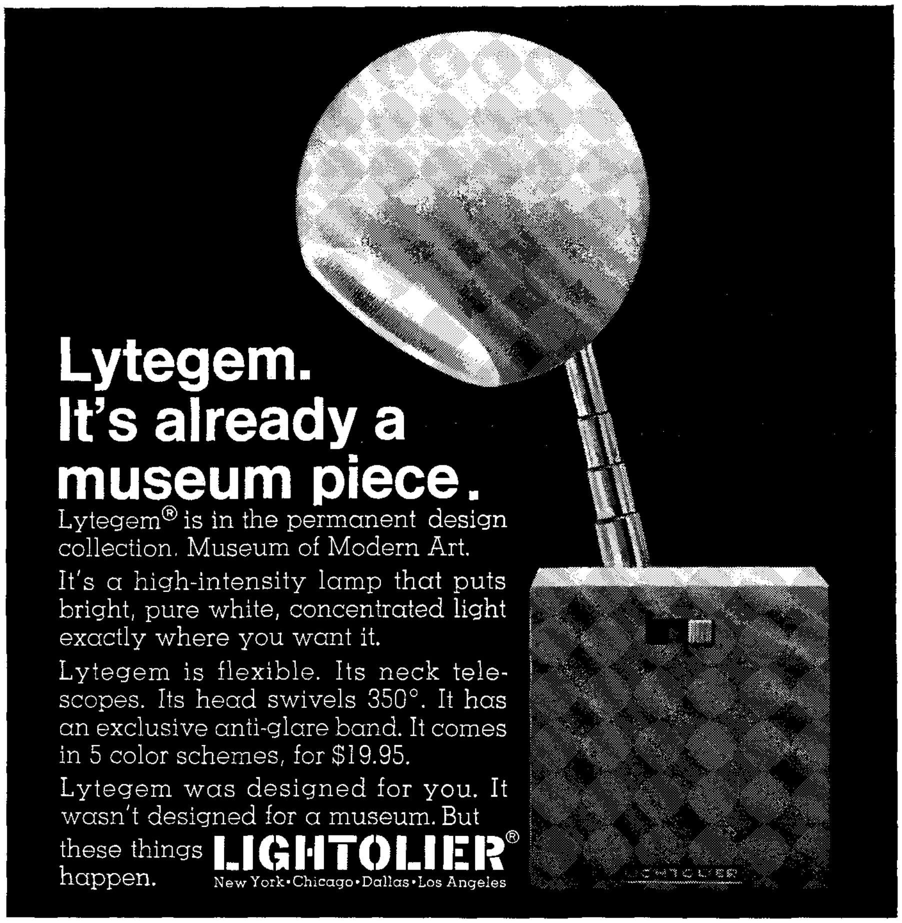
Queens and the Bronx, will be out on their ears doing an honest day's work the week he moves into City Hall. Although he is known to more sophisticated members of his party as the Weeper, the only events that have publicly moved him to tears in recent months have been the announcement of his own candidacy for mayor and, a bit later, the embarrassing implications of a formal investigation of the comptroller's office, which were that the comptroller had benefitted in a roundabout way from certain financial contributions made by brokers anxious to do business with the city. A few weeks ago, Procaccino's headquarters got up a statement of his political outlook for Robert Wagner which he was sure would persuade the former mayor not only to endorse him but to serve as his campaign manager. Its parochialism was nevertheless too much for Wagner, who as an old pol, and the son of an old pol, can scarcely regard the need for occasional philosophical accommodation in political life as a novelty. An important point in Procaccino's credo, one hears, is his dedication to a world in which "every boy should have a chance to come up the hard way, like I did." "My father spent his life trying to work things out so every boy *didn't* have to come up the hard way," Wagner is reported to have said, shaking his head.

Procaccino has not so far been endorsed by any of his fellow-candidates in the Democratic primary, and many other prominent members of the Party are currently shaking their heads and declining to commit themselves; yet if (as at this moment seems probable) Procaccino's chances of being New York's next mayor continue to improve, he will undoubtedly be able to announce prominent conversions to his cause at strategic intervals during the next weeks. Still, quite a few Democrats besides Badillo—among them Shirley Chisholm, the nation's first black congresswoman; Paul O'Dwyer, last fall's nominee for senator; and Howard Samuels, the Party's 1966 candidate for lieutenant governor—have already balked at the idea of the Weeper's being in full charge of the city and have come out for Lindsay. The Mayor has also won the endorsement of ten of the city's twenty-five Reform Democratic clubs. "Those fellows don't know what it is to be a Democrat," said Jim Farley, a Procaccino man who remembers the Boss Murphy days, when fellows did know what it was to be a Democrat (and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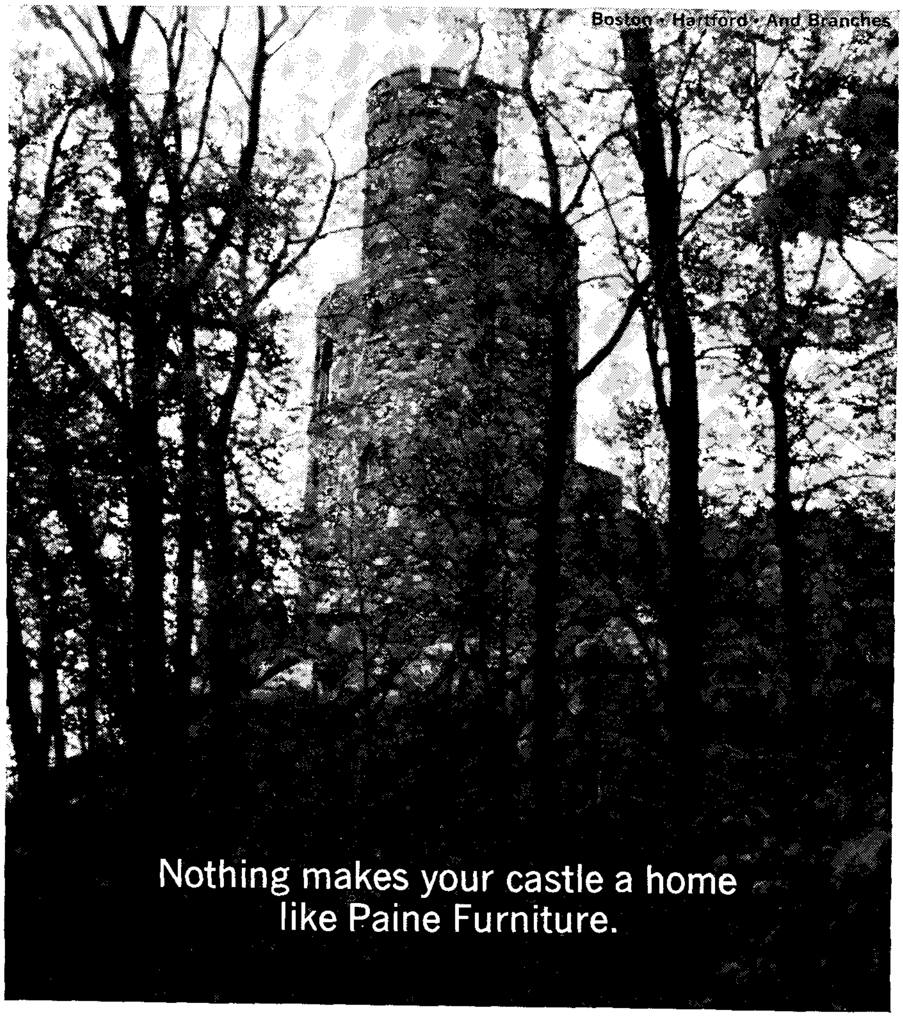
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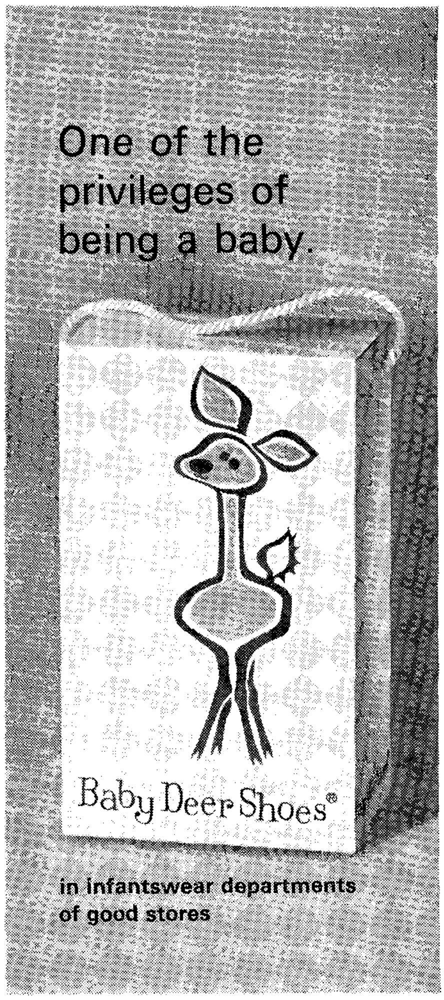

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when, incidentally, an Italian didn't have a prayer of getting a Democratic nomination for a citywide office). "They have no loyalty to the Party. Their only loyalty is to themselves." Meanwhile, a number of prominent Republicans, including New York's two senators, Jacob Javits and Charles Goodell, have turned their backs on *their* party's primary vote and are supporting Lindsay. Their action makes especially conspicuous the announcement by Governor Rockefeller—former Goldwater adversary and former great hope of independent-minded Republicans—that, naturally, he must abide by his party's verdict and support Marchi. Any election campaign in which Jim Farley and Nelson Rockefeller begin to sound like Tweedledum and Tweedledee is bound to be an odd one, and there are unquestionably more oddities to come before November.

PROCACCINO has branded the loose affiliation of liberal Democrats and liberal Republicans now working together to reëlect Lindsay "the Manhattan arrangement." It appears to be only within the last year that Lindsay, who has his own variety of parochialism, has absorbed the idea that "Manhattan" is a dirty word in large areas of the four other boroughs, whose citizens resent, among other things, the fact that most of the present Mayor's important appointments have gone to people in his home county. During the primary campaign, Norman Mailer created a small stir by reviving Tammany Mayor Fernando Wood's century-old suggestion that the city should secede from Albany and declare itself a separate state, and now a Queens councilman has proposed that Queens should declare itself a separate city, the major purpose of this move being to enable the borough to cut its ties with the detested alien island across the East River. ("If elected, I will go to Queens" was one of the campaign slogans of Jimmy Breslin, the candidate for president of the City Council on Mailer's ticket.) Manhattan (the only borough not taken by Procaccino in the Democratic primary; it went to Badillo) has, of course, a far higher proportion of the very rich and the very poor, and especially of poor blacks, than other parts of the city have. Since so many New Yorkers in other boroughs blame a conspiracy of these two groups—each, they believe, privileged and coddled in its own way—for high taxes, poor city services, crowded schools, and other current miseries, Procaccino's calling the new alliance

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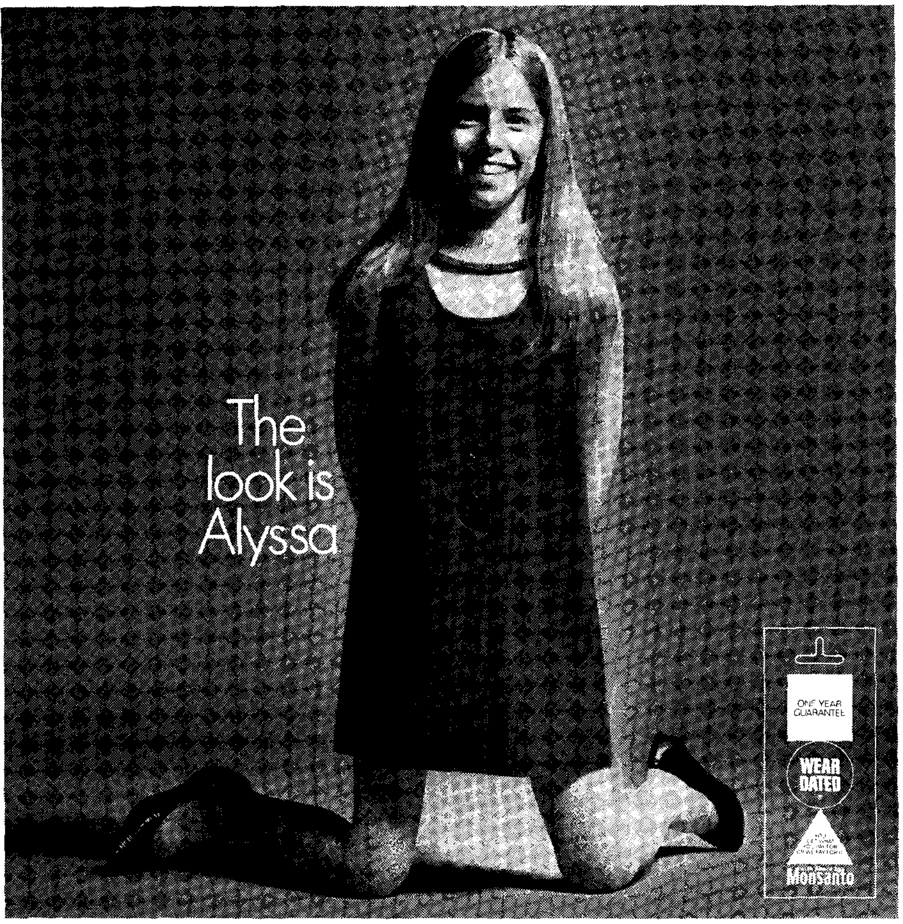
"the Manhattan arrangement" is a shrewd political stroke.

An advantage of the one-man-one-vote election, however, is that each candidate in what may be a close race needs to make friends with every possible voter, so actions that could be interpreted as ethnic name-calling or the putting down of one economic group—the kind of thing that candidates sometimes go in for in the preliminaries, for strategic reasons—inevitably diminish as Election Day comes nearer. Although it is only September, each of the three candidates is now busy selling the idea that if he is elected he will be the mayor of *all* New Yorkers. Marchi and Procaccino, having started to worry about the blacklash, are making numerous appearances before Negro groups ("My heart is as black as yours," Procaccino told one of them, memorably) while Lindsay plods through neighborhoods of small shops and one-family houses far from Lincoln Center and tries to explain the dilemmas of the city to their angry residents, some of whom wave in his face large hand-lettered signs reading "Lindsay Must Go!"

A few weeks ago, Lindsay travelled even farther from Manhattan. In a speech before the Southern Christian Leadership Conference in Charleston, South Carolina, he told his audience that the growing resentment of blacks by lower-middle-class white Americans, who are bitterly resented in turn by the blacks, is not so much racism as a reflection of the fact that "millions of working men and women, once thought of as part of an affluent society, are discovering something different—they are finding, just as the black did a decade ago . . . that the system is not working for him." A white worker making perhaps eight thousand dollars a year and trying to pay off his mortgage and take care of his family in an inflationary economy, Lindsay went on, is not a bigot but "a man with burdens, with discontents, and with grievances which have also gone unanswered," a man beset by many of the same problems that beset the ghetto resident, and by the same feeling of futility and of alienation from the forces that run the country and control his life. His fear of crime is perfectly reasonable, Lindsay suggested, and it is shared by most blacks. The white worker's belief that job programs and school adjustments favoring blacks threaten his security and his children's education is understandable, he said. The single most dangerous threat in America, according to Lindsay, is this



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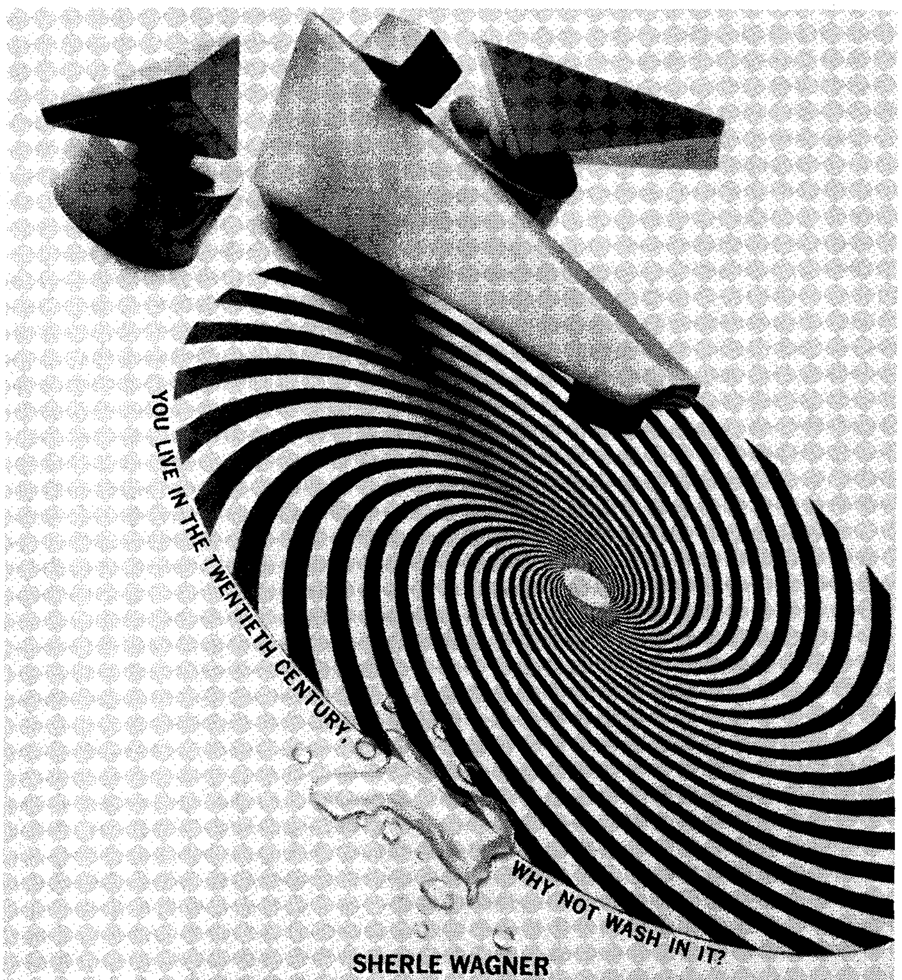

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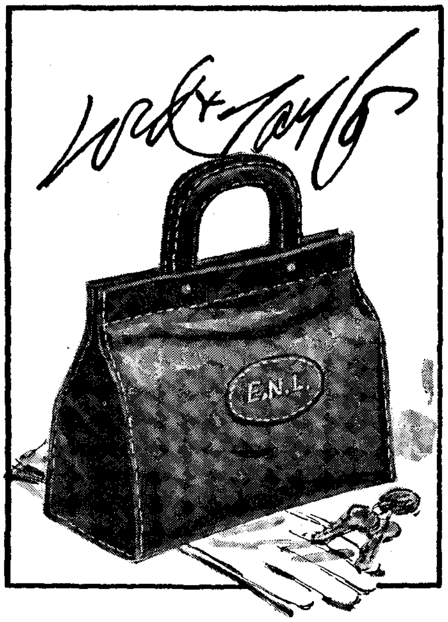

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bitter conflict between two groups that in fact have "essentially common afflictions and common needs," and he urged his black listeners to try to help work out answers to these common problems, drawing on their stores of "compassion and generosity."

How his counsel was taken in Charleston was not reported locally, and, indeed, the speech excited little comment in Lindsay's own city. Perhaps when people in trouble, white or black, have learned to hate another group and blame it for all that has gone wrong in their lives, it makes them not so much angry as uneasy to be told that the two sides should now try to understand their adversaries and make common cause with them. A few days later, someone discovered that Lindsay had flown to the Charleston meeting in a plane owned by the Bristol-Myers Company. Lindsay explained that the president of the company had been very active in helping the city's black community, had been sending a delegate to the meeting anyway, and had simply offered him a ride. But the Bristol-Myers Company sells a substantial amount of drugs to the city each year. Terms such as "ethical blindness" and "conflict of interest" instantly blossomed in headlines and editorials that had not found room to quote the words "compassion" and "generosity," rare as they are in a political campaign. It is nevertheless essential to repeat them from time to time, no matter who is elected mayor of New York this November. —ANDY LOGAN

•

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the Gregorian cut at our throats;
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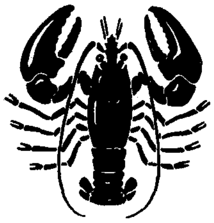

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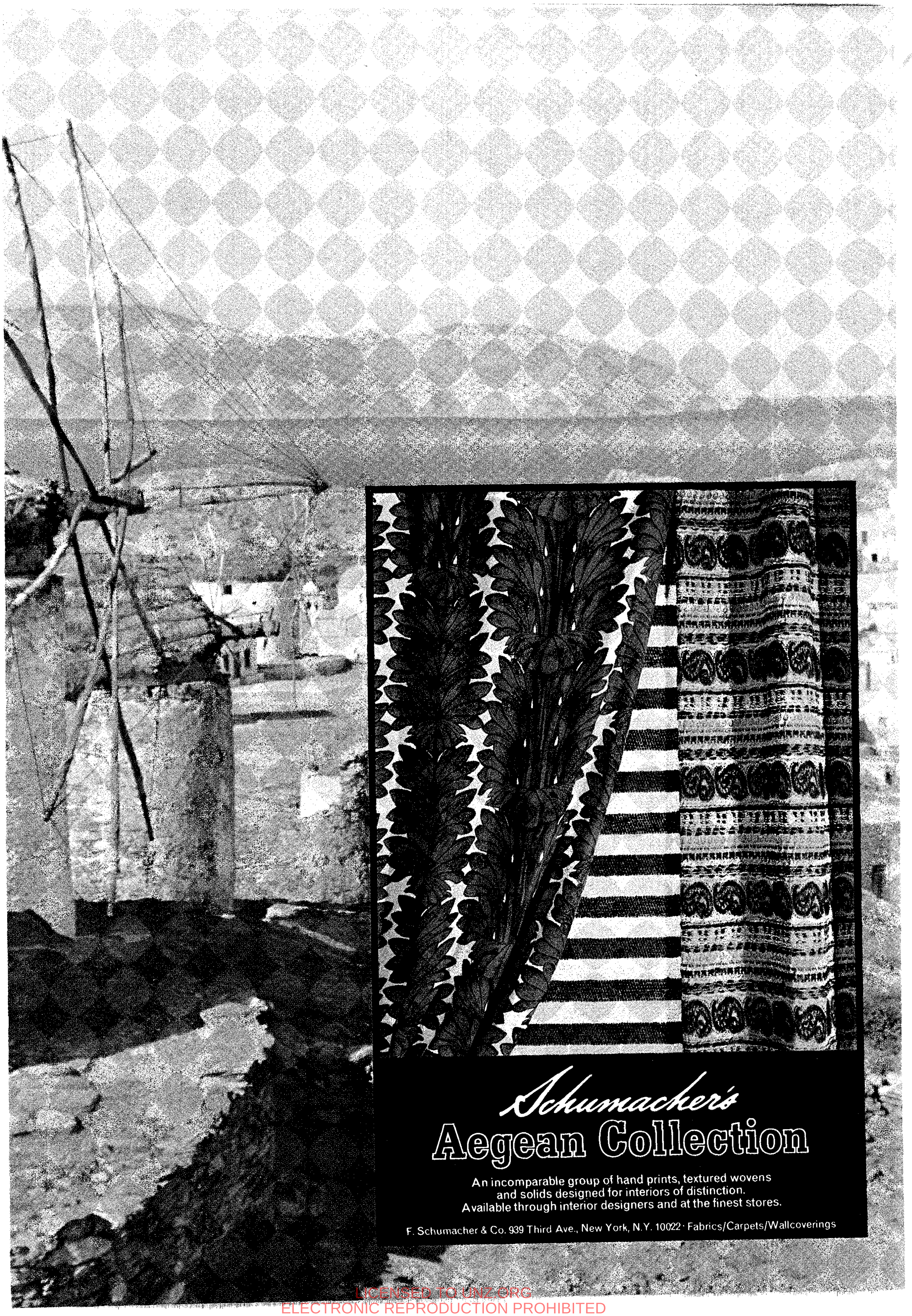

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Getting Warm

HASKELL WEXLER's "Medium Cool" is a dewy love story about a TV news cameraman who has lost his eye for complexity. The fiction is threaded into 1968 footage of a sophisticate's America seen at its politically ugliest. The film fits in well with current taste in its mixture of illusion and disillusion. It also suits the times in its succinct, underlined technical skills. Wexler shot the film on top of writing and directing it, and he has always been a good cameraman, although the picture has rather a lot of reflections in car hoods, and cryptic portions of people's legs while their heads are talking. Above everything, his movie is—preserve us—"relevant." It shows us black militants, and riots, and the workings of the media, and coshed heads, and middle-class housewives at gun practice, and footage from Chicago during the Democratic National Convention. The film certainly has its heart in the right place, and it wears its social conscience on its sleeve. Its mood is terse and angry. Its character often seems adventurist.

Apart from the political points, which are more invoked than thought about, the movie's theme is that the TV news camera does not record much reality and that we are all inclined to accept this ersatz form of truth instead of the one that costs more attention. Now, this is a very fashionable thought to voice, and the people most apt to voice it are the reporters and cameramen who feel most to blame. The part of the film that is about the ills of reporting seems all too readily expiatory. "Medium Cool" beats its breast over the numbing short cuts of news journalism, but does it in the very midst of taking them. It contains in its clever, misanthropic temperament the same moral fallacy as Antonioni's "Blow-Up," which attacked the shallowness of a fashion photographer and of London swingers in a film that itself saw them only shallowly.

By using footage of the events that tore into everyone in America last year, Wexler pushes the buttons of powerful responses. To exaggerate, his film verges on the easy dramatics of a recent underground movie that simply ran a continuous loop of ten seconds from the John F. Kennedy motorcade newsreel for half an hour. When a movie is made like this, people will be affected not by the movie but by the memory it kicks up. The same thing has often been done in fictional films by the use of footage about the Bomb. Immense and unearned resources of feeling are being drawn upon. As a filmmaking device—to leave aside the emotional short sell—the method is an interesting equivalent of synecdoche in literature, which puts the part for the whole ("He died for the flag" instead of "He died for his country"). Hollywood films at their dumbest have done this immemorially—generally about sex—and so has popular journalism. There have been hundreds of movies where Murphy beds and accidents of booze or sleeping pills have stood in for the impulse to make love, and hundreds of magazine articles that have carried theories of how to get married in the displaced form of theories about seductive recipes and table settings. To summon up the semblance of a whole, Wexler's film uses—manipulates, perhaps—a part of what we know.

The TV news cameraman is played by Robert Forster, who looks a little like Tony Curtis, though he is an infinitely less good actor than the Curtis of, say, "Sweet Smell of Success." The cameraman is in Chicago pursuing stories, sometimes towing along an agreeably portrayed sound man (Peter Bonerz). After one of those opening shots that seem to have Vaseline on the lens, we see footage that turns out to be linked full circle with a violent event at the end of the picture. Hands pass rolls of TV film recording the violence to couriers for the networks. We go to a cocktail party where people chat about modern reporting. "We don't deal with the static things. We deal with the things that are happening." "I think the cameraman makes the choice." The amiable sound man says, "Actually, I'm kind of the elongation of a tape recorder." We see fast shots of a demonstration with tear gas and of the Illinois National Guard in training, of newsrooms ticking up numbers of wounded, and a sign saying "News," and a Robert Kennedy poster. The physical assembly of the film begins to define its tone, which is distinct, talented, and aggressive. We go to rapid scenes of the cameraman on the job, and to a symbolic illustration of his own career's habit of casual plunder (first his hubcaps were stolen, he complains, and now his radio antenna), and to a well-done set piece of a roller derby—though this scene suddenly seems dolled up in grotesquerie by the way a dwarf is photographed. A love story begins between the cameraman and an Appalachian woman in the Chicago ghetto. She has a thirteen-year-old son, a marvellous-looking, guarded child with a long upper lip, who obediently says grace with her for a bowl of cereal and then reads aloud to himself from a textbook about the mating habits of pigeons. The male, he learns, seeks companionship other than its mate's in the case of long absence. There is a sad shot of his mother's face. His dad is "at Vietnam," he says later. "Medium Cool" is nothing if not on the nose, and truly loaded with issues—Vietnam *and* Appalachia *and* the child (who later gets lost in the Convention riots), *and* McLuhan notions about the "cool" medium of television, *and* Mayor Daley's henchmen, *and* the nature of reality, *and* the vanishing sense of personal responsibility. "You're a rot-

Dr. Haim G. Ginott
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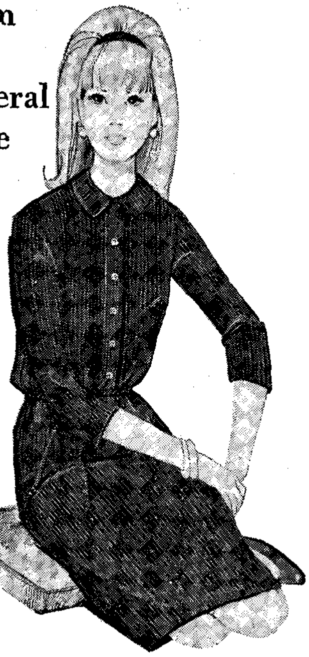

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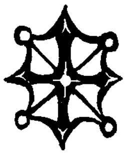
ten, egotistical, selfish, punchy cameraman," a girl friend says to the hero before asking him what the crew of "Mondo Cane" did after photographing some turtles who were shown heading fatally inland after laying their eggs, to make the point that atomic radiation had wrecked their instincts. "Look, somebody took those movies, right? Did they reach down and turn those turtles around?" And then she throws him a canned drink: "No calories!"

If the film makes a lot of points at a glib pace, this is not to say that there aren't pungent things all the way through its hard-natured, bitty course. It has a funny snatch from the talk of a craven bully of a TV executive. ("Plus, I got a war. Plus, I got a nervous city. Plus, I got cameramen who are afraid to go into the ghetto without police protection." Then a telephone call from a superior, end of bombast, and "Yes, sir. Good morning, sir.") A semifarcical scene in an apartment full of black militants, which must have been hard to do, very nearly comes off as serious and right. The scheme of the film is carefully planned and held to, even though Wexler set himself the task of shooting off the cuff after priming actors with lines and sending them out incognito into the middle of the Chicago uproar. The film has a scaffolding of repeated moments when his characters react to unseen real-life scenes on TV that are burned into the country's mind. "I've been to the mountaintop," says the famous voice on TV. The cameraman watches, and says to his girl, "Jesus, I love to shoot film." "So now it's on to Chicago," says another famous voice on TV while we see people in a hotel kitchen cleaning up after a dinner, in a dubious reënacted scene of the moments before Robert Kennedy's murder. The thirteen-year-old, cheated of the Hillbillies by a special program on the three assassinations, yawns at the invisible announcer's voice and switches off the TV with his remote-control gadget as if he were turning a revolver on the man. We see the housewives at pistol practice in Chicago, and hear an instructor pull the argument about the individual American's right to a gun. We are given a free boxing lesson on the side, in a sequence with a punching bag: "Really, the point is to bang the other guy's brains out and then you win." We hear the Democratic Party's "Happy Days Are Here Again," cut into shots of the blood in the nearby park, with the protesters' chant of "The whole world is watching," sarcastically used in this movie concerned to demonstrate that the world isn't really watching at all when it's looking at TV. And during the riots we hear a cry of "Look out, Haskell! It's real!" (Well, yes, we see that point. The line is Pirandellian beyond Pirandello, and not many people would have left their name in there.) And as well as all this, as though Chicago needed topping up, we have the love story, and the lost child, and a car crash at the end that leaves the cameraman critically injured and the mother killed, though there were no deaths during the greater terror of the real Convention. By weirdly implying that the historical Chicago wasn't violent enough for the purposes of Wexler's argument, the accident patronizes and glosses over what truly happened. It makes a very odd climax. After all these vehement issues, the topmost shock is an auto accident, so that "Medium Cool" ends as a slashing indictment of car driving.

"SPIRITS OF THE DEAD" is proudly billed as "Edgar Allan Poe's ultimate orgy of evil and unbearable horror!" We must all be going crackers. The unbearably horrible bits of the film, which would make a mugging in Times Square seem pastoral, come in the middle one of its three parts. The first of the Poe stories is made by Vadim. Jane Fonda plays a headstrong medieval countess whose cousin—played by Jane Fonda's real-life brother Peter—is burned alive because she has imperiously ordered arson for his stables. She then gets obsessed by a nice black horse that contains her cousin's spirit, and rides him around in some amazing medieval gear, including a flesh-colored body stocking worn under a short cape, and a sort of high-strung bathing costume with a lock-shaped hole in the middle of it, and a nightdress without any sides. She has a manservant whom she is beastly to, called Hugues in the credits, which eventually explained to me why she seemed to keep saying "Ugh!" or "Ugg!" at vexed moments. The second part of the film, which is the unbearably horrible one, is by Louis Malle, with Brigitte Bardot and Alain Delon. It has two jolly sequences about cutting out hearts. The third, "Toby Dammit," is an instantly recognizable Fellini fantasy about what the Devil now is. A sulky, desolate English actor with a style of high diatribe, played by Terence Stamp, lands in Italy to make a Western in re-



turn for a longed-for Maserati. At the airport, winds catch the robes of nuns, and Arabs pray to Mecca while the stewardesses plow on with their announcements and their smiles. The actor is picked up by an Italian film-buff priest who talks non-stop on the way into the city, his talk translated into English by a fearsome woman interpreter. Fellini is a funny, haunted man. He leaves around some fine scraps of *cinéastes'* gobbledygook on the sound track. "The first Catholic Western . . . A cross between Carl Dreyer and Pasolini, with a touch of John Ford . . . The two outlaws represent contemporary anarchy and irresponsibility." And then something about the costumes and "both Piero della Francesca and Fred Zinnemann." In a TV studio peopled with a Fellini nightmare of chatty hangers-on, the blanched and slowly sozzled boy is asked whether he considers himself a neurotic. "It's my only quality," he says. The questions are gaily put by an intellectual girl dollying back and forth on a TV camera. (An earlier, dopier girl, who introduced him after wetting her lips and stretching them to get the right look of welcome in the second before on-camera time, has glamorously said "Hello" and then crawled away on all fours below the sightline of the lens.) "What does the Devil look like to you? A bat?" asks the dollying interviewer. "Oh, no. I'm English, not Catholic. To me the Devil is cheerful," answers the actor, speaking with Fellini's unmistakable voice. "He looks like a little girl." The picture ends with a car crash (another), and a red-nailed child whom the actor earlier saw bouncing a ball turns out to be playing with the actor's booze-soaked head. "Never Bet the Devil Your Head: A Tale with a Moral" was Poe's title. Fellini's short film is, for him, nothing much, which is to say that it is ten times as interesting as most—fluently comic, sober, barbed, a little desperate, with a droll and perfectly earnest belief in Heaven and damnation which sends certain moments soaring off into the blue of art with no sound of engines running.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

◆

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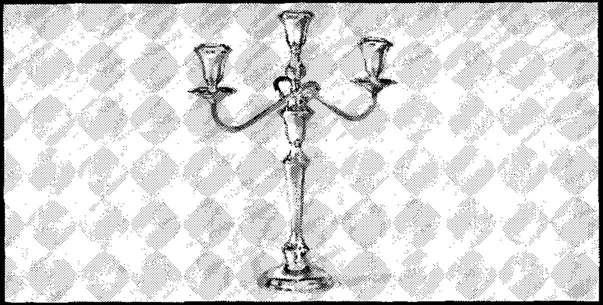

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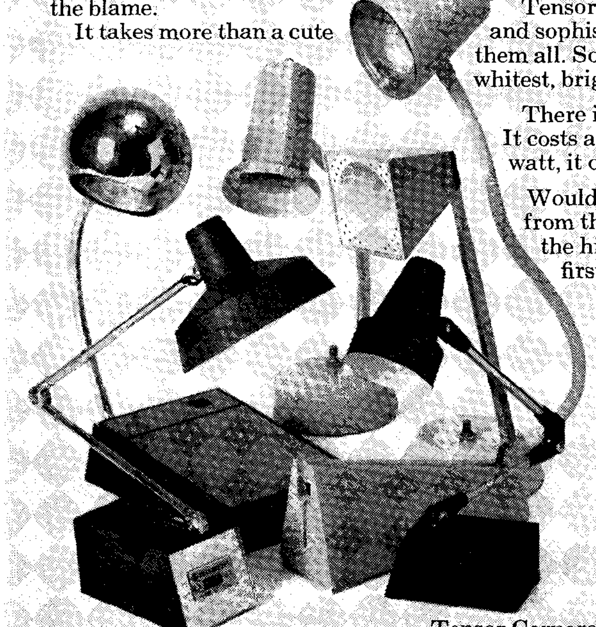

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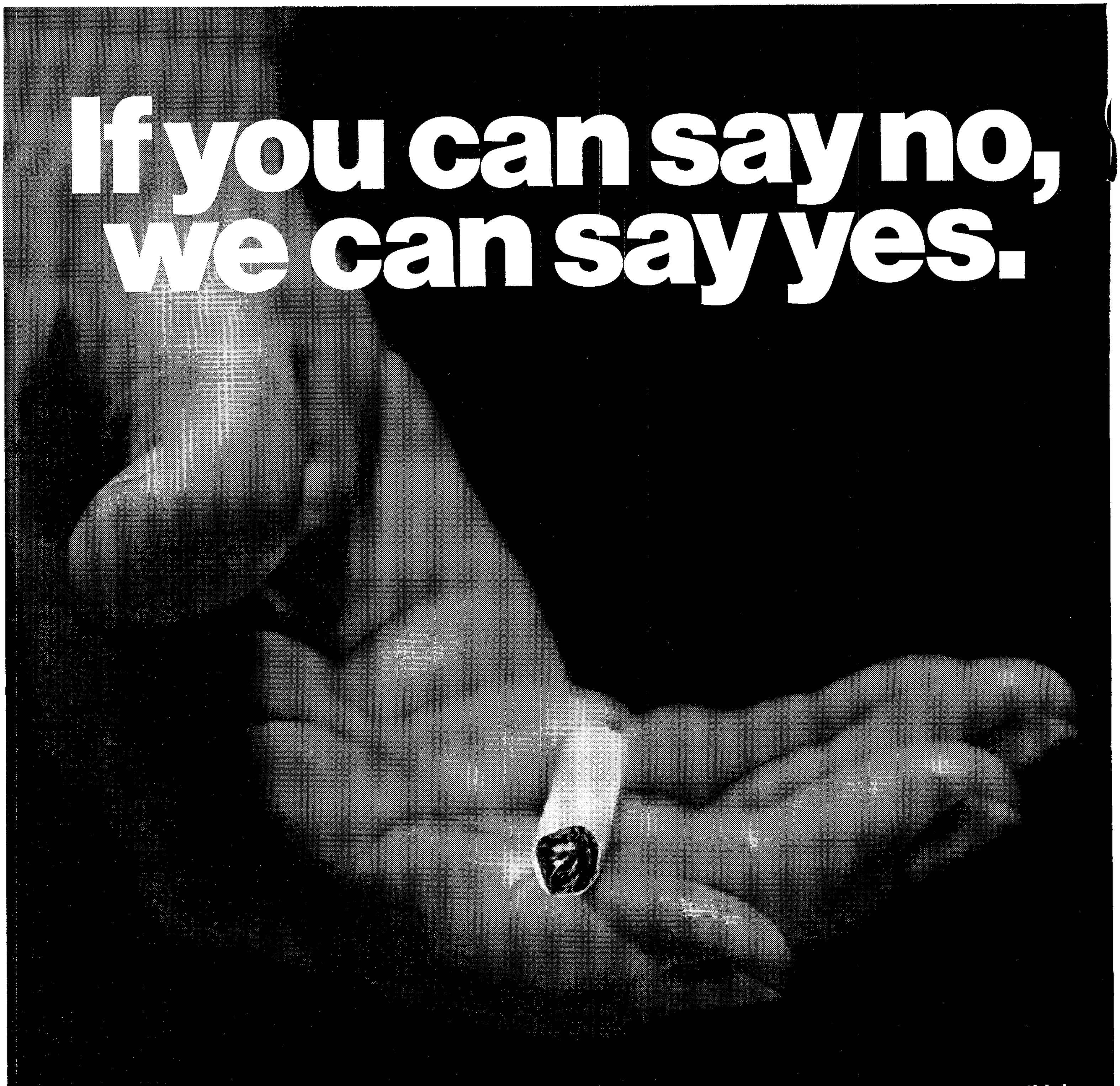
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BOOKS

Across the River and Into the Trees

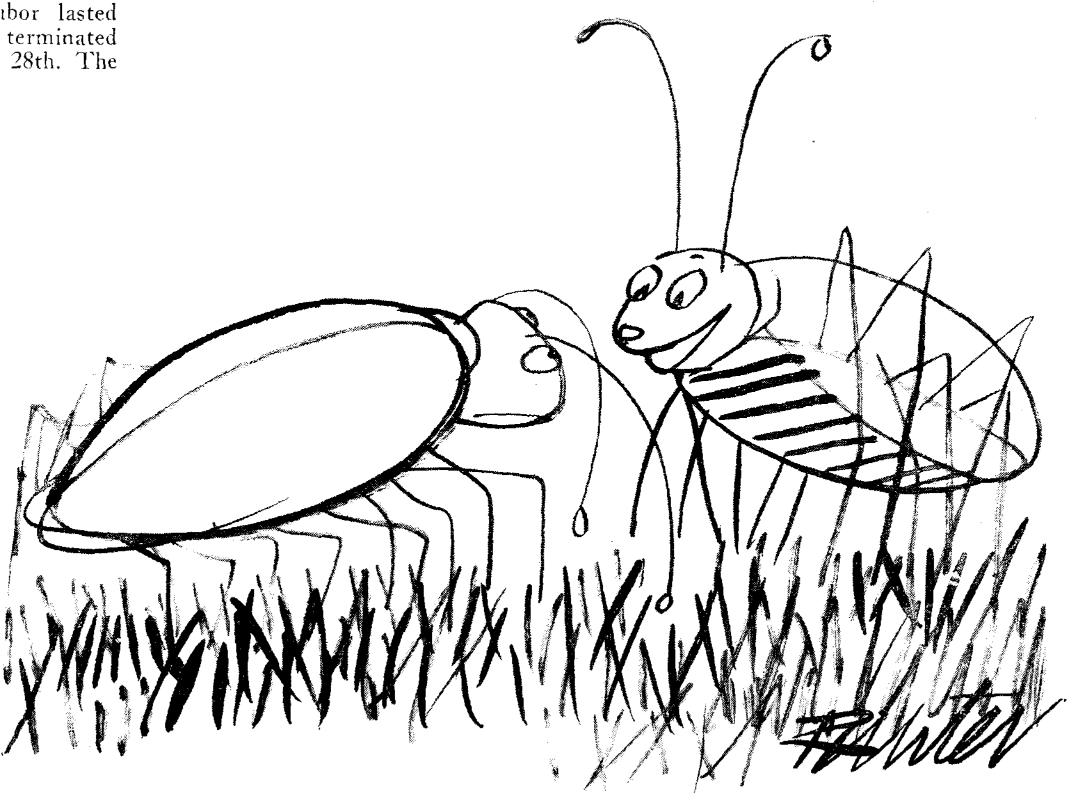
CARLOS BAKER'S "Ernest Hemingway" (Scribners) is one of the saddest books I have read in a very long time. It is sad because of its lust for trivia. When the eighteen-year-old Hemingway goes to the movies in Topeka, we are told that he walked five blocks to a neighborhood movie house and that Douglas Fairbanks "was faultlessly dressed in ice-cream pants and a straw hat with a bright ribbon." (The vision of Professor Baker watching the replay of that 1917 film is chilling.) When Hemingway lies wounded in Milano—read "Milan" in current English—we are given the names not only of those nurses he may have flirted with but of nearly all the members of the staff. The book is sad because it is without style. The Woodrow Wilson Professor of Literature at Princeton writes that his hero "entrained for Perpignan at the Gare d'Orsay" and that "something spooked him about Lanham's command post." But usually his prose falls, perhaps unconsciously, into a sub-Hemingway rhythm which can come near to parody:

> Pauline's labor pains began at last on June 27th, and she entered the Research Hospital under the charge of Dr. Don Carlos Guffey. Her labor lasted for eighteen hours and was terminated by Caesarean section on the 28th. The child was a nine-and-a-half-pound boy whom they named Patrick. Pauline writhed for several days with postoperative gas pains. She could not eat and milk was slow in coming. Dr. Guffey told Ernest that the wound would take ten days to heal. She must then spend another week or ten days in hospital, and must not become pregnant again for at least three years. Over it all hung the Kansas heat wave, with the thermometer steady at 92 degrees, and the humidity at 96. By the time Pauline and the baby were ready to travel, Ernest had finished the 478th page of his novel. He was already disgusted with fatherhood. It took them twenty-one steaming hours to go by train from Kansas City to Piggott and the baby cried most of the way. His son, said Ernest, was built like a bull and bellowed like one. It was enough to drive a man "bughouse." He could not understand why Waldo Peirce was so eager to have children.

And so it lumbers on, for five hundred and sixty-four implacable pages, until that July day in Ketchum when our bruised hero, Papa the grizzly, "chose a double-barreled Boss shotgun with a tight choke."

But the root sadness of Professor Baker's book lies in the decision to write an interminable record of Hemingway's "life story" while leaving out all that matters. The one reason for taking Ernest Hemingway seriously is that he was, from 1925 to 1936, a writer of genius, a man who altered the life of the language and who gave to a generation a sharp-etched image of its dreams and defeats. Like Turgenev, whom he read closely at a decisive point in his apprenticeship, Hemingway imparted to prose a sensuous exactness, a gay seriousness of felt life that was also present in Kipling and Mark Twain but nowhere else. Edmund Wilson's verdict, delivered in 1939, is irrefutable: nearly everything after "A Farewell to Arms"—and even patches in that—marks a downhill slip, a failure of sustained craft. Only the African hunting tales redeem Hemingway's descent into pathos. Very early, Clark Gable had begun taking over from Turgenev and Flaubert. Nevertheless, half a dozen stories, "The Sun Also Rises," and even episodes from "For Whom the Bell Tolls" (Sordo on the doomed hilltop) are classics. Because Hemingway wrote these works, we move a little differently in the landscape of our own feelings; we recognize bits of our inward idiom as being his; autumn smoke in the pine hills and the dark cold of cheap wine at evening bear his signature. Only a very great artist can have this kind of transforming genius, or an artist whose genius, though limited, cuts deep and quick. Hemingway was the latter. He mastered, he communicated the feel of the world after the new catastrophe of general war and at a moment when America was taking over. It was a marvellously precise, bounded act of vision. It was his tragedy as a writer to live that vision, to stay inside its dated rhetoric when reality had moved on. All of which Professor Carlos Baker discussed, with authority and fairness, in his "Hemingway: The Writer as Artist" (revised in a third edition in 1963). In the present volume, Hemingway's novels and tales have the same anecdotal weight as his pugilism and his massacres of animal life.

The man was perpetually taking



"Of course we will! We built up an immunity to DDT, chlordane, and all the rest of them, didn't we?"

vengeance—on his own body, on those who loved or needed him, on any bird, bear, or bison in reach of his arsenal. The catalogue of Hemingway's accidents makes bloody reading: in 1928, a decrepit skylight smashed his head; in 1930, a horse carried him into thick timber and he was badly cut up; the same year came the first of several automobile accidents; five years later, while he was gaffing a large shark, he pumped bullets into his own two legs; in 1950, he slipped on his boat and opened his skull. And so the series continues until the African plane crashes, which left him concussed and innerly broken. Professor Baker spares us no spurt of arterial blood, but he does not speculate on what may have been the reason for these fierce mishaps. Obviously, Hemingway led a life of extreme physical risk. But the enmity between him and his awkward, powerful body seems to have lain deeper, as if he resented and came to detest the superb but essentially restrictive sensory equipment to which he owed the brief wonder of his art. A similar destructiveness marked his personal relations; his marriages were full of laughter and ruin, and each looked best in retrospect. Hemingway's friendship with Maxwell Perkins, of Scribners, was a lasting, creative success; in Colonel—later General—Buck Lanham he found someone whose courage and humor met his own exultant or desolate moods. As Carlos Baker shows, Hemingway was capable of movements of exquisite generosity; his treatment of a young Navy lieutenant at Chungking in 1941 is the handsomest tale in this biography. But all too often a black, blustering pugnacity took hold of him, a compulsion to affirm his own vulnerable identity at the expense of others. A man who could maul Wallace Stevens in a boxing match and then make "oblique and tantalizing references" to his victory had some distance to go toward civilization. A maniac intensity colored Hemingway's pursuit of blood sports. Professor Baker never flinches from the monotonous register of killings:

> In a matter of minutes, three grizzlies trotted from the edge of the timber.... The largest came directly towards the spot where Ernest and the girl lay hidden. Ernest shooed Lorraine up the nearest tree and stood up to shoot. The grizzly reared up on its hind legs, forepaws akimbo, the rakelike talons showing. Ernest aimed for the left chest, the Springfield roared, and the bear bowled over sideways. The other two grizzlies ran back towards the forest and Ernest killed one of them with a slug behind the shoulder. The first now scrambled

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up, bleeding and bawling, and made for cover. Ernest ran to intercept it and killed it with a shot in the neck just as it lumbered up the bank of a stream.

Celebrations were in order: "The meat was rank and stringy . . . but Ernest consumed his portion with evident gusto, chewing long and appreciatively, his black beard glossy with bear fat."

As early as 1934, in "The Dumb Ox," Wyndham Lewis pointed to Hemingway's obsessive, adolescent need for brutal encounter. The neuroses that can impel a man to spray fish with submachine-gun bullets have been much hinted at. I incline to believe Carlos Baker when he states, in his most magisterial vein, that Hemingway "is said by those who know to have been a perfectly satisfactory lover without being a Don Juan." But the motives for his indiscriminate killings of animals and for his flamboyant pursuit of danger touch on the core of his genius: it was in moments of extreme physical action that this haunted, contradictory man saw clearest; it was then, and probably only then, that his intelligence became charged with the clairvoyant, precise energies of his senses. The disintegration that set in so cruelly after 1950 coincided with the failure of his body to put him in full touch with physical immediacy. Old wounds and frozen daiquiris blurred the salt edge of the new wind and the copper scent of autumn over the duck marshes.

Yet the life of Hemingway the writer was, all in all, a triumph. He was a legend to millions. *Life* sold more than five million copies of "The Old Man and the Sea" within forty-eight hours. In London, advance sales ran at two thousand a week. The Nobel came in 1954. Already, in middle age, Hemingway knew that his early stories and first two novels were receiving the kind of critical study accorded to classics. In fact, more than any other writer of this century he straddled the two worlds of high art and until then unprecedented commercial reward. Competent critics and fellow-writers were setting "The Sun Also Rises" and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" beside the achievements of Joyce and D. H. Lawrence; the Book-of-the-Month Club was contracting for a hundred thousand copies of "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Often, between the alcoholic bouts and bloodlettings, Hemingway must have been exultant. The greenhorn from the Michigan woods had lived to hear himself described by John O'Hara as "the most important author since the death

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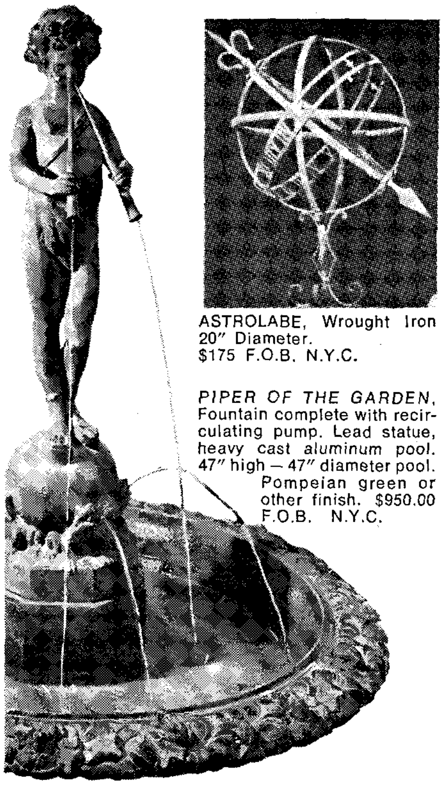
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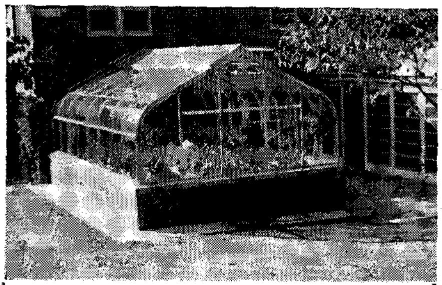
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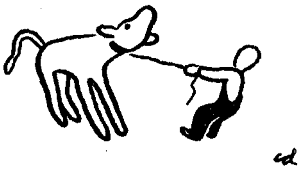
of Shakespeare." Little of the glory comes through in Professor Baker's topheavy portrayal. Because nothing is omitted, an acid cheapness undermines all of his story. In January, 1941, during a performance of "Hellzapoppin," Hemingway was handed a check for a hundred thousand dollars: "It was the most money he had ever seen in one lump, and they went into Lindy's Bar to celebrate. When he flourished the check under the bartender's nose, the word quickly spread, and the company was electrified. Congratulatory hands whacked his broad shoulders and the sweaty good will of 'Hellzapoppin' blossomed along the bar." Professor Baker's research is undoubtedly right. That's how it happened. But there are truths that lie. The impassive reportage of the biographer debases as much as the vulgarity of the incident. Because we now know so much that is hardly worth knowing, it becomes more difficult to get into focus the subtle, patrician art that produced the fishing trip to Burguete and the laconic scruple of the close of "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber."



LYTTON STRACHEY and Ernest Hemingway had one thing in common: they caused a revolution in style. "Eminent Victorians" was as much of a shock to official sensibility and did as much to set the tone of the twenties as "The Sun Also Rises." Both works registered the end of academic-bourgeois values and spelled out the new idiom of unrest. Perhaps there is another bond as well. Both Hemingway and Strachey made of their own physiques, of their mannerisms and infirmities, a sharply recognizable act. They made of their lives an enterprise beguiling or symbolic even to those who knew little of their work. The actual presences are, of course, antithetical. Reed-voiced, elongated, invalid Strachey was the opposite of Papa. Strachey loathed violence. He was the incarnation, if so solid a word will do, of fastidious mundanity. When the sun rose upon him he blossomed a parasol. He dwelt in his absurdly cave yet expressive frame like a guest at a damp house party, exigent but fundamentally uncaring. The world came to Hemingway through the rush of his senses; to Lytton Strachey, sensuality was a barrier, or, more exactly, a dimming of the real, as noon dims in our sunglasses. Even his homosexual passions, deep and vulnerable as they were, took on an essentially spiritual character, a fantasy of vehemence and completeness greater than flesh would yield. His range was acid and spinsterish. Like Hemingway, he carried into adult life the ideals of adolescence. At an obvious level of mature control, "Eminent Victorians" is a schoolboy prank, a pasquinade in a college magazine. If "Queen Victoria" is a mellower book, the reason is, as reviewers enchantedly noted, that the master lampoonist had fallen somewhat in love with his subject. Arrested development may be the key: after the blood harvest of 1914-18, both Hemingway and Strachey stood for a refusal to grow up.

Strachey died at fifty-two, leaving a small body of work. "Eminent Victorians" retains some of the bite, of the spiky elegance, that made of it a turning point in the art of biography. "Queen Victoria" enjoys the half-life of books whose most famous passages—such as the fugue on Her Majesty's decease—crop up in anthologies. "Elizabeth and Essex," of which the American publisher manufactured copies night and day in a desperate attempt to keep up with sales, is today very nearly unreadable. A number of his essays on French literature preserve some spark of life, but Strachey was a thin critic and the bulk of his reviewing is inert.

The notion of devoting twelve hundred pages to the life of so distinctly minor a personage is, on the face of it, perverse. On what scale ought one to tackle Napoleon or Tolstoy? But Michael Holroyd carries it off. His two-volume "Lytton Strachey" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, twenty-one dollars and ninety-five cents the set) makes absorbing reading. This is because it is written with vivacity and scrupulousness. In part, Mr. Holroyd has created a period piece, a touch-by-touch recapture of lost summers and lost intensities of private feeling. Yet he is ready to give shrewd, dismissive judgment. He writes of "Elizabeth and Essex":

> In Lytton's tightly drawn pages, the neat conversational clichés fit perfectly, like old gems made new and luminous by their improved setting. But in his weakest and most flamboyant strain, overloaded with picturesque adjectives and adverbs, he seems to be unsuccessfully trying to avoid the banal. This failure may in part be the penalty he paid for trying to reproduce in English the chaste and abstract vocabulary of the French. But if style ultimately reveals the man, then the flat and simulated passion of these more high-flown, ambitious

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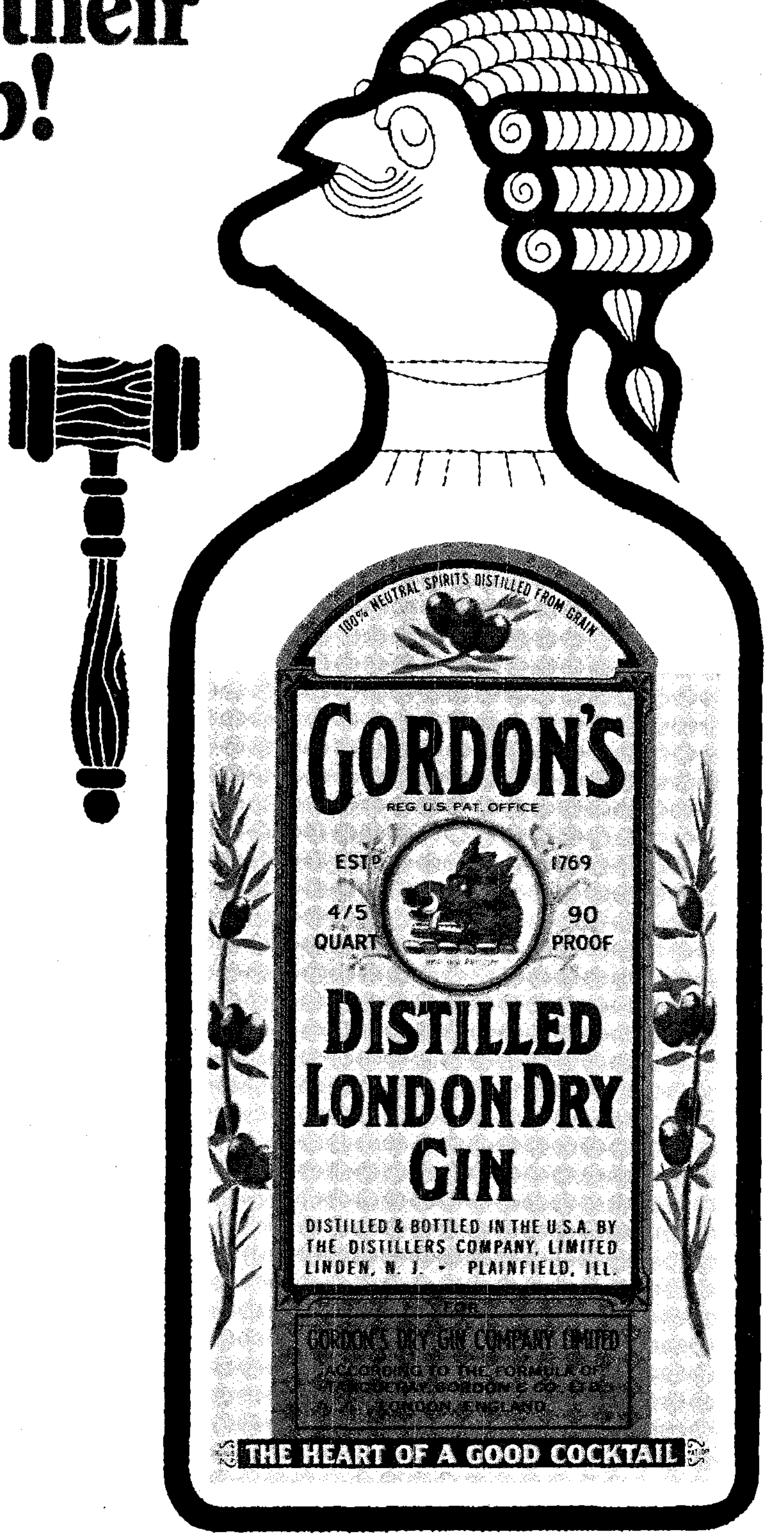
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passages only shows how oddly his desire outran his performance.

That disparateness haunted Strachey's career. He was the dazzling undergraduate who missed winning a Fellowship and then, all the rest of his life, haunted his beloved College like a fretful ghost. His friendships were acts of utter bestowal; inevitably, many ended in exasperation. Light as a shadow in a Beerbohm drawing, Lytton Strachey led a life of eternal weekends. He wisped from hotel to hotel, from country house to country house, between Bloomsbury, Cambridge, and the tamarisks of North Africa in search of health and what Henry James had called "the great good place." He sat like a momentary heron on beach chairs and by improbable sundials. Even when Strachey was a scarcely known literary journalist, there was always honey for tea and another invitation. Mr. Holroyd traces his hero's peregrinations with arch erudition: days at Timworth, "a large farmhouse, partly uninhabited, with a somewhat decayed garden, and fine flat sweeping fields of turnips and cabbages all around;" Easter snowstorms and intolerable slabs of salt beef at the Crown Hotel in Yorkshire; reading parties near Exmoor, in Devon, with "the elect of the elect" and blue jugs of Devonshire cream; vermilion sunsets with the Berensons at I Tatti. The afternoons of the Edwardians were longer than ours, the grapes shone darker in the steamer baskets.

From 1915 on, the wavering pivot of Strachey's existence was Dora Carrington, a boy-girl, strangely flat, even uncouth, but a marvellous giver "so uniquely herself that every look, every word, every gesture was unlike that of any other person." The relationship between them had some of the hysterical void that binds Jake to Lady Brett in "The Sun Also Rises." Large, talented men stomped into her life. She married Ralph Partridge, mainly because he had asked so often and with such grieving insistence. She had a tempestuous affair with Gerald Brenan and an eye for young women. But the deep truth of her being was Lytton's presence. After his death, she killed herself; unlike Hemingway, she forgot to release the safety catch on the first attempt and missed her heart on the second. Mr. Holroyd's account of this fantastically complex relationship—of the *ménage à trois*, temporary quartet, public scandals, and private desolations that came of it—is masterly. He has a great novelist's sense of the obstinate mystery of the human person;

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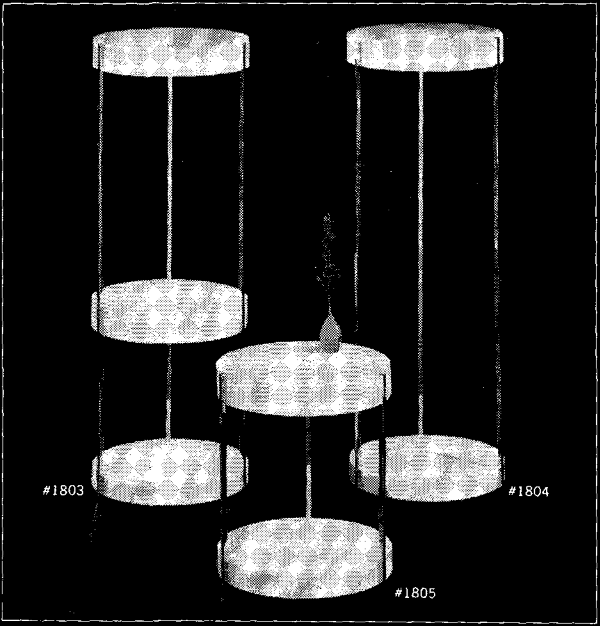

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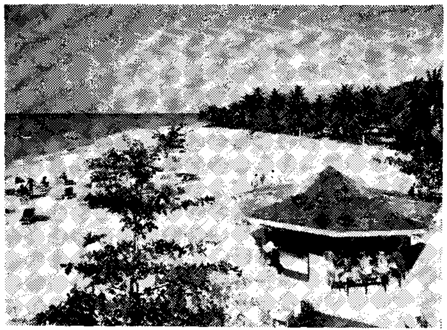

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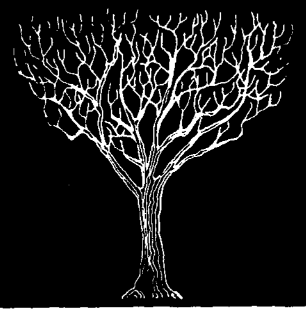

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he knows that through sheer intensity of perception a terrible beauty can be born of trivia.

The mutation of hothouse sentiments into major intellectual and artistic achievement is the mark of Bloomsbury. Reading Mr. Holroyd, one puzzles at how these self-indulgent, neurotic, so often homosexual men and women did work that changed Western culture. When did they find the time amid the petty tornadoes of infatuation and jealousy, amid their incessant travels, letter writing, and mutual visitations? Yet this is the clan that produced the economics of Keynes, the fiction of Virginia Woolf and E. M. Forster, the humanism of Gilbert Murray, the philosophy of G. E. Moore, of Russell, and, in part, of Wittgenstein. Moore was the master of Strachey's style of feeling, the Socratic teacher to whom he owed the conviction that spiritualized passion came above all other values. Strachey was Keynes' intimate and, at one of the blackest moments in his own life, rival in love. Clive Bell, Roger Fry, Virginia Woolf—the famous Gordon Square set—were the ministering good spirits to his early, obscure years and the sharers, sometimes jealous, of his sudden fame. These elect creatures congregated like mayflies:

> Lytton in a panama hat . . . glancing round him at the others and then continuing his interminable letters; Bob Trevy fast asleep dreaming of his opera on Bacchus and Ariadne which he has just written for Donald Tovey to set to music; Ainsworth with a pair of blue spectacles to ward off the sun, reading Plato; Keynes under the umbrella, reading Galsworthy . . . and Moore, reclining full length on a rug, making pencil notes in the margin of Locke's "Essay on Human Understanding."

Bloomsbury represents one of those moments of sensibility when the sum genuinely exceeds the parts. Even such objective feats as Keynes' general theory of economics and Moore's ethics have behind them collaborative impulses. They embody the coming together in erotic and intellectual kinship of a tight-knit coterie of fantastically gifted, leisured men and women. To be an Apostle—a member of the famous Cambridge secret society that played so powerful a part in the lives of Keynes, Strachey, and Moore—was to have one's own talents, specialized and nervously vulnerable as they might be, taken in general tow.

There was, as well, another piece of history. Though outwardly solid, Edwardian England was a declining society. The devastation of world war

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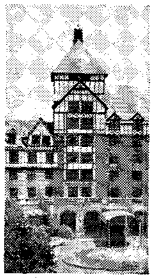

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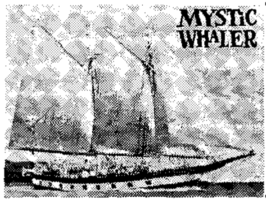

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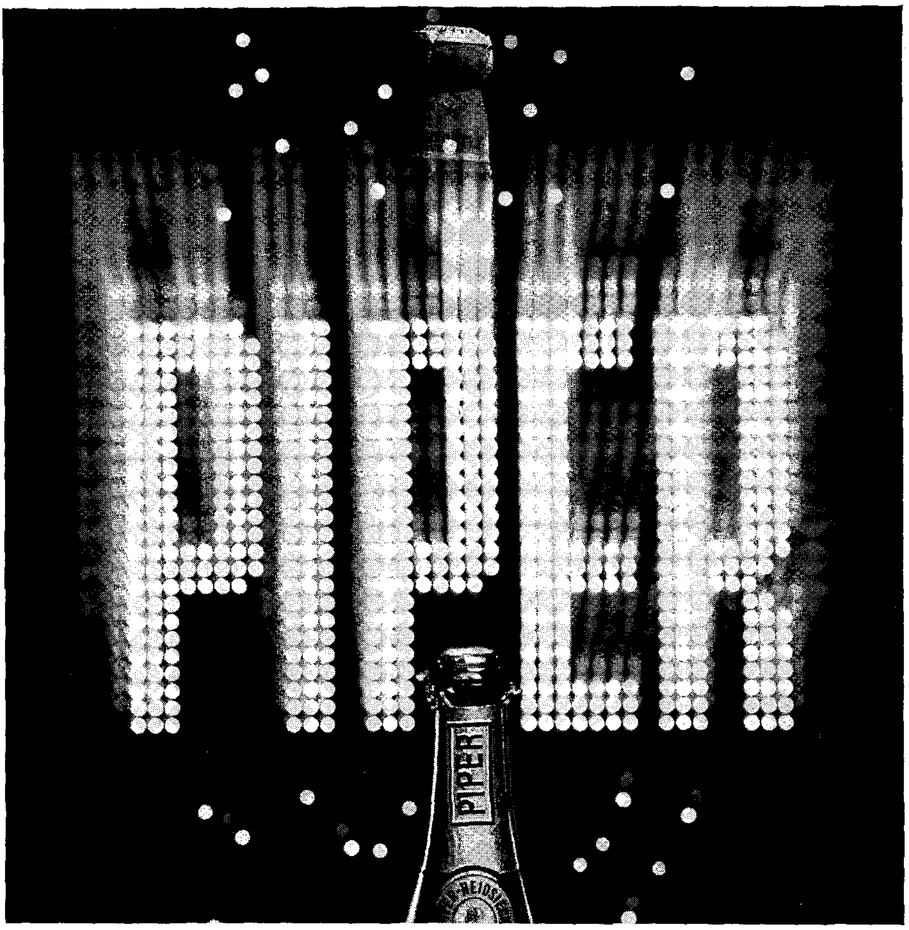
and the economic crises of the thirties were only the dramatic signs of a deep, slow enervation. In the period from circa 1880 to the late nineteen-twenties, psychic forces that would at an earlier point in England's history have gone into politics, into mercantile expansion, into imperial venture seem to have turned inward. England's main product and export became personality. From Oscar Wilde to the Sitwells, English middle- and upper-class civilization threw up a gallery of larger-than-life dandies, poets, mathematicians, hedonists, impresarios of art and thought in whose feverishly creative yet often monstrous presences the grand energies of England's Elizabethan and Victorian past had their last expression. It was Strachey's genius to grasp this fact and to make of his books a memorial, both ironic and elegiac, to a vanished age. On a very modest level, he was the Proust of historians.

Both Professor Baker's lugubrious inventory and the mosaic assembled by Michael Holroyd raise a larger issue. They aim at total disclosure. This view of biography derives to a degree from Strachey's own practice and from the new nakedness of Freudian insight. But it also argues the uses of journalistic indiscretion and complete documentary exposure that have made ours the age of the voyeur. What moral right have we to be party to the anatomical details of Ernest Hemingway's collapse into alcoholic rage and creative impotence? By what mandate are we made privy to the feline torments of thwarted or consummated ardor between Keynes, Duncan Grant, and Lytton Strachey? Are the illustrious dead, to whose gifts we owe so much, to go as naked as the living? The ethics of total—one might almost say totalitarian—biography seem to me problematic. But there is a narrower, practical concern: How much does this kind of exhaustive portrayal illumine our knowledge of the artist, our grasp of his actual work? George Painter's life of Proust, probably the most distinguished of modern literary lives, poses the question with particular acuteness. His detailed analyses of the originals for so many of Proust's characters, his exact collocation of key episodes in Proust's biography with chapters in his fiction, have in fact made it more difficult to read "À La Recherche." A screen of authoritative yet essentially irrelevant information now lies between the reader and the "true inventions" of the novel. My rule of thumb is approximate. In the case of very great writers—and the early Hemingway



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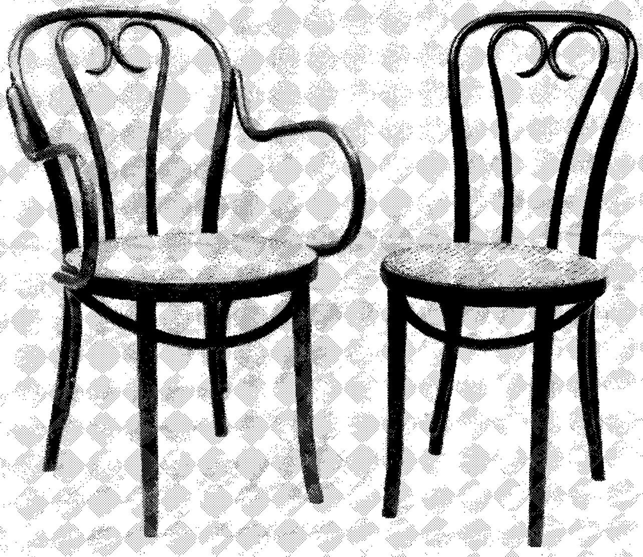
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comes near to being one—we ought not to know too much. We ought to resist the kind of banal intimacy that will make it harder to see their work as the wonder of creation it is. It is the minor master who benefits from biographical detail, the secondary figure whose career may be important in that it has crystallized the manners of a period, the tone of a particular milieu. We want no laundry lists of William Shakespeare. Strachey, on the other hand, is small enough to sustain the weight of Mr. Holroyd's loving omniscience. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE COST OF LIVING LIKE THIS, by James Kennaway (Atheneum). Julian is a government economist and a former don with a civilized wife and two sons. He is dying of cancer. He falls in love with Sally, a bouncy little swimming champion who doesn't waste much time in thought. With her, he can live spontaneously at last and forget rational analysis and controlled pessimism. He prefers gaiety, passion, and even jealousy to the polite acceptance of death that his wife, Christabel, expects of him. There are some vivid and often funny scenes when the three meet up in Glasgow. In his last days, Julian recognizes his need for both kinds of love. At his deathbed, Christabel's competence scores a small, sour triumph over Sally's Cockney spirit.

FRACTIONS, by Andrew Field (Simon & Schuster). Even as his characters comment on the game he is playing, Mr. Field makes some satirical observations about the literary world. The hero is a writer of unsigned book notes for an influential magazine. He and his wife, in their perfect house on Nantucket, make lengthy culinary preparations for a luncheon party, at which a literary lady is to make a speech about including recipes in the modern American novel. In the kitchen scene, we know that we should concentrate on the real, emotional issues but are somehow mesmerized by the beating of the batter for the crab crêpes. The luncheon party might be a parody of that trusty literary set piece, the assembly of wordy city dwellers over a hearty meal and in a rural setting. Thus Mr. Field adds layers of irony, plants false trails, and mocks his characters, his reader, and his own technique. He has a witty way about him, and a sure ear for the fashionable

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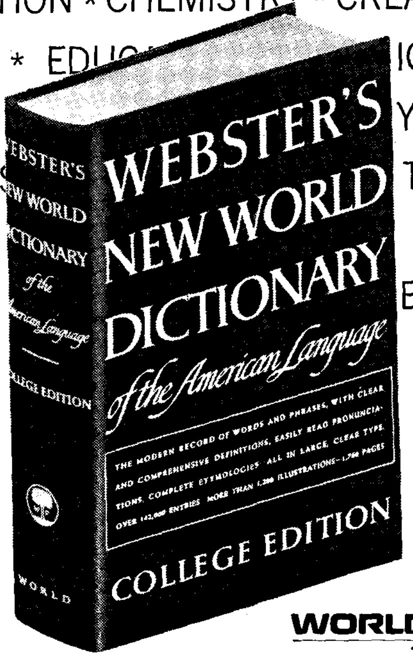
vanities and pedantries of his profession ("Certainly let's take the three Englishmen: Sterne, Carroll, and Wilde").

GENERAL

H. G. WELLS: HIS TURBULENT LIFE AND TIMES, by Lovat Dickson (Atheneum). The author, much too modestly, presents this biography as a stopgap until a full-dress one, based on Wells' papers, can be completed. Though Mr. Dickson is not encyclopedic, he is intelligently appreciative, seeing the novelty of Wells' work and the kindness as well as the combativeness of his temper. Mr. Dickson, who has been an editor and a publisher, has a narrative gift, a neat humor, and an exceptional sense of the past. His affection for Wells, whom he knew, does not make him a partisan but something more useful—a good interpreter. Ten dollars.

THE FRENCH: PORTRAIT OF A PEOPLE, by Sanche de Gramont (Putnam). The author, who informs the reader that he is the "product of French parents, French secondary schools, and French military service," as well as an alumnus of Yale, Columbia, and the *Herald Tribune*, does not discuss his ancestry at any greater length, although the English specialist in the French seventeenth century, W. H. Lewis, devoted a book to the rise of the House of Gramont. But this Gramont's nerve must be attributed to ancestry—to the cheek of the Gascons or to the arrogance of the peers of France—for his view of his native land is so irreverent, and so wildly and outspokenly at odds with every other French view of the French, that the book amounts to a challenge to all his compatriots. For American readers, the work is full of information and spice, and if it is unfair (the French language is probably not quite as dried up as Gramont says), it does not pretend to be anything but opinionated. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE MAN WHO REDISCOVERED AMERICA: A BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN WESLEY POWELL, by John Upton Terrell (Weybright & Talley). A celebration of the man best remembered as the leader of the first passage through the Grand Canyon and the author of the classic "Explorations of the Colorado River." Powell (1834-1902) is well worth celebrating. His descent of the hor-



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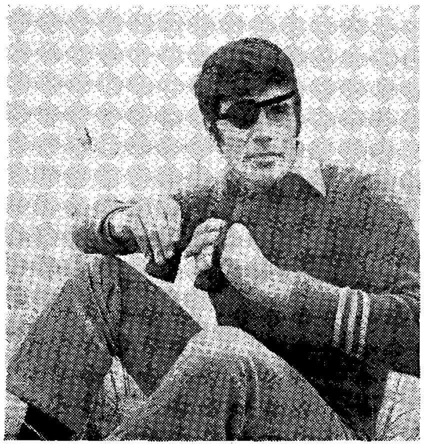

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rendous Colorado was only one of his accomplishments. He was born in rural poverty, he rose during the Civil War from private to major (and lost an arm at Shiloh), he became (though self-taught) one of the leading geologists of his time and headed the United States Geological Survey for many years, he created (and long headed) that great repository of Indian culture the Bureau of American Ethnology, he was a pioneer in understanding the uncompromising nature of the dry lands west of the one-hundredth meridian and wrote a still influential book on the subject ("Report on the Lands of the Arid Region of the United States"), and he attempted (for a time successfully) to halt the rape of the public lands in the West and thus incurred the lifelong hatred of the railroads, land swindlers, corrupt bureaucrats, cattle barons, and a thousand "rain-follows-the-plow" politicians. Mr. Terrell describes the main events in Powell's public life (concentrating on the Grand Canyon adventure and the conclusions of "Arid Region") in a mood of total admiration and a slam-bang style, but it was a fascinating life, and it remains fascinating here. Illustrated with a good double-page map.

HISTORY OF THE COLD WAR: FROM THE KOREAN WAR TO THE PRESENT, by André Fontaine, translated from the French by Renaud Bruce (Pantheon). The author is the foreign editor of *Le Monde*. His account of the years 1950-63 is an urbane, thoughtful piece of work. It is not moralistic, revisionist, or academic; M. Fontaine coolly records international events and recalls international personalities in a crisp narrative. The effect of his calm exactness is to make recent history appear practically intolerable. The world has staggered from one terrifying crisis to another with scarcely any intermission, and no spot on the globe has afforded a haven from anxiety. In his epilogue, M. Fontaine suggests that since neither the United States nor the Soviet Union can take charge of the world, and since China is a mess, the nations of Western Europe, acting as a unit, might eventually supply disinterested leadership for world peace. The remoteness of this—the only hopeful prospect he offers—makes the future look as glum as the past. Ten dollars.

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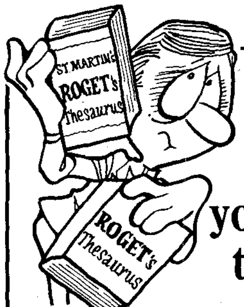

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Margetson (Coward-McCann). The *English* nineteenth century, that is. This pleasing book's greatest service is to remind the reader that at the apogee of Victorian respectability, when Prince Albert was trying to make everything and everybody sanitary and *gemütlich*, most of the population remained as raffish as it had always been. Miss Margetson bears out Lord Randolph Churchill's politically incautious observation that the English of his day, except for a small section of the middle class, were a nation united by their dedication to sport and immorality.

DUBLIN IN BLOOMTIME, by Cyril Pearl (Viking). Another nice picture book of the city James Joyce wrote about. Mr. Pearl concentrates on June 16, 1904, the day when Leopold Bloom was, so to speak, canonized. There are reproductions of newspaper and magazine clippings from the great day, and photographs taken in Dublin at about that time. The general effect of the book is interesting but scrappy, and it can no more re-create the Dublin of 1904 than the label off a jam jar can re-create the jam. Strange to see no nuns or priests in any of the photographs.

NOTE: Knopf has published Nat Hentoff's "A Political Life: The Education of John V. Lindsay," much of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Artworks and Packages," a collection of Harold Rosenberg's essays on art in the twentieth century, has been published by Horizon. Most of them, too, were first printed in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

QUICKSAND, by Myrick Land (Harper & Row). Fred Donley, a writer on a suddenly slipping popular magazine, sickeningly discovers that an irrevocably scheduled story of his—an apparently impeccable exposé of a congressman—is based on deliberately cooked-up information. There is just a chance that he can unravel the details of this ill-natured scheme in time to save himself from the disaster of a libel suit, and, panicked by a grim editor and a grimmer company lawyer, he follows a fragile lead from New York to Washington to Albany to Wheatstone, Iowa, to Pasadena. This is a truly breathless thriller, and the background—a threnodic montage of *Liberty*, *Collier's*, the *American*, *Woman's Home Companion*,

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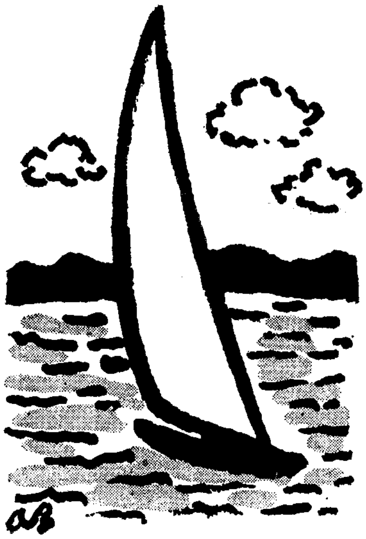

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and the *Saturday Evening Post*—is very well done.

CATCH ME A SPY, by George Marton and Tibor Meray (Harper & Row). A comic thriller about the retaliatory adventures of a mettlesome young English bride, honeymooning in Sofia, whose husband is literally snatched from her bed by Bulgarian secret police and turned over to their Russian masters as a spy. Mr. Marton and Mr. Meray are seamlessly smooth collaborators, and the story they give us here is as light and delectable as lemon foam.

WHEN IN GREECE, by Emma Lathen (Simon & Schuster). An agreeably old-fashioned thriller that tells a thoroughly up-to-date story: a devious attempt, shortly after the recent Greek military coup d'état, to discredit the Sloan Guaranty Trust Company of New York and thus deprive it of its multimillion-dollar investment in a hydroelectric project in northern Greece. It is, however, the way Miss Lathen tells her story that matters. She uses with Edwardian aplomb such words as "minatory" and "egress," she is sufficiently sure of herself to make do with a mere two murders, she gives good measure (more than two hundred and fifty solid pages), and she has a fine sense of comedy: "It came in the form of a chartered bus, filled with German tourists, just pulling up to the curb as Thatcher neared the hotel. The imposition of dictatorship had discouraged American tourists; a Middle Eastern crisis had deflected cruise passengers; currency restrictions were limiting the English to Blackpool and worse. But no power on earth can keep Germans in Germany."

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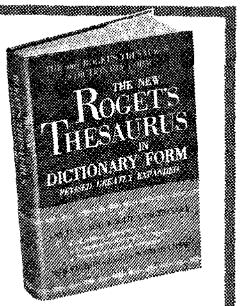

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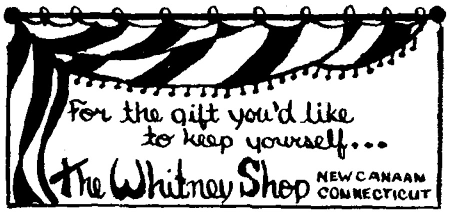

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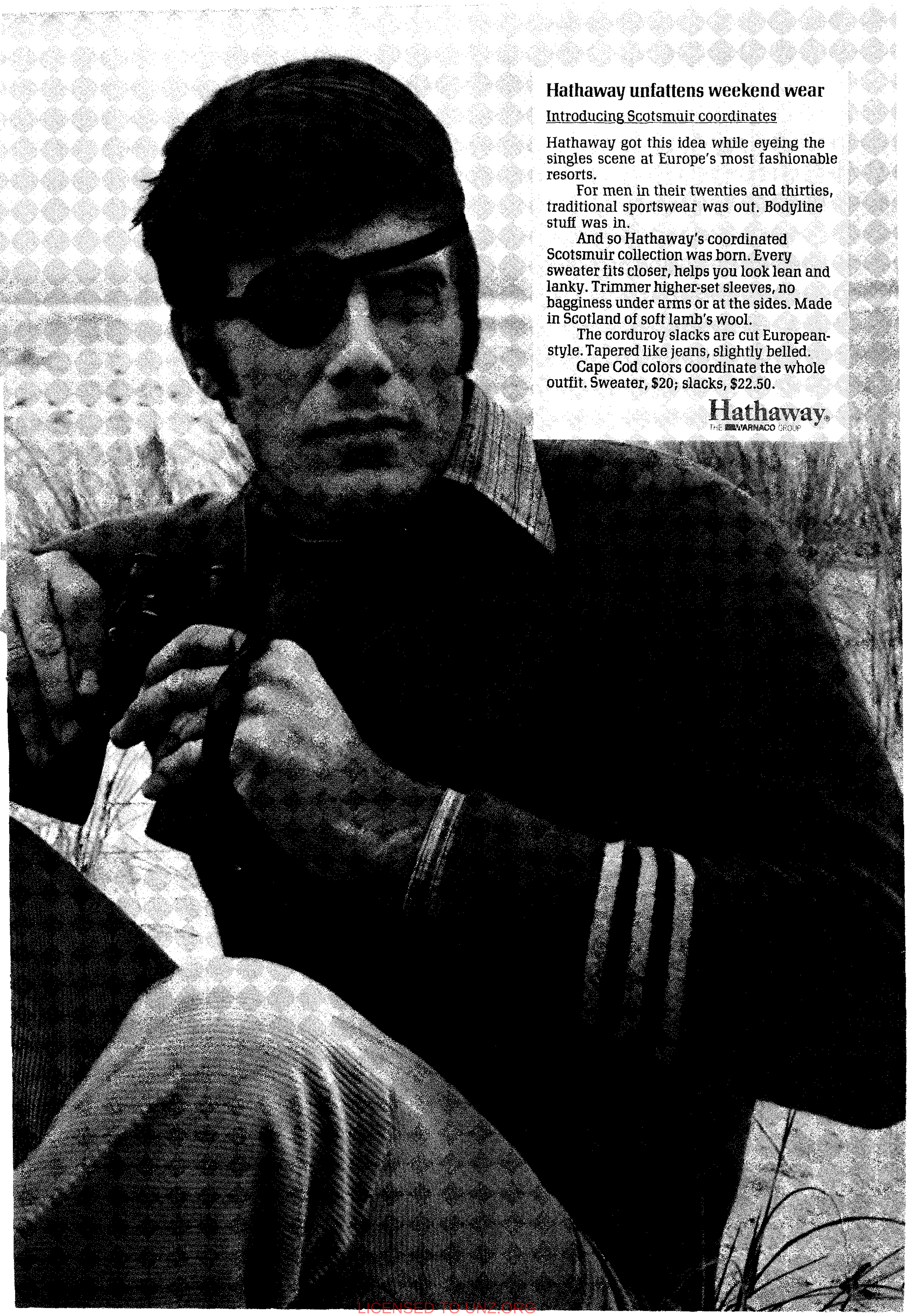

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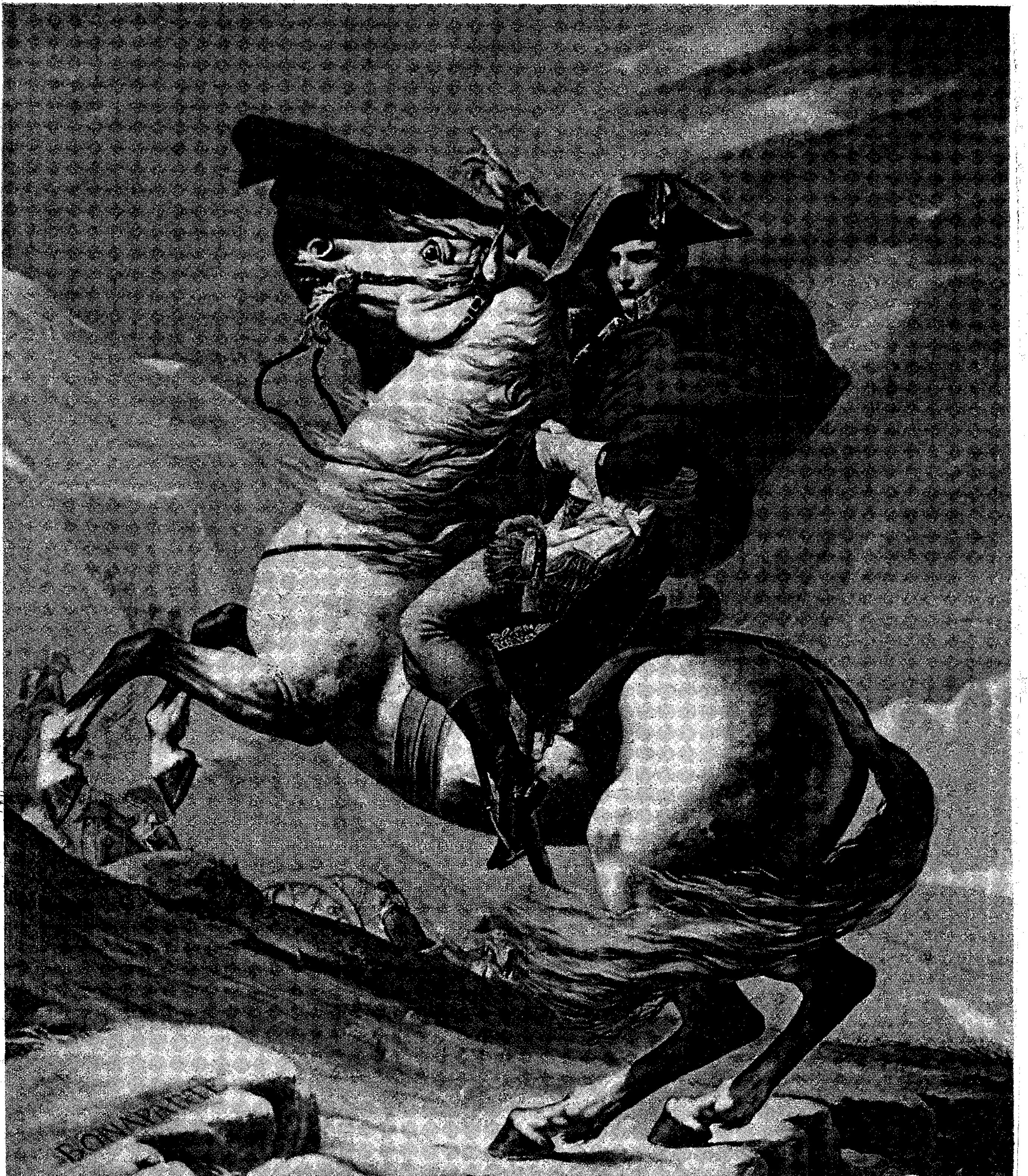

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